

RANDOM PD ENCYCLOPEDIA - L

LA PICCOLA VEDETTA LOMBARDA.

BY EDMONDO DE AMICIS.

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *First Italian Readings*, by Various, Edited by Benjamin Lester Bowen

Nel 1859, durante la guerra per la liberazione della Lombardia, pochi giorni dopo la battaglia di Solferino e San Martino,[IV.1] vinta dai Francesi e dagli Italiani contro gli Austriaci, in una bella mattinata del mese di giugno, un piccolo drappello di cavalleggieri di Saluzzo[IV.2] andava di lento passo, per un sentiero solitario, verso il nemico, esplorando attentamente la campagna. Guidavano il drappello un ufficiale e un sergente, e tutti guardavano lontano, davanti a sè, con occhio fisso, muti, preparati a veder da un momento all'altro biancheggiare fra gli alberi le divise degli avamposti nemici. Arrivarono così a una casetta rustica, circondata di frassini, davanti alla quale se ne stava tutto solo un ragazzo d'una dozzina d'anni, che scortecciava un piccolo ramo con un coltello, per farsene un bastoncino: da una finestra della casa spenzolava una larga bandiera tricolore: dentro non c'era nessuno: i contadini, messa fuori la bandiera, erano scappati, per paura degli Austriaci. Appena visti i cavalleggieri, il ragazzo buttò via il bastone e si levò il berretto. Era un bel ragazzo, di viso ardito, con gli occhi grandi e celesti, coi capelli biondi e lunghi: era in maniche di camicia, e mostrava il petto nudo.

--Che fai qui?--gli domandò l'ufficiale, fermando il cavallo.--Perchè non sei fuggito con la tua famiglia?

--Io non ho famiglia,--rispose il ragazzo.--Sono un trovatello. Lavoro un po' per tutti. Son rimasto qui per veder la guerra.

--Hai visto passar degli Austriaci?

--No, da tre giorni.

L'ufficiale stette un poco pensando; poi saltò giù da cavallo, e lasciati i soldati lì, rivolti verso il nemico, entrò nella casa e salì sul tetto.... La casa era bassa; dal tetto non si vedeva che un piccolo tratto di campagna.--Bisogna salir sugli alberi,--disse l'ufficiale, e discese. Proprio davanti all'aia si drizzava un frassino altissimo e sottile, che dondolava la vetta nell'azzurro. L'ufficiale rimase un po'

sopra pensiero, guardando ora l'albero ora i soldati; poi tutt'a un tratto domandò al ragazzo:

--Hai buona vista, tu, monello?

--Io?--rispose il ragazzo.--Io vedo un passerotto lontano un miglio.

--Saresti buono a salire in cima a quell'albero?

--In cima a quell'albero? io? In mezzo minuto ci salgo.

--E sapresti dirmi quello che vedi di lassù, se c'è soldati austriaci da quella parte, nuvoli di polvere, fucili che luccicano, cavalli?

--Sicuro che saprei.

--Che cosa vuoi per farmi questo servizio?

--Che cosa voglio?--disse il ragazzo sorridendo.--Niente. Bella cosa![IV.3] E poi... se fosse per i _tedeschi_, a nessun patto; ma per i nostri! Io sono lombardo.

--Bene. Va su dunque.

--Un momento, che mi levi le scarpe.

Si levò le scarpe, si strinse la cinghia dei calzoni, buttò nell'erba il berretto e abbracciò il tronco del frassino.

--Ma bada...--esclamò l'uffiziale, facendo l'atto di trattenerlo, come preso da un timore improvviso.

Il ragazzo si voltò a guardarlo, coi suoi begli occhi celesti, in atto interrogativo.

--Niente,--disse l'uffiziale;--va su.

Il ragazzo andò su, come un gatto.

--Guardate davanti a voi,--gridò l'uffiziale ai soldati.

In pochi momenti il ragazzo fu sulla cima dell'albero, avviticchiato al fusto, con le gambe fra le foglie, ma col busto scoperto, e il sole gli batteva sul capo biondo, che pareva d'oro. L'uffiziale lo vedeva appena, tanto era piccino lassù.

--Guarda dritto e lontano,--gridò l'uffiziale.

Il ragazzo, per veder meglio, staccò la mano destra dall'albero e se la mise alla fronte.

--Che cosa vedi?--domandò l'uffiziale.

Il ragazzo chinò il viso verso di lui, e facendosi portavoce della mano, rispose:--Due uomini a cavallo, sulla strada bianca.

--A che distanza di qui?

--Mezzo miglio.

--Movono?

--Son fermi.

--Che altro vedi?--domandò l'uffiziale, dopo un momento di silenzio.--Guarda a destra.

Il ragazzo guardò a destra.

Poi disse:--Vicino al cimitero, tra gli alberi, c'è qualche cosa che luccica. Paiono baionette.

--Vedi gente?

--No. Saran[IV.4] nascosti nel grano.

In quel momento un fischio di palla acutissimo passò alto per l'aria e andò a morire lontano dietro alla casa.

--Scendi, ragazzo!--gridò l'uffiziale.--T'han visto. Non voglio altro. Vien giù.

--Io non ho paura,--rispose il ragazzo.

--Scendi....--ripeté l'uffiziale,--che altro vedi, a sinistra?

--A sinistra?

--Sì, a sinistra.

Il ragazzo sporse il capo a sinistra: in quel punto un altro fischio più acuto e più basso del primo tagliò l'aria.--Il ragazzo si riscosse

tutto.--Accidenti!--esclamò.--L'hanno proprio con me![IV.5]--La palla gli era passata poco lontano.

--A basso!--gridò l'uffiziale, imperioso e irritato.

--Scendo subito,--rispose il ragazzo.--Ma l'albero mi ripara, non dubiti.[IV.6] A sinistra, vuole sapere?

--A sinistra,--rispose l'uffiziale;--ma scendi.

--A sinistra,--gridò il ragazzo, sporgendo il busto da quella parte,--dove c'è una cappella mi par di veder....

Un terzo fischio rabbioso passò in alto, e quasi ad un punto[IV.7] si vide il ragazzo venir giù, trattenendosi per un tratto al fusto ed ai rami, e poi precipitando a capo fitto colle braccia aperte.

--Maledizione!--gridò l'uffiziale, accorrendo.

Il ragazzo battè della schiena per terra e restò disteso con le braccia larghe, supino; un rigagnolo di sangue gli sgorgava dal petto, a sinistra. Il sergente e due soldati saltaron giù da cavallo; l'uffiziale si chinò e gli aprì la camicia: la palla gli era entrata nel polmone sinistro.--È morto!--esclamò l'uffiziale.--No, vive!--rispose il sergente.--Ah! povero ragazzo! bravo ragazzo!--gridò l'uffiziale;--coraggio! coraggio!--Ma mentre gli diceva coraggio e gli premeva il fazzoletto sulla ferita, il ragazzo stralunò gli occhi e abbandonò il capo; era morto. L'uffiziale impallidì, e lo guardò fisso un momento;--poi lo adagiò col capo sull'erba;--s'alzò, e stette a guardarlo;--anche il sergente e i due soldati, immobili, lo guardavano;--gli altri stavan rivolti verso il nemico.

--Povero ragazzo!--ripetè tristamente l'uffiziale.--Povero e bravo ragazzo!

Poi s'avvicinò alla casa, levò dalla finestra la bandiera tricolore, e la distese come un drappo funebre sul piccolo morto, lasciandogli il viso scoperto. Il sergente raccolse a fianco del morto le scarpe, il berretto, il bastoncino e il coltello.

Stettero ancora un momento silenziosi; poi l'uffiziale si rivolse al sergente e gli disse:--Lo manderemo a pigliare[IV.8] dall'ambulanza: è morto da soldato; lo seppelliranno i soldati.--Detto questo mandò un bacio al morto con un atto della mano e gridò:--A cavallo.--Tutti balzarono in sella, il drappello si riunì e riprese il suo cammino.

E poche ore dopo il piccolo morto ebbe i suoi onori di guerra.

Al tramontare del sole, tutta la linea degli avamposti italiani s'avanzava verso il nemico, e per lo stesso cammino stato percorso[IV.9] la mattina dal drappello di cavalleria, procedeva su due file un grosso battaglione di bersaglieri, il quale, pochi giorni innanzi, aveva valorosamente rigato di sangue il colle di San Martino. La notizia della morte del ragazzo era già corsa fra quei soldati prima che lasciassero gli accampamenti. Il sentiero, fiancheggiato da un rigagnolo, passava a pochi passi di distanza dalla casa. Quando i primi ufficiali del battaglione videro il piccolo cadavere disteso ai piedi del frassino e coperto dalla bandiera tricolore, lo salutarono con la sciabola; e uno di essi si chinò sopra la sponda del rigagnolo, ch'era tutta fiorita, strappò due fiori e glieli gettò. Allora tutti i bersaglieri, via via che passavano, strapparono dei fiori e li gettarono al morto. In pochi minuti il ragazzo fu coperto di fiori, e ufficiali e soldati gli mandavan tutti un saluto passando:--Bravo, piccolo lombardo!--Addio, ragazzo!--A te, biondino!--Evviva!--Gloria!--Addio!--Un ufficiale gli gettò la sua medaglia al valore, un altro andò a baciargli la fronte. E i fiori continuavano a piovergli sui piedi nudi, sul petto insanguinato, sul capo biondo. Ed egli se ne dormiva là nell'erba, ravvolto nella sua bandiera, col viso bianco e quasi sorridente, povero ragazzo, come se sentisse quei saluti, e fosse contento d'aver dato la vita per la sua Lombardia.

LADY JANE GREY (1537-1554).

from *Great Englishwomen*, by M. B. Synge

<http://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/36184>

LADY JANE GREY was born in a beautiful palace half hidden by masses of old trees, called Bradgate Hall, in Leicestershire, in the year 1537. Most of the old hall is now a ruin, but a tower still stands in which the villagers still declare that Lady Jane was born. Her father, Henry Grey, Marquis of Dorset, was one of the king's most powerful noblemen; her mother, Lady Frances Brandon, was a niece of the king, Henry VIII. Jane was the eldest of three daughters; Katharine, her next sister, was two years younger, and therefore her companion in lessons and play. Mary was much younger. The grounds about Bradgate Hall, and the winding trout-stream about which the children played, may still be seen around the ruined palace; but much as little Jane loved the open air and the flowers that grew around, yet she was still fonder of her books.

While quite young her father engaged a master to come and teach his children, and Jane learnt very quickly. Greek, Latin, and French were her great delight; she could sing, play, sew, and write very clearly. With all this she was very sweet in temper, truthful, and beautiful to look at. The queen, Katharine Parr, Henry VIII.'s sixth and last wife, took a[Pg 53] great fancy to the little girl. She was a clever and learned

woman herself, and begged Lady Frances Brandon to allow Jane to live with her at court, promising to see that her lessons were still carried on. So at the early age of nine we find Jane attending on the queen, and carrying her candles before her. This was by no means an easy feat to perform, as the little candle-bearer had to walk backwards with the lighted candles. The child did not know, and happy for her that she did not, that she was looked upon by the court as the heiress to the throne of England, and that the queen was trying to fit her for the difficult post she was destined to fill.

When Jane was but ten years old, the king, Henry VIII., died, and his son Edward, a poor sickly boy, the same age as the Lady Jane, was made king.

Soon after, Katharine Parr died, and the little girl walked as chief mourner at her funeral, her long black train being held up by a young nobleman.

After this, the most natural thing would have been for Jane to go home to her mother at Bradgate; but her father and mother thought more of worldly advance than of their child's happiness. They agreed to let her go to Lord Seymour, a scheming and plotting man, who wished to bring about a marriage between the poor little Lady Jane and the young king, Edward VI., who was her cousin. At first Jane's parents pretended—for it was but pretence—that they wished to keep her at home, but when Lord Seymour gave them £500 they consented, for the sake of this contemptible sum of money, to let him take away their pretty little girl to teach her first, and[Pg 54] then to marry her to a king. But this never came to pass, for the following year Seymour was taken to the Tower and beheaded in a horrible way, and his little ward was sent home. Her parents were bitterly disappointed; they treated her coldly, even cruelly, and her only happiness was in her lessons.

One day Roger Ascham, Princess Elizabeth's clever master, came to stay at Bradgate. Passing through the park he saw that the members of the household were hunting, but where was the Lady Jane? She was in her own room, he was told. Thither he went, and found her busily reading a Greek book by Plato. "Why was she not hunting in the park?" he asked, with some surprise.

"I wis," answered the child of fourteen, looking up with a bright smile, "all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure I find in Plato; they do not know, alas! what true pleasure means!"

Then they had a long talk, and the Lady Jane told Roger Ascham how she loved her books and lessons, and how thankful she was for her kind master. For she was never happy with her father and mother; they were sharp and severe with her, and whether she talked or kept silent, sat or stood, sewed or played, it was sure to be wrong. They laughed at her, scolded her, often even pinched and nipped her, till she longed for her lesson hour, when she could go back to her gentle teacher. There the time passed so quickly, and he was so good to her, and when lessons were over she would often cry, because everything else was "so full of great trouble and fear."

The gentle and clever girl was greatly beloved;[Pg 55] her master was duly proud of his young pupil, whose knowledge of languages was quite wonderful, and surprised many an older scholar than himself. Greek was her favourite study, and the last letter she ever wrote was written to her sister Katharine on a blank leaf in her Greek Testament.

Lady Jane Grey spent the Christmas of 1551 with the Princess Mary, with whom the family were on very

friendly terms. But the cold weather and the long winter walks she had to take injured her health, and she became very ill. Her slow recovery gave her plenty of time for work, and long letters still exist in Greek and Latin that she wrote to Roger Ascham, and also to many foreign students, who thought very highly of the noble Lady Jane.

Up to this time friendship had existed between Princess Mary, who was a Roman Catholic, and Lady Jane. One day Mary gave her a rich dress. Lady Jane did not care to wear bright colours, as she always dressed in the Puritan style.

“What shall I do with it?” she asked.

“Marry, wear it, to be sure,” replied Mary.

But this Lady Jane refused to do, even to win favour with the princess.

This offended Mary. She had heard rumours, too, that Lady Jane, being a Protestant, was likely to succeed Edward VI., instead of herself, and thus the Lady Jane slowly dropped out of favour at court.

Lady Jane’s father now occupied a high post; he had become Duke of Suffolk by the death of two elder brothers, and helped the Duke of Northumberland to govern England till the young king, Edward, should[Pg 56] be old enough to govern for himself. But Edward instead of growing better grew worse; always delicate, an attack of measles left him worse, and he could not get rid of a bad cough. When the dukes found he was not likely to live long, they began to scheme for his successor. Of course Suffolk wanted his daughter to be queen; of course Northumberland wanted his son to be king; so they agreed that Suffolk’s daughter, Lady Jane, should marry Northumberland’s son, Guildford Dudley, and reign as king and queen of England.

The poor young king, Edward, was weak and ill, and his strong Protectors could easily make him say that his Protestant cousin, Lady Jane, and her husband, Guildford Dudley, should succeed him, instead of his sisters Elizabeth or Mary.

Guildford was tall and very handsome; he was his father’s pride and darling; but when Lady Jane was told that he was to be her husband, she was very angry, and refused to marry him. In vain her father urged her, and told her the king himself had ordered the marriage.

“And do you mean to disobey the king as well as your father?” he asked harshly.

We are told that he had recourse to blows at last; anyhow, the poor Lady Jane was too unhappy to hold out any longer; her life could not be much more miserable than it was, and she gave her consent at last.

On a summer day, Whitsunday, 1553, when Edward the king was lying at the point of death, Lady Jane Grey was married to Guildford Dudley,[Pg 57] and very soon after she was told by her mother-in-law suddenly off-hand, that she must hold herself in readiness at any moment to be crowned Queen of England! For a moment Lady Jane was stunned, almost stupefied, till the utter misery of her position slowly dawned upon her. She was to take the throne from the Princess Mary, who was the rightful queen, and reign over a people who would look on her as a usurper instead of pitying her as a helpless woman. The future weighed

heavily on her mind; she became very ill, and was taken to Chelsea, to the house of her father-in-law, for change of air, there to await the king's death.

Late on one summer afternoon, the summons came for her to go at once to Sion House, whether well or ill. A barge was at the door to convey her up the river. What a long two hours it seemed to Lady Jane till the barge arrived at Sion House! She found the hall empty, but no sooner had she arrived than the two Protectors, her father and Northumberland, her mother and mother-in-law, and many dukes and earls entered, all bending low before her. Her cheeks grew hot, her heart beat fast. She understood everything. The young king was dead. She was Queen of England. A long speech was made, and all present swore to protect and serve her as queen, but it was all too much for the Lady Jane, already ill and unhappy. She tottered and fell to the ground, weeping bitterly; there she lay as one dead, her face white as marble, her eyes closed. When she came to herself she raised herself on to her knees, and prayed that, if to succeed to the throne were her duty and [Pg 58] right, she might govern the realm of England well and justly.

Very early next morning, still weary from the excitement of the former night, the queen and her attendants came down the Thames in barges, and landed near the Great Hall of the Tower. Then a long procession was formed. Guildford Dudley walked beside his royal wife, cap in hand, bowing to the ground whenever she spoke. Crowds lined the way, and knelt as she passed to be crowned their queen; little did they know how gladly she would have changed her lot with any of her poorer subjects if she could. Her life grew more unhappy; she could not sleep; she fainted often while talking to her council.

One day she heard that her father, the Duke of Suffolk, was going to march against the Princess Mary, who had been proclaimed queen in many parts of England; but she was so alarmed at being left alone with the Dudleys, and wept so bitterly, that he consented to stay with her, and let Northumberland go instead. But he met with no success. There were no shouts of "God save Queen Jane!" no one cried "God speed ye!" He found that Mary's party was growing rapidly in strength, and that she had been proclaimed queen everywhere but in London itself.

The news fell heavily on the queen; sleep forsook her entirely; the long nights were "full of great trouble and fear," though she knew the Tower was barred and locked. At last the blow came. One day the queen had promised to stand godmother to a [Pg 59] child; not being well enough to go she sent her attendant. The attendant was not gone long, but on her return she found officers in possession of the room, the royal canopy down, and was told that "Jane Grey was a prisoner for high treason." Thus from the state apartments she followed her to the prison rooms of the Tower.

She was still in the Tower, no longer a queen, but a prisoner; her nobles had deserted her, her subjects had risen up against her, her father and mother were gone, and her husband was separated from her.

On October 1st, 1553, Mary was crowned queen amid the cheers of the people; and the Duke of Suffolk, father of the late queen, was one of the first to acknowledge Mary as Queen of England.

The following month Lady Jane and her husband were accused of high treason; they pleaded guilty to the charge, and sentence of death was passed upon them. Husband and wife looked on one another for the last time, and Lady Jane was taken back to the Tower, there to await her death. A dismal Christmas passed, and the new year of 1554, which was to see so many bloody deeds, opened.

Queen Mary was forced somewhat against her will to sign the death warrant, and “Guildford Dudley and his wife” were informed that February 12th was the day fixed for their execution. Still, if Lady Jane would change her religion, become a Roman Catholic, and obey Mary, she might have her liberty and her life; but this she refused to do—rather death than that.

Guildford Dudley was the first to die; he had begged for a last interview, a last kiss from his wife,[Pg 60] and it had been granted by the queen, but Lady Jane refused, saying it would be too much for them, and unnerve her completely. So she stood at the Tower window, and waved him a silent farewell, sobbing, “Oh, Guildford, Guildford!” An hour afterwards she was led forth for execution; she walked with a firm and steady step, and addressed to the crowd a few touching words, which drew forth heartfelt sympathy for the courageous and noble woman who was going to die. She said a psalm, her eyes were bound, she forgave willingly the man who was about to cut off her head, and in a few moments her unhappy life was ended.

YOUNG LOCHINVAR

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *In the Permanent Way*, by Flora Annie Steel

Young Lochinvar, in the original story, came out of the West. In this tale he came out of the East, and the most match-making mamma might be disposed to forgive him; partly on account of his youth, partly because he really was not a free agent.

They were cousins of course. In the finest race of the Panjab--possibly of the world--cousins have a right to cousins provided the relationship lie through the mother's brother, or the father's sister; the converse, for some mysterious reason, being _anathema maranatha_.

But Nânuk's mother, wife of big Suchêt Singh, head man of Aluwallah village, was sister to Dhyân Singh, the armourer, who plied his trade in the little courtyard hidden right in the heart of the big city. A big man too, high-featured and handsome; high-tempered also as the steel which he inlaid so craftily with gold. For all that, round, podgy Mai Gunga, his wife, ruled him by virtue of a smartness unknown to his slower, gentler nature. Not so gentle, however, but that he mourned the degeneracy of these latter piping days of peace. They and the Arms Act had driven him from the manufacture of sword hilts and helmets, shields and corselets, to that of plaques and inkstands, candlesticks and ashtrays. From the means of resistance to the decoration of victorious drawing-rooms. Not that he nourished ill-feeling against those victors. They were a brave lot, and since then his people had helped them bravely to keep their winnings. Only

it was dull work; so every now and again Dhyān Singh revenged himself by making a paper knife in the form of some bloodthirsty lethal weapon, and put his best work on it, just to keep his hand in.

Little Pertābi, his daughter, used to sit and watch her father at the tiny forge set in the central sunshine of the yard. It was funny to see the shaving of sheer steel curl up from the graver guided in its flowing curves by nothing but that skilled eye and hand; funnier still to watch the gold wire nestle down so obediently into the groove; funniest of all to blow the bellows when the time came to put that iridescent blue temper to the finished work.

Then, naked to the waist, the soft brown hair on her forehead plaited in tiniest plaits into a looped fringe, a little gold filigree cup poised on the top of her head, a long betasselled pigtail hanging down behind, Pertābi would set her short red-trousered legs very far apart, and puff and blow, and laugh, and then blow again to her own and her father's intense delight; for Dhyān having a couple of strapping sons to satisfy Mai Gunga's heart felt himself free to adore this child of his later years.

But even when there was blowing to be done, Pertābi did not find life in the city half as amusing as life out in the village at her aunt's with cousin Nānuk as a playfellow. Nānuk to whom she was to be married by and by. That had been settled when she was a baby in arms, for in those, and for many years after, Suchēt Singh's wife and Mai Gunga had been as friendly as sisters-in-law can well be. That is to say there were visits to the village for change of air, especially at sugar-baking time, while those who wished for shopping or society came as a matter of course to the armourer's house. The world wags in the same fashion East and West; especially among the women folk.

"They will make a fine pair! God keep them to the auspicious day," the deep-chested countrywomen would say piously; then Mai Gunga would giggle a bit, and remark that if Nānuk grew so fast she would have to leave Pertābi at home next time. Whereupon the boy's mother would flare up, and sniff, as country folk do, at town ideas. In her family such talk had never been necessary; the lads and lasses grew up together, and mothers were in no hurry to bring age and thought upon them. Perhaps that was the reason why men and women alike were of goodly stature and strength; for even Mai Gunga must admit that Dhyān was at least a fine figure of a man. So there would be words to while away the hours before the men returned from the fields. And outside, under the bushy mulberry trees, Pertābi and Nānuk would be fighting and making it up again in the cosmopolitan fashion of healthy children. Of the two Pertābi, perhaps, hit the hardest; she certainly

howled the loudest, being a wilful young person. Nânuk used to implore her not to tease the sacred peacocks, when they came sedately by companies to drink at the village tank, as the sun set red over the limitless plane of young green corn, and she would squat down suddenly on her red-trouser heels with her hands tight clasped behind her back, and promise to be as still as a grey crane if she might only look. Then some vainglorious cock was sure to show off his tail; every tail was to Pertâbi's eager eyes the _most_ beautiful one in the world, and she must needs have a feather--just one little feather--from it as a keepsake--just a little keepsake. Now, what Pertâbi desired she got, at any rate if Nânuk had aught to say towards the possibility. So the little tyrant would play with the feather for five minutes; then fling it away. But Nânuk, serious, conscientious Nânuk, would set aside half his supper of curds on the sly and sneak out with it after sundown as an oblation to the mysterious village god, who lived in a red splashed stone under the peepul tree. Else the peacocks being angry might not cry for rain, and then what would become of the green corn? Nânuk was a born cultivator, true in most things, above all to Mother Earth. Despite the peacocks' feathers, however, not without a will of his own; for when, on one of his visits to the city, Pertâbi insisted on handling the little squirrel he brought with him housed in his high turban, and it bit her, he laughed, saying he had told her so; nay, more, when she chased the frightened little creature savagely, howling for vengeance, he fell upon her and boxed her ears soundly, much to Mai Gunga's displeasure. A rough village lout, and her darling the daintiest little morsel of flesh!

"I don't care," sobbed Pertâbi; "I'll bite him hard next time--yes! I will, Nâno; you'll see if I don't."

Mai Gunga, however, was right in one thing. Pertâbi was an extremely pretty child. The gossips coming in of an afternoon to discuss births, marriages, and deaths took to shaking their heads and saying that she might have made a better match than Nânuk, who, every one thought, would limp for life in consequence of that fall from the topmost branch of the _shisham_ tree where the squirrels built their nests. Not much of a limp, perhaps, but who did not know that under the bone-setter's care a broken leg often came out a bit shorter than the other, even if it was as strong as ever? Mai Gunga's plump, pert face hardened, but she said nothing; not even when a new acquaintance, the wife of a rich contractor on the lookout for a bride of good family, openly bewailed the prior claim on Pertâbi.

Nevertheless the next time that the sister-in-law came to town, and on leaving it laden with endless bundles wrapped in Manchester handkerchiefs spoke confidently of the meeting at sugar-time, Mai

Gunga threw difficulties in the way. She was too busy to come herself; Nânuk, still a semi-invalid, must be quite sufficient charge for her sister-in-law. Besides seeing that Pertâbi touched the eights, she thought it time for village customs to give way to greater decorum. Briefly, despite the peculiar virtue of some people's families, she did not choose that her daughter should be out of her sight. The two women, as might be supposed, parted with ceremony and effusion; but Suchêt Singh's wife had barely arrived in the wide village courtyards ere she burst forth:

"Mark my words!" she said, even as she disposed her bundles about her. "That town-bred woman means mischief. I was a fool to give in to you and Dhyân, instead of having the barber, as to a stranger. Not that I want the little hussy above other brides, but I would not have Nânuk slighted."

Suchêt Singh laughed.

"Twenty mile of an _ekka_ hath shook thy brains out, wife. What talk is this? They are two halves of one pea. As friend Elahi Buksh saith, '_do dil razi to kia kare kazi?_' (when two are heart to heart, where's the parson's part?)"

"Tra! That's neither in three nor thirteen," retorted his wife. "Give me the barber[37] for certainty."

[Footnote 37: The barber is always employed in regular betrothals.]

Meanwhile Pertâbi was howling in the little courtyard, much to big, soft-hearted Dhyân's distress.

"Let her go, but this once," he pleaded aside; "truly thou art over anxious, and she but seven for all her spirit."

"Seventy or seven, God knows thee for a baby," snapped Mai Gunga. "Would I had never listened to thee and thy sister, though, for sure, the children were pretty as marionettes. It was a play to think of it. But a mother knows her daughter better than the father, though it seems thou wilt be ordering the wedding-garments next. So be it, but till then Pertâb goes not to Nânuk; 'tis not seemly."

"I--I don't want Nânuk," howled Pertâbi. "I--I want the fresh molasses--I do--I do."

Want, however, was her master, since her own obstinacy was but inherited from her mother. So she sat sulkily in the sunshine, refusing the armourer's big caresses or the charms of bellows-blowing, while she pictured to herself, with all the vividness of rage, Nânuk going down--going down alone--to watch the great shallow pans of foamy, frothy, fragrant juice shrink and shrink in the dark, low hut where one could scarcely see save for the flame of the furnaces. What joy to feed those flames with the dry, crushed refuse of the cane and leaves! What bliss to thrust a tentative twig, on the sly, into the seething, darkening molasses, and then escape deftly to that shadowy hiding-place by the well, and gravely consider the question as to whether it was nearly boiled enough. Toffee-making all over the world has a mysterious fascination for children, and this was toffee-making on a gigantic scale. The legitimate bairn's part of scraping from each brew never tasted half so sweet as those stolen morsels; if only because, when you threw away the sucked twigs, the squirrels would come shyly from the peepul tree where the green pigeons cooed all day long, and fight for your leavings. Pertâbi could see the whole scene when she closed her eyes. The level plain, the shadow of the trees blotting out the sunshine, the trickle of running water from the well, the creaking of the presses, the babel of busy voices, and over all, through all, that lovely, lovely smell of toffee! Yes! sugar-baking time in the village was heavenly, and Nânuk was greedy--greedy as a grey crow to keep it all to himself!

When Spring brought big Suchêt to pay the village revenue into the office, he and the armourer met, as ever, on the best of terms; nevertheless their subsequent interviews with their woman-kind were less satisfactory.

"Thou art worse than a peacock which cries even after rain has fallen," finished the big villager testily. "What is it to me if women come or go? Dhyân is a man of mettle and word."

Yet in his heart he knew well that the armourer had no more to say to such matters in the narrow city court, than he had in the wide village yard, where the kine stood in rows, and Nânuk's tumbler pigeons never lacked a grain of corn at which to peck.

As for Mai Gunga, her wrath became finally voluble at the hint thrown out by big Dhyân, that if she went no more to the village, folk might talk of Pertâb being slighted. Slighted, indeed, with half the

eligible mothers agog with envy! Slighted, when but for this cripple--yea! Dhyân need not make four eyes at her--she said cripple, and meant it. He had a broken leg, and that to a man of sense was sufficient excuse for breach of betrothals. If, indeed, there ever had been such a thing as a betrothal; which for her part she denied.

Dhyân Singh swore many big oaths, vowed many mighty vows that he would have naught to do with such woman's work. Not even if it became clear that, as his wife hinted, his little Pertâb would not be welcome in his sister's house. Yet he scowled over the idea, twisted his beard tighter over his ears, as became a man, and looked very fierce. And when a month or two later Suchêt Singh's wife met his halting apology for Mai Gunga's absence with a distinct sniff and a cool remark that she really did not care,--Nânuk could no doubt do better in brides,--he came home in a towering passion to his anvil and made a paper knife fit for a brigand. To have such a thing said to him, even in jest, when he, for his sister's sake, had been willing to waive the fact of Nânuk being a cripple!

"Cripple indeed!" shrieked the boy's mother, when Suchêt came back from the city one day with Dhyân's remark enlarged and illustrated by friendly gossip. "Lo, husband! That is an end. Whose fault if he limps?--only in running, mind, not in walking. Whose indeed! Whose but that immodest, wicked, ill-brought-up hussy's! Was it not to get her another squirrel, because she cried so for his, that he climbed? Let her have her girl; we will have damages."

So when sugar-baking time came round again, Suchêt and Dhyân, rather to their own surprise, found themselves claimant and defendant in a breach of betrothal case for the recovery of fifteen hundred rupees spent in preliminary expenses. Yet, despite their surprise, they were both beside themselves with rage. Dhyân because of the unscrupulous claim when not one penny had been spent, Suchêt because of the slur cast on his boy's straight limbs by the secondary plea in defence; that even if there had been a betrothal and not a family understanding, the crippled condition of the bridegroom was sufficient excuse for the breach of contract. The actual point of the betrothal being so effectually overlaid by these lies as to be obscured even from the litigant's own eyes.

It was one gorgeous blue day in December that Suchêt rode in to the city on his pink-nosed mare, with Nânuk on the crupper to bear witness in Court to his own perfections. A handsome, soft-eyed lad of ten, glad enough of the ride, sorry for the separation, even for one day, from the village toffee-making; but with a great lump of raw sugar stowed away in his turban as partial consolation. For the rest,

he had a childish and yet grave acquiescence. Pertâbi apparently had been a naughty girl, and Mammi Gunga had never been nice. Yet the "_jej-sahib_"[38] might say they were married; since, after all, he, Nânuk, could run as fast as ever. _Tchu!_ he would like to show Pertâbi that it was so.

[Footnote 38: Judge.]

The court-house compound was full of suitors and flies, the case of Suchêt _versus_ Dhyân Singh late in the list, so the former bade his son tie the mare in the furthest corner behind the wall, in the shade of a spreading tree, and keep watch, while he went about from group to group in order to discuss his wrongs with various old friends--that being half the joy of going to law; grave groups of reverend bearded faces round a central pipe, grave, slow voices rising in wise saws from the close-set circles of huge turbans and massive blue and white draperies.

Meanwhile Nânuk ate sugar till it began to taste sickly, and then he sat looking at the remaining lump and thinking, not without a certain malice, how Pertâbi would have enjoyed it. Then suddenly, from behind, a small brown hand reached out and snatched it. "_One two, that's for you; two three, that's for me; three four, sugar galore; the Rajah begs, with a broken leg_----" The singing voice paused, the little figure munching, as it sang, with vindictive eyes upon the boy, paused too in its tantalising dance.

"Did it hurt much, Nâno? I'm so sorry. And mother wouldn't let me keep the squirrel, Nâno; but I howled, I howled like--like a _bhut_ (devil)."

The abstract truth of the description seemed to bring back the past, and Nânuk's face relaxed.

"Father's at Court, and mother's gone to see the woman who wants me to marry her son," explained Pertâbi between the munchings, "but I won't. I won't marry anybody but you, Nâno. I like you, Nâno."

Nâno's face relaxed still more.

"You have got sugar-presses, Nâno, and the other boy has none. He lives in the city, and I hate the city. Is there much sugar this year, Nâno?"

"More than last," replied the boy proudly. "We have the best fields in----"

"Then give me another bit," interrupted Pertâbi.

"That is all I brought." There was a trace of anxiety in Nânuk's voice, and he looked deprecatingly at the little figure now cuddled up beside him.

"Oh, you silly! but it doesn't matter. We can go and fetch some more. That's why I ran away. I knew uncle would bring you, so we can go to the village early. Come, Nâno."

"Go to the village, Pertâb! Oh, what a tale!" It is easy to be virtuously indignant at the first proposition of evil, but what is to be done when you are at the mercy of a small person who hesitates at nothing? Wheedlings, pinchings, kissings, tears, and promises were all one to Pertâbi. At least a ride on the pink-nosed mare for the sake of old times! They could slip away easily without being seen; yonder lay the road villagewards--there would be plenty of time to go a mile, perhaps twain, and get back before _Chachcha-ji_ could possibly finish with his friends. She could get off at the corner, and then even if _Chachcha-ji_ had discovered their absence Nâno could say he had taken the mare for water, or that the flies were troublesome. Excuses were so easy.

Ten minutes after, his feet barely reaching the big shovel stirrups, young Lochinvar ambled out of the court-house compound with his bride behind him.

"We must come back at the turn, Pertâb," he said, to bolster up his own resolution.

"Of course we must come back," replied Pertâbi, digging her small heels into the old grey mare. "Can't you make the stupid go faster, Nâno? We may as well have all the fun we can."

So the old mare went faster down the high-arched avenue of flickering light and shade, and Pertâbi's little red legs flounced about in a way suggestive of falling off. But she shrieked with laughter and held tight to her cavalier.

"Don't let us go back yet, Nâno!" she pleaded; "the old thing is all out of breath, and _Chachcha-ji_ will find out you've been galloping her, and beat you. I shouldn't like you to be beaten, Nâno dear, and it is so lovely."

It _was_ lovely. They were in the open now among the level stretches of young green corn, and there were the fallen battalions of red and gold canes, and from that clump of trees came the familiar creak of the press. Nay, more! wafted on the soft breeze the delicious, the irresistible smell of sugar-boiling. Other people's sugar-boiling.

"It's time we were going back," remarked Nânuk boldly.

"_Tchu!_" cried Pertâbi from behind, "we are not going back any more. See! I've tied your shawl to my veil. When I do that to my dolls, then they are married; so that settles it. Go on, Nâno! it's all right. Besides it is no _use_ going back now, they would only beat us for getting married. Go on, Nâno--or I'll pinch."

Perhaps it really was fear of the pinching, perhaps it was the conviction that they had gone too far to recede, which finally induced young Lochinvar to give the old mare her head towards home. But even then he showed none of the alacrity displayed beneath him and behind him by the female aiders and abettors. His face grew graver and graver, longer and longer.

"We can't be married until we've taken the seven steps," he said at length. "Look! they have been burning weeds in the field. Let's get down and do it, or the gods will be angry."

Pertâbi clapped her hands. "It will be fun, anyhow, so come along, Nâno."

They tied the old mare to a tree, while, hand tight clasped in hand, just as they had seen it done a hundred times, they circumambulated the sacred fire.

"That's better," sighed Nâno. "Now, I believe, we really are married."

"_Tchu!_" cried Pertâbi in superior wisdom, "I can tell you heaps and heaps of things. Our dolls do them when we've time; we are always marrying our dolls in the city. But we can ride a bit further first, and when we get tired of Pinky-nose we can just get down and be married another way. That'll rest us."

So through the lengthening shadows, they rode on and got married, rode

on, and got married, until Pertâbi's braided head began to nod against Nânuk's back, and she said sleepily:

"We'll keep the _gur-ror_ (sugar-throwing) till tomorrow, Nâno; that'll be fun."

But when, in the deep dusk, the pink-nosed mare drew up of her own accord at the gate of the wide village yard, and drowsy Nânuk just remembered enough of past events to lift his bride across the threshold, and murmur with an awful qualm, "This is my wife," Pertâbi woke up suddenly to plant her little red-trousered legs firmly on the ground, and say, with a nod:

"Yes! and we've been married every way we could think of, haven't we, Nâno? except the sugar-throwing, because we hadn't any; but--we'll--have--plenty--now; won't we, Nâno?" The pauses being filled up by yawns.

It was midnight before Suchêt Singh and Dhyân, forgetful of their enmity in over-mastering anxiety, arrived on the scene. The culprits were then fast asleep, and the deep-chested country-woman, having recovered the shock, was beginning to find a difficulty in telling the tale without smiles. A difficulty which, by degrees, extended itself to her hearers.

"Ho! ho! ho!" exploded Suchêt suddenly; "and so they didn't even forget the forehead mark. I'll be bound that was Nânuk--the rogue."

"Ho! ho! ho!" echoed the armourer; "as like as not it was Pertâb. The sharpest little marionette."

"Well, 'tis done, anyhow," said the woman decisively. "We can't have it said in our family, Dhyân, that the vermilion on a girl's head came save from her husband's fingers. He! he! he! Couldst but have seen them. 'This is my wife,' quoth he. 'And we've been married every way we could think of,' pipes she. 'Haven't we, Nâno?' The prettiest pair--Lord! I shall laugh for ever."

"And--and Gunga?" faltered the armourer.

"Gunga's brain is not addled," retorted her sister-in-law sharply.

"Who bruises a plum before taking it to market? What's done is done. We must cook the wedding feast without delay, have in the barber, and keep a still tongue."

So, ere many days were over, Pertâbi and Nânuk, as bride and

bridegroom, watched the fire-balloons go up into the cloudless depths of purple sky. The boy watching them shyly, yet with absorbing interest; for did not their course denote the favour or disfavour of the gods?

"The omens are auspicious," he said contentedly; but Pertâbi was in a hurry for the sugar-throwing, in which she aided her bridesmaids with such vigour that Nânuk had a black eye for several days.

"If you were to ask me, and ask me, and ask me to lift you on old Pinky-nose again, I'd never do it--never!" he declared vindictively.

"Oh, yes! you would, Nâno," replied his wife with the utmost confidence, "you would if I asked you; besides you really wanted to be married, you know you did. And then there was the fresh molasses."

LONDON IN THE LATE SEVENTIES

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *London Days*, by Arthur Warren

London was a more livable place in the late seventies than it is now, or so it seems to me, as it seems to many others who knew the town in that earlier time. There were not so many means for getting everywhere as there are now, and yet we got everywhere,--everywhere, that is, that we wished to go. We were not in a hurry then, and there was more consideration for the old and the lame than there is now. Now there is none at all in the streets or under them. The electric age was prophesied, but nothing more. Nobody in England believed in prophecies. There were arc lights on Holborn Viaduct and the Thames Embankment, nowhere else, but the incandescent lamp had not appeared. There was nothing electrical, in our modern sense, except the telegraph. The telephone was unknown. It is almost unknown to-day, if London's use of it be compared with New York's. There was no electric traction, and the petrol age was nearly a quarter of a century distant. But for all these drawbacks, as I daresay they may be regarded by the youth of the present hour, London was the most livable place in the world, if you loved cities; it had a charm, a fascination all its own.

{10}

That charm is not to be described. How can it be described, any more

than the charm of a charming woman? You are conscious of it, you know that there is nothing like it, you are sorry for those who must live elsewhere and cannot come under its spell; they have missed that much out of life. You experience a certain largeness of heart, and would like to give everybody a June in London, but reluctantly acknowledge that every one must take the will for the deed.

But if you attempt to analyse London it will baffle your effort. It is at once so splendid and so mean, so spacious and so meagre, so beautiful and so ugly, so noisy and so quiet, so restless and restful, that the farther you go the more puzzled you become, unless having begun by questioning it you end by accepting. Take it in its own way and you will see that it is in itself a problem that cannot be solved by a study of weeks or months; it is a study for a lifetime, for many lifetimes. For instance: architecturally it is too often saddening and mean.

Some one will fly into a rage when he reads the preceding sentence. He will ask resentfully if I think Westminster Abbey, the Parliament Buildings, St. Paul's Cathedral sad, or mean, or shabby. Of course I do not. Their nobility and beauty almost redeem the hundreds of square miles of common-place and melancholy builders' work that encumbers London. Yet how the mean shops press upon St. Paul's and shut it in! Could anything be uglier than the National Gallery? Could any important thoroughfare be more conducive to depression of {11} spirits than Victoria Street? It's not the old London that is architecturally ugly and mean; it is the modern London, and usually the more modern the greater the affliction to the eye. Somebody said, I think it was Schelling, "Architecture is frozen music." Would not anybody say that the Methodist mountain in Westminster is frozen pudding?

London in the late seventies was architecturally less saddening than now, because less that was pretentious and defiant of good taste had been undertaken. Its public buildings of later date are the worst in Europe, excepting those that have arisen in Germany. Squat, heavy, out of proportion, lacking in dignity, in beauty, they seem to have been erected for the purpose of proving that in architecture the modern Briton will neither imitate nor aspire. "The finest site in Europe" is almost the meanest sight. The marvel is that a capital and a country having so many fine models of earlier date do not repeat them, improve upon them, or attempt even a finer taste. The opportunities have been unrivalled, but about the achievements the less said the better. Acres of slums have been swept away to be superseded by miles of masonry which serve mainly to prevent an acquaintance with good taste. What public "improvement" could be shabbier than Shaftsbury Avenue, meaner than newer Whitehall, or more commonplace than Kingsway and Aldwych?

What department of a Government could have blocked a vista so remorselessly as the Admiralty has done, or have betrayed a contempt for beauty more disheartening than the County {12} Council has shown in its latest horror at Westminster Bridge?

The majestic beauties of London seem to have developed by accident rather than by design. The view down Waterloo Place to the Abbey and the Victoria Tower and the view eastward from the Serpentine Bridge in Hyde Park have certainly done so. The view down the river from Waterloo Bridge, or Westminster, was never planned; it grew slowly, being first blessed by every natural advantage that a patient Providence could bestow. In its buildings of a private character, its domestic architecture, London still has much to seek; monotony has been the rule, but the style has not deteriorated. In some respects and localities it has much improved; there is evidence that imagination has been allowed to exercise itself, that all house owners do not, in these times, think alike, and are not content with dwellings which, outwardly at least, seem, class by class, to have been run from one mould. Individuality begins to express itself as if, at last, some Londoners were beginning to lose their fear of becoming conspicuous. An advance in taste has run concurrently with the decline of the top hat and frock coat.

But the interiors of English buildings of all kinds, public as well as private, churches as well as theatres, offices no less than railway stations, clubs, homes, hotels, all are draughty, as lacking in warmth as they were when I first knew them. The exceptions are so few that they are advertised. Central heating is still regarded as a fad, constant hot water is a {13} novelty; there is a superstitious regard for cold air as pure air, and a fear of warm air as impure. But the worst cold is that of dampness, and many houses are never dry. Mildew is common in their closets, chill in the bedrooms, and their halls are rheumatic. Rheumatism, and its allies lumbago, influenza, pneumonia, and consumption are the customary ills. When the Briton is cold indoors he goes out for a walk and warms his blood. The theory is that artificial warmth is unhealthful; the truth is that it is an expense to which the Briton objects, and that he has not learned how to warm his house. The tough survive. The delicate, the aged, the invalid, or the sedentary take their chances, and while they live do so with an unbelievable lack of comfort. Consequently the English complain of cold when the American would think the temperature moderate; but the American uses heat to keep his house dry as well as warm. He often overdoes it; he often goes as far in one direction as the Briton in the other. But an English house warmed in the American way, not necessarily to the usual American degree, is always appreciated by the Briton, although he may be far from understanding the reason of his

content. London had a charm in the late seventies that it lost when the Twentieth Century was still young,--the charm of leisure. The internal-combustion engine drove leisure from the land. The old two-horse 'bus was a leisurely thing. Even the four-horse express 'busses that plied between the Swan at Clapham to Gracechurch Street, and similar urban and suburban centres, were leisurely enough, {14} compared with the electric trains and motor 'busses that now rush the city man to and fro. They were not comfortable, those horse-drawn caravans with their knifeboard roofs and perilous scaling ladders, that is, they were not comfortable excepting on the box seats to which every man's ambition soared. There, sheltered by great leathery aprons, the lucky passenger braved the weather, beheld the passing world, and exchanged small talk with the driver who condescended affably to discourse, with his "regulars", the news of the day. The smart hansom disappeared long ago. Smart as it was it was leisurely compared with the flashing taxi and motor which have superseded "London's gondola", as Disraeli called it. And, Heaven knows, the sulphurous underground was leisurely beyond words.

Everybody rushes now. London has no more time to spare than New York has. It seems a dream that, when I first entered an English train, the custom was for the railway guards to call, "Take your time, take your time!" But that was their call forty years ago.

Gradually the street cries have lessened in variety, in character, and in interest. The simple trades that announced their wares by a snatch of something that passed for song have disappeared one by one. Even the muffin man is vocal no longer, and his bell is silent. Whatever may have caused the other merchants of the curb to vanish, the war and short rations removed the muffin man. He was almost the last, perhaps actually the last of the creatures who gave to London streets an old-world sound or savour.

{15}

When the late seventies were still on the calendar, and for long after, the silk hat was an unrelenting tyrant, and in the City, among stockbrokers, it bore a special gloss. Every male above the age and status of an office boy or a labouring man wore a silk hat. Without that ugly and inconvenient headgear you would not call upon your solicitor, or appear at your banker's, or negotiate a contract, much less intrude upon an official person. The silk hat was a sign of respectability. In the House of Commons it seemed a symbol of the majesty of the British Constitution. There, to this day, the head must be covered, as if the members were in a synagogue. In summer time straw hats were unknown, excepting for the sex that was gentler then,

and invariably the sex wore furs with its straws. A man who ventured in a straw hat incurred the risk of obloquy. At any rate, he was as marked and ridiculous an object as Jonas Hanway when, in an earlier century, he raised an umbrella in Oxford Street.

Temple Bar was standing where Fleet Street joins the Strand; the new Law Courts which now overlook its site were in process of construction; the Griffin was undreamed of. Northumberland Avenue had been opened but was incomplete. The modern hotels had yet to be promoted. The Grand was the first of these, but its fortunes were thought hazardous. There was no Metropole, or Victoria, although their walls were going up. Rimmel's perfumery warehouse stood where the Savoy is now, and that sordid adventurer Hobbs (or was it Jabez Balfour?) had not preëmpted the site of the Cecil which was {16} then covered with lodging houses, chambers, and private hotels. There was no Carlton, no Ritz, no Waldorf; even the Great Central was not in being, and the only restaurants of consequence were the Criterion, St. James', Gatti's old Adelaide Gallery, half its present size, the Café Royal, Very's, and the stuffy predecessor of the present Holborn.

The first run of "Pinafore" had not ended, the revival of Old Drury's prosperous days had not begun; "Our Boys" had been running for nearly five thousand nights at the Vaudeville; Sothorn was making his last appearances in the last season of the unremodelled Haymarket; there was the Alhambra but no Empire, no Hippodrome, no Coliseum; St. James' Hall, but no Queen's Hall; the Albert Hall was mostly empty, the old-style music halls were mostly full; Mr. Pinero was acting small parts in Irving's company and had not written so much as the scenario of a one-act play; Henry Arthur Jones had not been heard of; Bernard Shaw was unknown, Adelaide Neilson was at the height of her brief career, Forbes Robertson had begun his, and Buckstone's days were ending. The era of the Kendals and John Hare at the St. James' was yet to come, but the happy reign of the Bancrofts, at the old Prince of Wales', behind the Tottenham Court Road, where the Scala now stands, had yet to close.

George Meredith was not only "caviare to the general" but "the general" were a little shocked when they learned that he was still a reader for a publishing house and a writer when he had the time. "The general" found delight in the fiction of Miss {17} Braddon and Mrs. Henry Wood, and, of course, Ouida, as they would delight now if these ladies were spinning copy; Kipling was at school, and Barrie dreaming in the north. We had William Black and Walter Besant and James Rice, but no Society of Authors, and no literary knights. If the world is small now it was very large then, but "sausage and mashed" were cheap at the top of London Bridge, threepence for a pair of hulking sausages and a liberal

plate of mashed potato, a penny more for a great hunk of bread, and tu'ppence more for half a tankard of beer.

A certain splendid swagger departed from London Streets when the regiments quartered in town abandoned their gorgeous uniforms and dressed less like magnificos and more like fighting men. They were fighting men though, they and their successors who held back the outnumbering German rush from the Channel ports of France in 1914, as all the world knows, and none know better than the Huns. But they were dandies too, those earlier men, and they filled the eye. Their saucy scarlet, short-waisted jackets, their jaunty fatigue caps, their tight trousers with broad red stripes, on shapely legs which seemed tremendous in length, were at once the admiration of nursemaids and the envy of small boys, lending, as they did, colour and form to these dun streets. Will the glorious colossi who strode thus habited be seen again this side of Charon's ferry; or will their successors lead the simple life in khaki and puttees?

PILGRIMS AT THE LAND'S END

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Land's End*, by W. H. Hudson

How this book came to be written--Fascination of the Land's End--Aged pilgrims--A vision of the land of rest--An Unsentimental Journey through Cornwall---A horde of trippers from Lancashire--A sentiment to be cherished--An appeal.

I RECALL now that I did not come to Cornwall to write a book about it, or any part of it. But like many others I had to see the Land's End; and it was winter, when the Wiltshire Downs, where it was my desire to be, are bleak, and I had a cold to get rid of, so I came to the "rocky land of strangers," to look once in my life on the famous headland and return with the wheatear and stone curlew to the lonely green hills. Being here I put down some impressions of gulls and fishing-boats at St. Ives for a weekly journal; other impressions followed, and because the place held me month after month, and the old habit of taking notes, or stick-gathering, even when the sticks are of no more use than the vast store of stolen objects which my friend's pet white rat, who has the run of a big house, is accustomed to accumulate, the material grew on my hands, until in the end I determined to put the best of it in a volume. In that way the book and every chapter grew. One chapter, headed "Bolerium", contained my impressions of the famous headland itself, and having written it I imagined there would be no more for me to say on that subject. Nevertheless, I continued to haunt the spot; familiarity

had not lessened its fascination, and there, by chance, one day in spring, I witnessed a scene which suggested, or perhaps I should say compelled me to write, this additional chapter as a conclusion to the book.

[Illustration: 0333]

There were days at the headland when I observed a goodish number of elderly men among the pilgrims, some very old, and this at first surprised me, but by and by it began to seem only natural. I was particularly impressed one day at noon in early spring in clear but cold weather with a biting north-east wind, when I found six or seven aged men sitting about on the rocks that lie scattered over the green slope behind the famous promontory. They were too old or too feeble to venture down on the rough headland: their companions had strayed away, some to the fishing cove, others along the higher cliffs, and left them there to rest. They were in great-coats with scarves and comforters round their necks, and hats or caps drawn well down; and they sat mostly in dejected attitudes, bending forward, their hands resting on the handles of their sticks, some with their chins on their hands, but all gazed in one direction over the cold grey sea. Strangers to each other, unlike in life and character, coming from widely separated places, some probably from countries beyond the ocean, yet all here, silently gazing in one direction beyond that rocky foreland, with the same look of infinite weariness on their grey faces and in their dim sad eyes, as if one thought and feeling and motive had drawn them to this spot. Can it be that the sentiment or fancy which is sown in our minds in childhood and lies asleep and forgotten in us through most of our years, revives and acquires towards the end a new and strange significance when we have entered upon our second childhood? The period, I mean, when we recover our ancient mental possessions--the heirlooms which cannot be alienated or lost, which have descended to us from our remotest progenitors through centuries and thousands of years. These old men cannot see the objects which appear to younger eyes--the distant passing ships, and the land--that dim, broken line as of a low cloud on the horizon, of the islands: their sight is altered from what it was, yet is, perhaps, now able to discern things invisible to us--other islands, uncharted, not the Cassiterides. What are they, these other islands, and what do we know of them? Nothing at all; indeed, nothing can be known to the generality; only these life-weary ancients, sitting on rocks and gazing at vacancy, might enlighten us if they would. Undoubtedly there are differences of sight among them which would make their descriptions vary, but they would probably all agree in affirming that the scene before them has no resemblance to the earlier vision. This grey-faced very old man with his chin on his hands, who looks as if he had not smiled these many years, would perhaps smile now if he were to recall

that former vision, which came by teaching and served well enough during his hot youth and strenuous middle age. He does not see before him a beautiful blessed land bright with fadeless flowers, nor a great multitude of people in shining garments and garlands who will come down to the shore to welcome him with sounds of shouting and singing and playing on instruments of divers forms, and who will lead him in triumph to the gardens of everlasting delight and to mansions of crystal with emerald and amethyst colonnades and opal domes and turrets and pinnacles. Those glories and populous realms of joy have quite vanished: he sees now only what his heart desires--a silent land of rest. No person will greet him there; he will land and go up alone into that empty and solitary place, a still grey wilderness extending inland and upward hundreds of leagues, an immeasurable distance, into infinity, and rising to mountain ridges compared with which the Himalayas are but mole-hills. The sky in that still land is always pale grey-blue in colour, and the earth, too, is grey like the rocks, and the trees have a grey-green foliage--trees more ancient in appearance than the worn granite hills, with gnarled and buttressed trunks like vast towers and immense horizontal branches, casting a slight shade over many acres of ground. Onwards and upwards, with eyes downcast, he will slowly take his devious way to the interior, feeling the earth with his staff, in search of a suitable last resting-place. And when he has travelled many, many leagues and has found it--a spot not too sunny nor too deeply shaded, where the old fallen dead leaves and dry moss have formed a thick soft couch to recline on and a grey exposed root winding over the earth offers a rest to his back--there at length he will settle himself. There he will remain motionless and contented for ever in that remote desert land where is no sound of singing bird nor of running water nor of rain or wind in the grey ancient trees: waking and sleeping he will rest there, dreaming little and thinking less, while year by year and age by age the memory of the world of passion and striving of which he was so unutterably tired grows fainter and fainter in his mind. And he will have neither joy nor sorrow, nor love nor hate, nor wish to know them any more; and when he remembers his fellow-men it will comfort him to think that his peace will never be broken by the sight of human face or the sound of human speech, since never by any chance will any wanderer from the world discover him in that illimitable wilderness.

This may not have been the precise vision of that old man, sitting on a rock with chin resting on his hands; it is merely my interpretation of his appearance and expression at that spot--his grey weary face, his dejected attitude, his immobility; his and that of the five or six others--those grey old men who, by a strange chance, had all come to the place one day at the same hour, and had been left to their own melancholy thoughts by their younger, more active companions. It was mere chance, but the sight profoundly impressed me and gave me a more

vivid idea than I had hitherto had of the fascination this last rocky headland has for our minds.

Then, when the strange spectacle of those aged men on that bleak day, seated, each on his rock, twenty or thirty yards apart, absorbed in his own mournful thoughts and gazing out fixedly on the troubled sea, was still fresh, other incidents came to keep the subject uppermost in my mind and to compel me to return to it and to make in conclusion a practical suggestion.

One of the "incidents" mentioned was the perusal of a book on Cornwall which I picked up in Penzance for the sake of the excellent illustrations rather than to read it. I had already read or glanced through forty or fifty or, it may be, a hundred books on Cornwall with little pleasure or profit and did not want to read any more. It was *An Unsentimental Journey through Cornwall*, by the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, a lady who could not be unsentimental if she tried ever so hard.

The book is dated 1884, but a few years before the author's death, when she was a feeble old lady whose long life-work of producing novels was over, and her time in Cornwall was limited to seventeen September days. We are concerned only with her visit to the Land's End, and I quote here a portion of her account of it:--

"It would be hard if, after journeying thus far and looking forward to it so many years, the day on which we went to the Land's End should turn out a wet day!... We wondered for the last time, as we had wondered for half a century, what the Land's End would be like....

"At first our thought had been What in the world shall we do here for two mortal hours? Now we wished we had two whole days. A sunset, a sunrise, a starlit night, what would they have been in this grand lonely place--almost as lonely as a ship at sea!...

"The bright day was darkening, and a soft greyness began to creep over land and sea. No, not soft, that is the very last adjective applicable to the Land's End. Even on that calm day there was a fresh wind--there must be always a wind--and the air felt sharper and more salt than any sea-air I ever knew, stimulating too, so that our nerves were strung to the highest pitch of excitement. We felt able to do anything without fear and without fatigue.... Still, though a narrow and giddy path, there was a path, and the exploit, though a little risky, was not foolhardy. We should have been bitterly sorry not to have done it--not to have stood for one grand ten minutes where in all our lives we may never stand again, at the furthest point where footing is possible,

gazing out on that magnificent circle of sea which sweeps over the submerged land of Lyonesse, far, far away into the wide Atlantic....

"Half a mile from Marazion the rain ceased, and a light like that of a rising moon began to break through the clouds. What a night it might be, or might have been, could we have stayed at the Land's End!

"That ghastly 'might have been'! It is in great things as in small, the worry, the torment, the paralyzing burden of life. Away with it! We have done our best to be happy and we have been happy. We have seen the Land's End."

Her cheerfulness makes one's eyes moisten--that one day at the Land's End, when her life's work was over, when in spite of her years and weak nerves she ventured painfully down and out among those rough crags, assisted by her guide and companion, for one grand ten minutes on the outermost rock--the fulfilment of a dream of fifty years!

She was a very gentle, tender-hearted woman, as sweet and lovable a soul as ever dwelt on earth, but her mind was only an average one, essentially mediocre; in her numerous works she never rose above the commonplace. There are thousands of women all over the country who could produce as many and as good books as hers if they were industrious enough and thought it worth their while to take up novel-writing as a profession. She wrote for the million and is understood by them, and I take it that in her dream and sentiment about the Land's End she represents her public--the mass of the educated women in England--just as she represents their feeling about love and the domestic virtues and life generally in her *John Halifax, Mistress and Maid*, *A Life for a Life* and scores of other works.

But books, however eloquent and heart-searching they may be, cannot produce an effect comparable to that of seeing and hearing--to the sight and sound of emotion in men's faces and voices and in their words. The passage I have quoted, and all the other passages on the subject in the other books I had read, gave me no such vivid idea of the strength of the sentiment we are considering as did the other incident I wish to relate when, on May 24, at Penzance station, I witnessed the arrival, in four trains, of about twelve hundred trippers from some of the cotton-spinning centres forty or fifty miles north of Manchester. The first train steamed into the station, where a crowd had gathered to see the horde of strange people from the north, at 10.45 the last of the four arrived a little before 12 at noon. The return journey would begin at 6.30 on the same day: the entire distance to and from Penzance was considerably over eight hundred miles; the time it took, twenty-six to twenty-eight hours, and the time the travellers had at their disposal

at their destination was about seven hours. I was amazed that twelve hundred men had been found to undertake such a journey just to see Penzance--one of the least interesting towns in the kingdom; but when I mixed with and talked with them on their arrival, they assured me they had not come for such an object and would be content to go back without seeing Penzance. Nor did they come for the sake of anything in fine scenery which Cornwall could show them; North Wales with its bold sea-coast and magnificent mountain scenery was easily accessible to them. What they came to see was the Land's End.

The Cornishmen who were present could not understand this. I talked with one poor fellow, who sat down on a bench looking very pale, saying that after thirteen hours in the train without a wink of sleep he felt very tired; but he was greatly disappointed at not having got a seat in the first lot of conveyances which were driving off loaded with his fellow travellers to the Land's End, and feared that he might miss seeing it after all. Among those who had gathered round to hear what was said were two old Penzance men and they laughed heartily. "Why," said one, "I've been here within ten miles of the Land's End all my life and have never seen it." "I can say as much, and more," said the other; "I've never seen it and never want to see it."

"Perhaps," I remarked, "if you had been born five hundred or five thousand miles away you would have felt differently about it." The poor pale Lancastrian looked pleased. "That's true!" he exclaimed. "I've always wanted to see the Land's End, and it's the same with all of us: we've come to see it and for nothing else."

It was the literal truth, as I found by hanging about and talking with these men from the north all that day, watching them going and returning. But the motor buses, char-a-bancs and other vehicles were not enough to take them all, and when it came to three o'clock and half-past three, and there was but time left to go with all speed, look for a few brief minutes at the rocks, and hasten back in time for the last train, the poor fellows began offering five shillings per man to be driven there and back, and then at the last some offered ten shillings. But it was too late and they could not be taken!

Is this sentiment, which is not confined to our island country but survives in the transplanted race in other regions of the globe, this feeling which the matter-of-fact Cornishman laughs at and which may make many of us smile when we meet with it in a printed book, but is in us all the same and a part of our life--is this sentiment of any value and worth cherishing? I take it that it is, since if we were stripped of sentiment, illusions and such traditions, romance and dreams, as we inherit or which gather about and remain with us to the end of our days,

we should be beggared indeed. Well, let it be so, it may be said in reply; 'tis in you and in many of us, and some have it not, and that's all there is to be said about it--why then speak of cherishing? For the following reason in this particular case: the sentiment relates to a locality, a spot of land with peculiar features and character, a rocky headland with the boundless ocean in front and the desolate wind-swept moor behind. These features, an image of which is carried in our minds from childhood, are bound up with and are part and parcel of the feeling, so that to make any change in such a spot, to blow up the headland, for instance, as any one could do with a few shillings' worth of dynamite, or to alter and deface the surface of the adjacent land and build big houses and other ugly structures on it, would be felt by every pilgrim as an indignity, a hateful vandalism. We have seen in the case of Hindhead and of many other places which powerfully attract us, what the greed and philistinism of man will do to destroy an ancient charm. A man may do what he likes with his own--a frightful liberty when we remember how God's footstool has been parcelled out among private persons, and what brutish men, or men without the sense of beauty, have done and may do to spoil it. I suppose that if Sir Edmund Antrobus thought proper he could run up a red-brick hotel or sanatorium high as Hankey's Mansions at Stonehenge: but not Stonehenge, nor Mona, nor Senlac, nor that hoary fane where Britain buries her great dead, nor any castle or cathedral, or tower or river or mountain or plain in all the land draws us so powerfully as this naked moor and rude foreland with its ancient dim memories and associations. And we now see what is being done with it--how plots of land for building purposes are being sold right and left, and the place in every way vulgarised and degraded.

Undoubtedly there are men so devoid of sentiment and imagination that they would not hesitate to stamp out the last beautiful thing on earth, if its beauty, or some sentiment connected with it which made it seem beautiful, is the only reason or the only excuse that can be given for its existence. But all are not of this character, and to those who have something besides Cornish tin and copper in their souls, who are not wholly devoted to their own and, incidentally, to their county's, material prosperity, I would appeal to rescue from degradation and to preserve unspoilt for all time this precious spot to which pilgrims resort from all the land.

It is not necessary, I hope, to describe the Land's End as the county's best "asset" or as the "goose that lays the golden eggs", or by some such abominable phrase, which is yet well understood by all since it appeals to the baser nature in every man--to his greed and his cunning; still, it might be well to remind even those who are wholly concerned with material things that the sentiment they make light of probably exists in some degree in a majority of the inhabitants of this

country--which, be it remembered, is mainly Anglo-Saxon, a sentimental race, to use the word in its better sense--and that it is the desire of most persons to see the Land's End; also that probably nine of every ten visitors to Cornwall think of that headland as their objective point.

To save this spot it would undoubtedly have to be taken from private ownership; and, given the desire, there would be small difficulty in obtaining an Act of Parliament for the compulsory sale of a strip of the sea-front with, let us say, a couple of thousand acres of the adjoining moor. The buildings which now deform the place, the unneeded hotels, with stables, shanties, zinc bungalows sprawling over the cliff, and the ugly big and little houses could be cleared away, leaving only the ancient village of St. Sennen, the old farm-houses, the coastguard and Trinity House stations, and the old fishing hamlet under the cliff.

If a Cornish Society, formed for the purpose, and working with the County Council, could not do this without outside help, the money needed could no doubt be easily raised by public subscription. We know that very large sums are frequently given by the public for similar purposes, also for various other purposes which appeal to comparatively very few, as, for example, when the sum of £45,000 was recently given by private subscribers to purchase the Rokeby "Venus" for the National Gallery. Yet for every single subscriber to that fund, and, I may say, for every person in England who regards that canvas as a valuable acquisition, there are probably thousands who would gladly see the Land's End made a National possession, and who would willingly subscribe for such an object.

=THE LYMPHOCYTES.=

Project Gutenberg's *Histology of the Blood*, by Paul Ehrlich and Adolf Lazarus

These are small cells, as a rule approximating in size to the red blood corpuscles. Their body is occupied by a large round homogeneously stained nucleus centrally situated, whilst the protoplasm surrounds the nucleus as a concentric border. Between nucleus and protoplasm there is often found a narrow areola, which doubtless results from artificial retraction. Nucleus and protoplasm are basophil, nevertheless in many methods of staining the protoplasm possesses a much stronger affinity for the basic stain than does the nucleus. The nucleus in these cases stands out as a bright spot from the deeply stained mass of protoplasm, which is reticulated in a peculiar manner.

Within the nucleus are often to be found one or two nucleoli with a

relatively thick and deeply stained membrane. With methylene blue and similar dyes the protoplasm stains unequally, which is not to be considered as the expression of a granulation, as Ehrlich first assumed, but rather of a reticular structure. The contour of the lymphocytes is not quite smooth as a rule, at least in the larger forms, but is somewhat frayed, jagged, and uneven (Fig. 1). Small portions of the peripheral substance may repeatedly bud off, especially in the large forms, and circulate in the blood as free elements. In stained specimens, especially from lymphatic leukæmia, these forms, which completely resemble the protoplasm of the lymphocytes in their staining, may from their nature and origin be readily recognised.

As far as the further metamorphosis of the nucleus is concerned, a sharp notching of the border of the nucleus may occasionally be found, the further fate of which is shewn in the accompanying figure (Fig. 3). It is evident that in this case the resulting nuclear forms are quite different from those which are characteristic of the polynuclear elements.

The protoplasm possesses no special affinity for acid and neutral dyes, and hence in triacid and hæmatoxylin preparations the small lymphocytes are seen chiefly as lightly stained nuclei, apparently free. In the larger cells the protoplasm can be seen even in these preparations to be slightly stained. By the aid of the iodine-eosine method the reaction of the protoplasm of the lymphocytes is shewn to be strongly alkaline. They do not contain glycogen.

These properties taken as a whole constitute a picture completely characteristic of the lymphocytes; and these elements can thereby be diagnosed and separated from other forms, even when their size varies. Generally speaking, these cells, as above mentioned, are distinguished in the blood of the healthy adult by their small size, approximating to that of the red blood corpuscles. In the blood of children on the contrary larger forms are found even in health; and in lymphatic leukæmia particularly large forms occur, which are mistaken in various ways by unpractised observers. Thus Troje's "marrow cells" still figure in the literature, but have absolutely nothing to do with the marrow. They are large lymphocytes, as was established by A. Fränkel years afterwards.

[Illustration: Fig. 1.

Fraying out of the protoplasmic border in large lymphocytes. Free plasma elements formed by budding. ("Plasmolysis.")

(From a photograph of a preparation from chronic lymphatic leukæmia.)

To face page 72]

[Illustration: Fig. 2. (From Rieder's Atlas.)

Metamorphosis of the nucleus of the lymphocytes. (Combined picture from a preparation from acute leukæmia.)

To follow Fig. 1]

In the normal blood of adults the number of the lymphocytes amounts to about 22-25% of the colourless elements.

Increase of the lymphocytes alone occurs, but in comparison with that of the other forms, much more seldom, and will be conveniently called by the special names of "lymphocytosis" or "lymphæmia."

2. Sharply to be distinguished from the lymphocytes is the second group: the "large mononuclear leucocytes." These are large cells about twice to three times the size of the erythrocytes. They possess a large oval nucleus, as a rule eccentrically situated and staining feebly, and a relatively abundant protoplasm. The latter is free from granulations, feebly basophil, and in contrast to the protoplasm of the lymphocytes stains less deeply than the nucleus. This group is present in normal blood in but small numbers (about 1%). They are separated from the lymphocytes because they are totally different in appearance, and because forms transitional between the two are not observed. It cannot yet be decided from which blood-producing organs these forms arise, whether from spleen or bone-marrow, although there are many reasons for regarding the latter as their place of origin.

These large mononuclear leucocytes change in the blood to the following kind:

3. "The transitional forms." These resemble the preceding, but are distinguished therefrom by deep notchings of the nucleus, which often give it an hour-glass shape, further by a somewhat greater affinity of the nucleus for stains, and by the presence of scanty neutrophil granulations in the protoplasm. The groups 2 and 3 comprise together about 2-4% of the white blood corpuscles[11].

4. The (so-called) "polynuclear leucocytes." These arise in small part, as will be described later in detail, from the above-mentioned No. 3, within the blood stream. By far the larger part is produced fully formed in the bone-marrow, and emigrate to the blood. These cells are rather smaller than Nos. 3 and 2 and are distinguished by the following

peculiarities: firstly by a peculiar polymorphous form of nucleus which gives the relatively long, irregularly bulged and indented nuclear rod the appearance of an S, Y, E or Z. The complete decomposition of this nuclear rod into three to four small round single nuclei may occur during life, as a natural process. Ehrlich first discovered it in a case of hæmorrhagic small-pox; it is frequently found in fresh exudations. Formerly when various reagents, for instance acetic acid, were customarily used, the decomposition of the nucleus into several parts was more frequently observed, and Ehrlich for this reason chose the not wholly appropriate name "polynuclear" for this form of cell. As this name has now been universally adopted, and misunderstandings cannot be expected, it is undoubtedly better to keep to it. The expression "Cells with polymorphous nuclei" would be more accurate.

[Illustration: Fig. 3.

Nucleoli in larger lymphocytes.

(From a photograph of a preparation from chronic lymphatic leukæmia.)

To face page 74]

The nucleus stains very deeply with all dyes; the protoplasm possesses a strong attraction for most acid stains, and is unmistakably characterised by the presence of a dense neutrophil granulation. The reaction of the protoplasm is alkaline, to a less degree however than in the lymphocytes. No free glycogen is contained in the polynuclear cells as a rule; nevertheless in certain diseases cells are always found which give a marked iodine reaction. In this manner the appearance of cells containing glycogen in diabetes was first proved. (Ehrlich, Gabritschewsky, Livierato.) The iodine reaction in the white blood corpuscles is also seen in severe contusions and fractures, in pneumonias, in rapidly progressing phlegmata from streptococcus and staphylococcus, after protracted narcosis (Goldberger and Weiss).

Ehrlich explains the appearance of glycogen as follows. The glycogen is not present in the cell as such, but in the form of a compound, which does not stain with iodine. This compound readily splits off glycogen, which then gives the iodine reaction[12].

We cannot regard the perinuclear green granules, described by Neusser in the polynuclear cells, as pre-existing. (See p. 42.)

The number of polynuclear leucocytes in the blood of the healthy adult amounts to about 70-72%, of the total white corpuscles. (Einhorn.)[13]

LAMON

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Yosemite*, by John Muir

The good old pioneer, Lamon, was the first of all the early Yosemite settlers who cordially and unreservedly adopted the Valley as his home.

He was born in the Shenandoah Valley, Virginia, May 10, 1817, emigrated to Illinois with his father, John Lamon, at the age of nineteen; afterwards went to Texas and settled on the Brazos, where he raised melons and hunted alligators for a living. "Right interestin' business," he said; "especially the alligator part of it." From the Brazos he went to the Comanche Indian country between Gonzales and Austin, twenty miles from his nearest neighbor. During the first summer, the only bread he had was the breast meat of wild turkeys. When the formidable Comanche Indians were on the war-path he left his cabin after dark and slept in the woods. From Texas he crossed the plains to California and worked in the Calaveras and Mariposa gold-fields.

He first heard Yosemite spoken of as a very beautiful mountain valley and after making two excursions in the summers of 1857 and 1858 to see the wonderful place, he made up his mind to quit roving and make a permanent home in it. In April, 1859, he moved into it, located a garden opposite the Half Dome, set out a lot of apple, pear and peach trees, planted potatoes, etc., that he had packed in on a "contrary old mule," and worked for his board in building a hotel which was afterwards purchased by Mr. Hutchings. His neighbors thought he was very foolish in attempting to raise crops in so high and cold a valley, and warned him that he could raise nothing and sell nothing, and would surely starve.

For the first year or two lack of provisions compelled him to move out on the approach of winter, but in 1862 after he had succeeded in raising some fruit and vegetables he began to winter in the Valley.

The first winter he had no companions, not even a dog or cat, and one evening was greatly surprised to see two men coming up the Valley. They were very glad to see him, for they had come from Mariposa in search of him, a report having been spread that he had been killed by Indians. He assured his visitors that he felt safer in his Yosemite home, lying snug and squirrel-like in his 10 x 12 cabin, than in Mariposa. When the avalanches began to slip, he wondered where all the wild roaring and booming came from, the flying snow preventing them from being seen. But, upon the whole, he wondered most at the brightness, gentleness, and sunniness of the weather, and hopefully employed the calm days in

tearing ground for an orchard and vegetable garden.

In the second winter he built a winter cabin under the Royal Arches, where he enjoyed more sunshine. But no matter how he praised the weather he could not induce any one to winter with him until 1864.

He liked to describe the great flood of 1867, the year before I reached California, when all the walls were striped with thundering waterfalls.

He was a fine, erect, whole-souled man, between six and seven feet high, with a broad, open face, bland and guileless as his pet oxen. No stranger to hunger and weariness, he knew well how to appreciate suffering of a like kind in others, and many there be, myself among the number, who can testify to his simple, unostentatious kindness that found expression in a thousand small deeds.

After gaining sufficient means to enjoy a long afternoon of life in comparative affluence and ease, he died in the autumn of 1876. He sleeps in a beautiful spot near Galen Clark and a monument hewn from a block of Yosemite granite marks his grave.

ON THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF LIFE

by Thomas Huxley

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *The Voice of Science in Nineteenth-Century Literature*, by Various, et al, Edited by Robert Emmons Rogers

In order to make the title of this discourse generally intelligible, I have translated the term "protoplasm," which is the scientific name of the substance of which I am about to speak, by the words "the physical basis of life." I suppose that, to many, the idea that there is such a thing as a physical basis, or matter, of life may be novel, so widely spread is the conception of life as a something which works through matter, but is independent of it; and even those who are aware that matter and life are inseparably connected may not be prepared for the conclusion--plainly suggested by the phrase, "_the_ physical basis or matter of life,"--that there is some one kind of matter which is common to all living beings, and that their endless diversities are bound together by a physical, as well as an ideal, unity. In fact, when first apprehended, such a doctrine as this appears almost shocking to common sense.

What, truly, can seem to be more obviously different from one another, in faculty, in form, and in substance, than the various kinds of living beings? What community of faculty can there be between the brightly

colored lichen, which so nearly resembles a mere mineral incrustation of the bare rock on which it grows, and the painter, to whom it is instinct with beauty, or the botanist, whom it feeds with knowledge?

Again, think of the microscopic fungus--a mere infinitesimal ovoid particle, which finds space and duration enough to multiply into countless millions in the body of a living fly; and then of the wealth of foliage, the luxuriance of flower and fruit, which lies between this bald sketch of a plant and the giant pine of California, towering to the dimensions of a cathedral spire, or the Indian fig, which covers acres with its profound shadow, and endures while nations and empires come and go around its vast circumference. Or, turning to the other half of the world of life, picture to yourselves the great Finner whale, hugest of beasts that live or have lived, disporting his eighty or ninety feet of bone, muscle, and blubber, with easy roll, among waves in which the stoutest ship that ever left dockyard would founder hopelessly; and contrast him with the invisible animalcules--mere gelatinous specks, multitudes of which could, in fact, dance upon the point of a needle with the same ease as the angels of the Schoolmen could, in imagination. With these images before your minds, you may well ask, what community of form, or structure, is there between the animalcule and the whale, or between the fungus and the fig tree? And, *a fortiori*, between all four?

Finally, if we regard substance, or material composition, what hidden bond can connect the flower that a girl wears in her hair and the blood that courses through her youthful veins; or, what is there in common between the dense and resisting mass of the oak, or the strong fabric of the tortoise, and those broad disks of glassy jelly which may be seen pulsating through the waters of a calm sea, but which drain away to mere films in the hand which raises them out of their element?

Such objections as these must, I think, arise in the mind of everyone who ponders, for the first time, upon the conception of a single physical basis of life underlying all the diversities of vital existence; but I propose to demonstrate to you that, notwithstanding these apparent difficulties, a threefold unity--namely, a unity of power or faculty, a unity of form, and a unity of substantial composition--does pervade the whole living world.

No very abstruse argumentation is needed, in the first place, to prove that the powers, or faculties, of all kinds of living matter, diverse as they may be in degree, are substantially similar in kind.

Goethe has condensed a survey of all the powers of mankind into the well-known epigram:--

Warum treibt sich das Volk so und schreit? Es will sich ernähren,
Kinder zeugen, und die nähren so gut es vermag.

* * * * *

Weiter bringt es kein Mensch, stell' er sich wie er auch will.

In physiological language this means that all the multifarious and complicated activities of man are comprehensible under three categories. Either they are immediately directed toward the maintenance and development of the body, or they effect transitory changes in the relative positions of parts of the body, or they tend toward the continuance of the species. Even those manifestations of intellect, of feeling, and of will, which we rightly name the higher faculties, are not excluded from this classification, inasmuch as, to everyone but the subject of them, they are known only as transitory changes in the relative positions of parts of the body. Speech, gesture, and every other form of human action are, in the long run, resolvable into muscular contraction, and muscular contraction is but a transitory change in the relative positions of the parts of a muscle. But the scheme which is large enough to embrace the activities of the highest form of life covers all those of the lower creatures. The lowest plant, or animalcule, feeds, grows, and reproduces its kind. In addition, all animals manifest those transitory changes of form which we class under irritability and contractility; and it is more than probable that, when the vegetable world is thoroughly explored, we shall find all plants in possession of the same powers, at one time or other of their existence.

I am not now alluding to such phenomena, at once rare and conspicuous, as those exhibited by the leaflets of the sensitive plant, or the stamens of the barberry, but to such more widely spread, and, at the same time, more subtle and hidden, manifestations of vegetable contractility. You are doubtless aware that the common nettle owes its stinging property to the innumerable stiff and needle-like, though exquisitely delicate, hairs that cover its surface. Each stinging needle tapers from a broad base to a slender summit, which, though rounded at the end, is of such microscopic fineness that it readily penetrates, and breaks off in, the skin. The whole hair consists of a very delicate outer case of wood, closely applied to the inner surface of which is a layer of semifluid matter, full of innumerable granules of extreme minuteness. This semifluid lining is protoplasm, which thus constitutes a kind of bag, full of a limpid liquid, and roughly corresponding in form with the interior of the hair which it fills. When viewed with a sufficiently high magnifying power, the protoplasmic layer of the nettle hair is seen to be in a condition of unceasing activity. Local contractions of the whole thickness of its substance pass slowly and gradually from point to point, and give rise to

the appearance of progressive waves, just as the bending of successive stalks of corn by a breeze produces the apparent billows of a cornfield.

But, in addition to these movements, and independently of them, the granules are driven, in relatively rapid streams, through channels in the protoplasm which seem to have a considerable amount of persistence. Most commonly, the currents in adjacent parts of the protoplasm take similar directions; and, thus, there is a general stream up one side of the hair and down the other. But this does not prevent the existence of partial currents which take different routes; and, sometimes, trains of granules may be seen coursing swiftly in opposite directions, within a twenty-thousandth of an inch of one another; while, occasionally, opposite streams come into direct collision, and, after a longer or shorter struggle, one predominates. The cause of these currents seems to lie in contractions of the protoplasm which bounds the channels in which they flow, but contractions so minute that the best microscopes show only their effects, and not themselves.

The spectacle afforded by the wonderful energies prisoned within the compass of the microscopic hair of a plant, which we commonly regard as a merely passive organism, is not easily forgotten by one who has watched its display, continued hour after hour, without pause or sign of weakening. The possible complexity of many other organic forms, seemingly as simple as the protoplasm of the nettle, dawns upon one; and the comparison of such a protoplasm to a body with an internal circulation, which has been put forward by an eminent physiologist, loses much of its startling character. Currents similar to those of the hairs of the nettle have been observed in a great multitude of very different plants, and weighty authorities have suggested that they probably occur, in more or less perfection, in all young vegetable cells. If such be the case, the wonderful noonday silence of a tropical forest is, after all, due only to the dullness of our hearing; and could our ears catch the murmur of these tiny maelstroms, as they whirl in the innumerable myriads of living cells which constitute each tree, we should be stunned, as with the roar of a great city.

Among the lower plants, it is the rule rather than the exception that contractility should be still more openly manifested at some periods of their existence. The protoplasm of Algæ and Fungi becomes, under many circumstances, partially, or completely, freed from its woody case, and exhibits movements of its whole mass, or is propelled by the contractility of one or more hair-like prolongations of its body, which are called vibratile _cilia_. And, so far as the conditions of the manifestation of the phenomena of contractility have yet been studied, they are the same for the plant as for the animal. Heat and electric shocks influence both, and in the same way, though it may be in different degrees. It is by no

means my intention to suggest that there is no difference in faculty between the lowest plant and the highest, or between plants and animals. But the difference between the powers of the lowest plant, or animal, and those of the highest, is one of degree, not of kind, and depends, as Milne-Edwards long ago so well pointed out, upon the extent to which the principle of the division of labor is carried out in the living economy. In the lowest organism all parts are competent to perform all functions, and one and the same portion of protoplasm may successively take on the function of feeding, moving, or reproducing apparatus. In the highest, on the contrary, a great number of parts combine to perform each function, each part doing its allotted share of the work with great accuracy and efficiency, but being useless for any other purpose.

On the other hand, notwithstanding all the fundamental resemblances that exist between the powers of the protoplasm in plants and in animals, they present a striking difference (to which I shall advert more at length presently), in the fact that plants can manufacture fresh protoplasm out of mineral compounds, whereas animals are obliged to procure it ready-made, and hence, in the long run, depend upon plants. Upon what condition this difference in the powers of the two great divisions of the world of life depends, nothing is at present known.

With such qualification as arises out of the last-mentioned fact, it may be truly said that the acts of all living things are fundamentally one. Is any such unity predictable of their forms? Let us seek in easily verified facts for a reply to this question. If a drop of blood be drawn by pricking one's finger, and viewed with proper precautions and under a sufficiently high microscopic power, there will be seen, among the innumerable multitude of little circular, discoidal bodies, or corpuscles, which float in it and give it its color, a comparatively small number of colorless corpuscles, of somewhat larger size and very irregular shape. If the drop of blood be kept at the temperature of the body, these colorless corpuscles will be seen to exhibit a marvelous activity, changing their forms with great rapidity, drawing in and thrusting out prolongations of their substance, and creeping about as if they were independent organisms.

The substance which is thus active is a mass of protoplasm, and its activity differs in detail, rather than in principle, from that of the protoplasm of the nettle. Under sundry circumstances the corpuscle dies and becomes distended into a round mass, in the midst of which is seen a smaller spherical body, which existed, but was more or less hidden, in the living corpuscle, and is called its nucleus. Corpuscles of essentially similar structure are to be found in the skin, in the lining of the mouth, and scattered through the whole framework of the body. Nay, more: in the earliest condition of the human organism, in that state in which it has but just become distinguishable from the egg in which it arises, it is

nothing but an aggregation of such corpuscles, and every organ of the body was, once, no more than such an aggregation.

Thus a nucleated mass of protoplasm turns out to be what may be termed the structural unit of the human body. As a matter of fact, the body, in its earliest state, is a mere multiple of such units; and, in its perfect condition, it is a multiple of such units variously modified.

But does the formula which expresses the essential structural character of the highest animal cover all the rest, as the statement of its powers and faculties covered that of all others? Very nearly. Beast and fowl, reptile and fish, mollusk, worm, and polyp, are all composed of structural units of the same character, namely, masses of protoplasm with a nucleus. There are sundry very low animals, each of which, structurally, is a mere colorless blood-corpuscle, leading an independent life. But, at the very bottom of the animal scale, even this simplicity becomes simplified, and all the phenomena of life are manifested by a particle of protoplasm without a nucleus. Nor are such organisms insignificant by reason of their want of complexity. It is a fair question whether the protoplasm of those simplest forms of life which people an immense extent of the bottom of the sea would not outweigh that of all the higher living beings which inhabit the land put together. And in ancient times, no less than at the present day, such living beings as these have been the greatest of rock-builders.

What has been said of the animal world is no less true of plants. Imbedded in the protoplasm at the broad, or attached, end of the nettle hair, there lies a spheroidal nucleus. Careful examination further proves that the whole substance of the nettle is made up of a repetition of such masses of nucleated protoplasm, each contained in a wooden case, which is modified in form, sometimes into a woody fibre, sometimes into a duct or spiral vessel, sometimes into a pollen grain, or an ovule. Traced back to its earliest state, the nettle arises, as the man does, in a particle of nucleated protoplasm. And in the lowest plants, as in the lowest animals, a single mass of such protoplasm may constitute the whole plant, or the protoplasm may exist without a nucleus.

Under these circumstances it may well be asked, how is one mass of non-nucleated protoplasm to be distinguished from another? Why call one "plant" and the other "animal"?

The only reply is that, so far as form is concerned, plants and animals are not separable, and that, in many cases, it is a mere matter of convention whether we call a given organism an animal or a plant. There is a living body called *Æthelium septicum*, which appears upon decaying vegetable substances, and, in one of its forms, is common upon the surfaces of tan-pits. In this condition it is, to all intents and

purposes, a fungus, and formerly was always regarded as such; but the remarkable investigations of De Bary have shown that, in another condition, the *Æthelium* is an actively locomotive creature, and takes in solid matters, upon which, apparently, it feeds, thus exhibiting the most characteristic feature of animality. Is this a plant, or is it an animal? Is it both, or is it neither? Some decide in favor of the last supposition, and establish an intermediate kingdom, a sort of biological "No Man's Land," for all these questionable forms. But, as it is admittedly impossible to draw any distinct boundary line between this no man's land and the vegetable world, on the one hand, and the animal, on the other, it appears to me that this proceeding merely doubles the difficulty which, before, was single.

Protoplasm, simple or nucleated, is the formal basis of all life. It is the clay of the potter, which, bake it and paint it as he will, remains clay, separated by artifice, and not by nature, from the commonest brick or sun-dried clod.

Thus it becomes clear that all living powers are cognate, and that all living forms are fundamentally of one character. The researches of the chemist have revealed a no less striking uniformity of material composition in living matter.

In perfect strictness, it is true that chemical investigation can tell us little or nothing, directly, of the composition of living matter, inasmuch as such matter must needs die in the act of analysis; and upon this very obvious ground, objections, which I confess seem to me to be somewhat frivolous, have been raised to the drawing of any conclusions whatever respecting the composition of actually living matter, from that of the dead matter of life, which alone is accessible to us. But objectors of this class do not seem to reflect that it is also, in strictness, true that we know nothing about the composition of any body whatever, as it is. The statement that a crystal of calc-spar consists of carbonate of lime is quite true, if we only mean that, by appropriate processes, it may be resolved into carbonic acid and quicklime. If you pass the same carbonic acid over the very quicklime thus obtained, you will obtain carbonate of lime again; but it will not be calc-spar, or anything like it. Can it, therefore, be said that chemical analysis teaches nothing about the chemical composition of calc-spar? Such a statement would be absurd; but it is hardly more so than the talk one occasionally hears about the uselessness of applying the results of chemical analysis to the living bodies that have yielded them.

One fact, at any rate, is out of reach of such refinements, and this is, that all the forms of protoplasm which have yet been examined contain the four elements, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, in very complex

union, and that they behave similarly toward several reagents. To this complex combination, the nature of which has never been determined with exactness, the name of protein has been applied. And if we use this term with such caution as may properly arise out of our comparative ignorance of the things for which it stands, it may be truly said that all protoplasm is proteinaceous; or, as the white, or albumen, of an egg is one of the commonest examples of a nearly pure protein matter, we may say that all living matter is more or less albuminoid.

Perhaps it would not yet be safe to say that all forms of protoplasm are affected by the direct action of electric shocks; and yet the number of cases in which the contraction of protoplasm is shown to be effected by this agency increases every day.

Nor can it be affirmed with perfect confidence that all forms of protoplasm are liable to undergo that peculiar coagulation at a temperature of from 40 to 50 degrees Centigrade, which has been called "heat-stiffening"; though Kuhne's beautiful researches have proved this occurrence to take place in so many and such diverse living beings, that it is hardly rash to expect that the law holds good for all.

Enough has, perhaps, been said to prove the existence of a general uniformity in the character of the protoplasm, or physical basis of life, in whatever group of living beings it may be studied. But it will be understood that this general uniformity by no means excludes any amount of special modifications of the fundamental substance. The mineral, carbonate of lime, assumes an immense diversity of characters, though no one doubts that, under all these protean changes, it is one and the same thing.

And now, what is the ultimate fate, and what the origin, of the matter of life?

Is it, as some of the older naturalists supposed, diffused throughout the universe in molecules, which are indestructible and unchangeable in themselves, but, in endless transmigration, unite in innumerable permutations, into the diversified forms of life we know? Or, is the matter of life composed of ordinary matter, differing from it only in the manner in which its atoms are aggregated? Is it built up of ordinary matter, and again resolved into ordinary matter when its work is done?

Modern science does not hesitate a moment between these alternatives. Physiology writes over the portals of life:--

Debemur morti nos nostraque,--

with a profounder meaning than the Roman poet attached to that melancholy

line. Under whatever disguise it takes refuge, whether fungus or oak, worm or man, the living protoplasm not only ultimately dies and is resolved into its mineral and lifeless constituents, but is always dying, and, strange as the paradox may sound, could not live unless it died.

In the wonderful story of the "Peau de Chagrin," the hero becomes possessed of a magical wild ass's skin, which yields him the means of gratifying all his wishes. But its surface represents the duration of the proprietor's life; and for every satisfied desire the skin shrinks in proportion to the intensity of fruition, until at length life and the last handbreadth of the _peau de chagrin_ disappear with the gratification of a last wish.

Balzac's studies had led him over a wide range of thought and speculation, and his shadowing forth of physiological truth in this strange story may have been intentional. At any rate, the matter of life is a veritable _peau de chagrin_, and for every trivial act it is somewhat the smaller. All work implies waste, and the work of life results, directly or indirectly, in the waste of protoplasm.

Every word uttered by a speaker costs him some physical loss; and, in the strictest sense, he burns that others may have light--so much eloquence, so much of his body resolved into carbonic acid, water, and urea. It is clear that this process of expenditure cannot go on forever. But, happily, the protoplasmic _peau de chagrin_ differs from Balzac's in its capacity of being repaired, and brought back to its full size, after every exertion.

For example, this present lecture, whatever its intellectual worth to you, has a certain physical value to me, which is conceivably expressible by the number of grains of protoplasm and other bodily substance wasted in maintaining my vital processes during its delivery. My _peau de chagrin_ will be distinctly smaller at the end of the discourse than it was at the beginning. By and by, I shall probably have recourse to the substance commonly called mutton, for the purpose of stretching it back to its original size. Now, this mutton was once the living protoplasm, more or less modified, of another animal--a sheep. As I shall eat it, it is the same matter altered, not only by death, but by exposure to sundry artificial operations in the process of cooking.

But these changes, whatever be their extent, have not rendered it incompetent to resume its old functions as matter of life. A singular inward laboratory, which I possess, will dissolve a certain portion of the modified protoplasm; the solution so formed will pass into my veins; and the subtle influences to which it will then be subjected will convert the dead protoplasm into living protoplasm, and transubstantiate sheep into

man.

Nor is this all. If digestion were a thing to be trifled with, I might sup on lobster, and the matter of life of the crustacean would undergo the same wonderful metamorphosis into humanity. And were I to return to my own place by sea, and undergo shipwreck, the crustacea might, and probably would, return the compliment, and demonstrate our common nature by turning my protoplasm into living lobster. Or, if nothing better were to be had, I might supply my wants with mere bread, and I should find the protoplasm of the wheat-plant to be convertible into man, with no more trouble than that of the sheep, and with far less, I fancy, than that of the lobster.

Hence it appears to be a matter of no great moment what animal, or what plant, I lay under contribution for protoplasm; and the fact speaks volumes for the general identity of that substance in all living beings. I share this catholicity of assimilation with other animals, all of which, so far as we know, could thrive equally well on the protoplasm of any of their fellows, or of any plant; but here the assimilative powers of the animal world cease. A solution of smelling-salts in water, with an infinitesimal proportion of some other saline matters, contains all the elementary bodies which enter into the composition of protoplasm; but, as I need hardly say, a hogshead of that fluid would not keep a hungry man from starving, nor would it save any animal whatever from a like fate. An animal cannot make protoplasm, but must take it ready-made from some other animal, or some plant--the animal's highest feat of constructive chemistry being to convert dead protoplasm into that living matter of life which is appropriate to itself.

Therefore, in seeking for the origin of protoplasm, we must eventually turn to the vegetable world. The fluid containing carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, which offers such a Barmecide feast to the animal, is a table richly spread to multitudes of plants; and, with a due supply of only such materials, many a plant will not only maintain itself in vigor, but grow and multiply until it has increased a million-fold, or a million-million-fold, the quantity of protoplasm which it originally possessed; in this way building up the matter of life, to an indefinite extent, from the common matter of the universe.

Thus, the animal can only raise the complex substance of dead protoplasm to the higher power, as one may say, of living protoplasm; while the plant can raise the less complex substances--carbonic acid, water, and ammonia--to the same stage of living protoplasm, if not to the same level. But the plant also has its limitations. Some of the fungi, for example, appear to need higher compounds to start with; and no known plant can live upon the uncompounded elements of protoplasm. A plant supplied with pure

carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, phosphorus, sulphur and the like, would as infallibly die as the animal in his bath of smelling-salts, though it would be surrounded by all the constituents of protoplasm. Nor, indeed, need the process of simplification of vegetable food be carried so far as this, in order to arrive at the limit of the plant's thaumaturgy. Let water, carbonic acid, and all the other needful constituents be supplied with ammonia, and an ordinary plant will still be unable to manufacture protoplasm.

Thus the matter of life, so far as we know it (and we have no right to speculate on any other), breaks up, in consequence of that continual death which is the condition of its manifesting vitality, into carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, which certainly possess no properties but those of ordinary matter. And out of these same forms of ordinary matter, and from none which are simpler, the vegetable world builds up all the protoplasm that keeps the animal world a-going. Plants are the accumulators of the power which animals distribute and disperse.

But it will be observed that the existence of the matter of life depends on the preëxistence of certain compounds; namely, carbonic acid, water, and ammonia. Withdraw any one of these three from the world, and all vital phenomena come to an end. They are related to the protoplasm of the plant, as the protoplasm of the plant is to that of the animal. Carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen are all lifeless bodies. Of these, carbon and oxygen unite in certain proportions, and under certain conditions, to give rise to carbonic acid; hydrogen and oxygen produce water; nitrogen and hydrogen give rise to ammonia. These new compounds, like the elementary bodies of which they are composed, are lifeless. But when they are brought together, under certain conditions, they give rise to the still more complex body, protoplasm, and this protoplasm exhibits the phenomena of life.

I see no break in this series of steps in molecular complication, and I am unable to understand why the language which is applicable to any one term of the series may not be used with any of the others. We think fit to call different kinds of matter carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, and to speak of the various powers and activities of these substances as the properties of the matter of which they are composed.

When hydrogen and oxygen are mixed in a certain proportion, and an electric spark is passed through them, they disappear, and a quantity of water, equal in weight to the sum of their weights, appears in their place. There is not the slightest parity between the passive and active powers of the water and those of the oxygen and hydrogen which have given rise to it. At 32 degrees Fahrenheit, and far below that temperature, oxygen and hydrogen are elastic gaseous bodies, whose particles tend to rush away from one another with great force. Water, at the same

temperature, is a strong though brittle solid, whose particles tend to cohere into definite geometrical shapes, and sometimes build up frosty imitations of the most complex forms of vegetable foliage.

Nevertheless we call these, and many other strange phenomena, the properties of the water, and we do not hesitate to believe that, in some way or another, they result from the properties of the component elements of the water. We do not assume that a something called "aquosity" entered into and took possession of the oxide of hydrogen as soon as it was formed, and then guided the aqueous particles to their places in the facets of the crystal, or among the leaflets of the hoar-frost. On the contrary, we live in the hope and in the faith that, by the advance of molecular physics, we shall by-and-by be able to see our way as clearly from the constituents of water to the properties of water, as we are now able to deduce the operations of a watch from the form of its parts and the manner in which they are put together.

Is the case in any way changed when carbonic acid, water, and ammonia disappear, and in their place, under the influence of preëxisting living protoplasm, an equivalent weight of the matter of life makes its appearance?

It is true that there is no sort of parity between the properties of the components and the properties of the resultant; but neither was there in the case of the water. It is also true that what I have spoken of as the influence of preëxisting living matter is something quite unintelligible; but does anybody quite comprehend the *_modus operandi_* of an electric spark, which traverses a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen?

What justification is there, then, for the assumption of the existence in the living matter of a something which has no representative, or correlative, in the not-living matter which gave rise to it? What better philosophical status has "vitality" than "aquosity"? And why should "vitality" hope for a better fate than the other "itys" which have disappeared since Martinus Scriblerus accounted for the operation of the meat-jack by its inherent "meat-roasting quality," and scorned the "materialism" of those who explained the turning of the spit by a certain mechanism worked by the draught of the chimney?

If scientific language is to possess a definite and constant signification whenever it is employed, it seems to me that we are logically bound to apply to the protoplasm, or physical basis of life, the same conceptions as those which are held to be legitimate elsewhere. If the phenomena exhibited by water are its properties, so are those presented by protoplasm, living or dead, its properties.

If the properties of water may be properly said to result from the nature and disposition of its component molecules, I can find no intelligible ground for refusing to say that the properties of protoplasm result from the nature and disposition of its molecules.

But I bid you beware lest, in accepting these conclusions, you are placing your feet on the first rung of a ladder which, in most people's estimation, is the reverse of Jacob's, and leads to the antipodes of heaven. It may seem a small thing to admit that the dull, vital actions of a fungus are the properties of its protoplasm, and are the direct results of the nature of the matter of which it is composed. But if, as I have endeavored to prove to you, its protoplasm is essentially identical with, and most readily converted into, that of any animal, I can discover no logical halting-place between the admission that such is the case, and the further concession that all vital action may, with equal propriety, be said to be the result of the molecular forces of the protoplasm which displays it. And if so, it must be true, in the same sense and to the same extent, that the thoughts to which I am now giving utterance, and your thoughts regarding them, are the expression of molecular changes in that matter of life which is the source of our other vital phenomena.

Past experience leads me to be tolerably certain that, when the propositions I have just placed before you are accessible to public comment and criticism, they will be condemned by many zealous persons, and perhaps by some few of the wise and thoughtful. I should not wonder if "gross and brutal materialism" were the mildest phrase applied to them in certain quarters. And, most undoubtedly, the terms of the propositions are distinctly materialistic. Nevertheless two things are certain: the one, that I hold the statements to be substantially true; the other, that I, individually, am no materialist, but, on the contrary, believe materialism to involve grave philosophical error.

This union of materialistic terminology with the repudiation of materialistic philosophy I share with some of the most thoughtful men with whom I am acquainted. And, when I first undertook to deliver the present discourse, it appeared to me to be fitting opportunity to explain how such a union is not only consistent with, but necessitated by, sound logic. I purposed to lead you through the territory of vital phenomena to the materialistic slough in which you find yourselves now plunged, and then to point out to you the sole path by which, in my judgment, extrication is possible.

Let us suppose that knowledge is absolute, and not relative, and, therefore, that our conception of matter represents that which it really is. Let us suppose, further, that we do know more of cause and effect than a certain definite order of succession among facts, and that we have a

knowledge of the necessity of that succession,--and hence, of necessary laws,--and I, for my part, do not see what escape there is from utter materialism and necessarianism. For it is obvious that our knowledge of what we call the material world is, to begin with, at least as certain and definite as that of the spiritual world, and that our acquaintance with law is of as old a date as our knowledge of spontaneity. Further, I take it to be demonstrable that it is utterly impossible to prove that anything whatever may not be the effect of a material and necessary cause, and that human logic is equally incompetent to prove that any act is really spontaneous. A really spontaneous act is one which, by the assumption, has no cause; and the attempt to prove such a negative as this is, on the face of the matter, absurd. And while it is thus a philosophical impossibility to demonstrate that any given phenomenon is not the effect of a material cause, anyone who is acquainted with the history of science will admit, that its progress has, in all ages, meant, and now, more than ever, means, the extension of the province of what we call matter and causation, and the concomitant gradual banishment from all regions of human thought of what we call spirit and spontaneity.

I have endeavored, in the first part of this discourse, to give you a conception of the direction in which modern physiology is tending; and I ask you, what is the difference between the conception of life as the product of a certain disposition of material molecules, and the old notion of an Archæus governing and directing blind matter within each living body, except this--that here, as elsewhere, matter and law have devoured spirit and spontaneity? And as surely as every future grows out of past and present, so will the physiology of the future gradually extend the realm of matter and law until it is coextensive with knowledge, with feeling, and with action.

The consciousness of this great truth weighs like a nightmare, I believe, upon many of the best minds of these days. They watch what they conceive to be the progress of materialism, in such fear and powerless anger as a savage feels, when, during an eclipse, the great shadow creeps over the face of the sun. The advancing tide of matter threatens to drown their souls; the tightening grasp of law impedes their freedom; they are alarmed lest man's moral nature be debased by the increase of his wisdom.

If the "New Philosophy" be worthy of the reprobation with which it is visited, I confess their fears seem to me to be well founded. While, on the contrary, could David Hume be consulted, I think he would smile at their perplexities, and chide them for doing even as the heathen, and falling down in terror before the hideous idols their own hands have raised.

For, after all, what do we know of this terrible "matter," except as a

name for the unknown and hypothetical cause of states of our own consciousness? And what do we know of that "spirit" over whose threatened extinction by matter a great lamentation is arising, like that which was heard at the death of Pan, except that it is also a name for an unknown and hypothetical cause, or condition, of states of consciousness? In other words, matter and spirit are but names for the imaginary substrata of groups of natural phenomena.

And what are the dire necessity and "iron" law under which men groan? Truly, most gratuitously invented bugbears. I suppose if there be an "iron" law, it is that of gravitation; and if there be a physical necessity, it is that a stone, unsupported, must fall to the ground. But what is all we really know, and can know, about the latter phenomenon? Simply, that, in all human experience, stones have fallen to the ground under these conditions; that we have not the smallest reason for believing that any stone so circumstanced will not fall to the ground; and that we have, on the contrary, every reason to believe that it will so fall. It is very convenient to indicate that all the conditions of belief have been fulfilled in this case, by calling the statement that unsupported stones will fall to the ground "a law of nature." But when, as commonly happens, we change *_will_* into *_must_*, we introduce an idea of necessity which most assuredly does not lie in the observed facts, and has no warranty that I can discover elsewhere. For my part, I utterly repudiate and anathematize the intruder. Fact I know, and Law I know, but what is this Necessity, save an empty shadow of my own mind's throwing?

But, if it is certain that we can have no knowledge of the nature of either matter or spirit, and that the notion of necessity is something illegitimately thrust into the perfectly legitimate conception of law, the materialistic position that there is nothing in the world but matter, force, and necessity, is as utterly devoid of justification as the most baseless of theological dogmas. The fundamental doctrines of materialism, like those of spiritualism, and most other "isms," lie outside "the limits of philosophical inquiry"; and David Hume's great service to humanity is his irrefragable demonstration of what these limits are. Hume called himself a skeptic, and therefore others cannot be blamed if they apply the same title to him; but that does not alter the fact that the name, with its existing implications, does him gross injustice.

If a man asks me what the politics of the inhabitants of the moon are, and I reply that I do not know; that neither I, nor anyone else, has any means of knowing; and that, under these circumstances, I decline to trouble myself about the subject at all, I do not think he has any right to call me a skeptic. On the contrary, in replying thus, I conceive that I am simply honest and truthful, and show a proper regard for the economy of time. So Hume's strong and subtle intellect takes up a great many problems

about which we are naturally curious, and shows us that they are essentially questions of lunar politics, in their essence incapable of being answered, and therefore not worth the attention of men who have work to do in the world. And he thus ends one of his essays:--

"If we take in hand any volume of Divinity, or school metaphysics, for instance, let us ask, _Does it contain any abstract reasoning concerning quantity or number?_ No. _Does it contain any experimental reasoning concerning matter of fact and existence?_ No. Commit it then to the flames; for it can contain nothing but sophistry and illusion."

Permit me to enforce this most wise advice. Why trouble ourselves about matters of which, however important they may be, we do know nothing, and can know nothing? We live in a world which is full of misery and ignorance, and the plain duty of each and all of us is to try to make the little corner he can influence somewhat less miserable and somewhat less ignorant than it was before he entered it. To do this effectually, it is necessary to be fully possessed of only two beliefs: the first, that the order of nature is ascertainable by our faculties to an extent which is practically unlimited; the second, that our volition counts for something as a condition of the course of events.

Each of these beliefs can be verified experimentally, as often as we like to try. Each, therefore, stands upon the strongest foundation upon which any belief can rest, and forms one of our highest truths. If we find that the ascertainment of the order of nature is facilitated by using one terminology, or one set of symbols, rather than another, it is our clear duty to use the former; and no harm can accrue, so long as we bear in mind that we are dealing merely with terms and symbols.

In itself it is of little moment whether we express the phenomena of matter in terms of spirit, or the phenomena of spirit in terms of matter: matter may be regarded as a form of thought, thought may be regarded as a property of matter--each statement has a certain relative truth. But with a view to the progress of science, the materialistic terminology is in every way to be preferred. For it connects thought with the other phenomena of the universe, and suggests inquiry into the nature of those physical conditions, or concomitants of thought, which are more or less accessible to us, and a knowledge of which may, in future, help us to exercise the same kind of control over the world of thought that we already possess in respect of the material world; whereas, the alternative, or spiritualistic, terminology is utterly barren, and leads to nothing but obscurity and confusion of ideas.

Thus there can be little doubt that the further science advances, the more extensively and consistently will all the phenomena of nature be

represented by materialistic formulæ and symbols.

But the man of science who, forgetting the limits of philosophical inquiry, slides from these formulæ and symbols into what is commonly understood by materialism, seems to me to place himself on a level with the mathematician who should mistake the _x_'s and _y_'s with which he works his problems for real entities--and with this further disadvantage, as compared with the mathematician, that the blunders of the latter are of no practical consequence, while the errors of systematic materialism may paralyze the energies and destroy the beauty of a life.

THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE

Project Gutenberg's *The Wonders of the Jungle*, by Prince Sarath Ghosh

Hush! Here come all the animals! The _buffaloes_, the _blue deer_, the _red deer_, the _wild pigs_, the _hyenas_, the _wolves_, the _red dogs_, and many others. Watch and see how each kind of animal comes; it is not always in the same way. The moon is now shining clear above the trees, and we can see a long way up the stream.

See the _buffaloes!_ They come a little _above the elephants_. But they do not come one behind another in a line, like the elephants. They come three or four together. They also have beaten down the bushes there years ago, to make a drinking place; and it is wide enough for three or four of them to drink at the same time, side by side.

How Buffaloes Come to Drink--in Rows

But why must they drink three or four at the same time? Because the buffaloes are like a body of soldiers, one row behind another. Sometimes twenty or thirty rows make up a herd. We see only the first row drinking now, but soon we shall see the others behind.

And why do the buffaloes come like a body of soldiers? Because they are afraid of their enemy--the tiger! Once upon a time the buffaloes lived scattered about, and many of them got eaten by the tiger, one at a time. Then those that escaped from the tiger became wise; they joined together like a body of soldiers, so that they could beat off the tiger. How they came to do that, I shall tell you at another time.

But now let us watch the first row drinking. They are all _bull buffaloes_, the Papas of the herd; you can tell that by their _huge horns_, a yard long on each side of the head. You see how the buffaloes stand side by side, so that their horns almost touch one another. That is the way the buffaloes have marched to the stream from their feeding place--horn to horn. Why? Because no prowling tiger can get past those horns.

Watch the first row as it finishes drinking; the whole row wheels around to the side like soldiers. Then the buffaloes that have had their drink march to the back of the herd, and stand there in a row facing the jungle.

Meanwhile the second row in the front has stepped to the water to drink. These also are bull buffaloes. When they finish drinking, they also wheel, march to the back of the herd, and there stand behind the first row. In this way four or five rows of bulls drink, one after the other, and go to the back of the herd.

Next come about a dozen rows of _cow buffaloes_ and their calves, or children. You see again, like the elephants, the Mammas and children among the buffaloes are also _in the middle_, safe from all harm.

Then at the end there are four or five rows of bull buffaloes again, to guard the Mammas and the children from enemies in the back.

Buffalo Knights Guard the Timid Deer

But wait a moment! Before the buffaloes go away, a most wonderful thing happens. You have read stories, how once upon a time there were brave knights who used to come to the help of ladies who were in danger. Well, you will be glad to know that these bull buffaloes are just like those brave knights. Do you see that timid little shadow creeping in by the side of the buffaloes?

She is a _blue deer_, a very timid lady indeed; for she knows that a tiger is waiting in the high ground behind, to catch her. It is the last chance of the tiger to get his supper; so he waits by the high ground behind, and watches for some weak animal like the deer to come to drink.

But the blue deer knows that; so she hides in the bushes, and waits for the buffaloes to come to drink. Then as the buffaloes come to the water, row after row, horn to horn, she tries to creep in toward them; she even tries to creep in _under_ the horns of the buffaloes, knowing

that there she will be quite safe from the tiger. It takes her a long time to reach the buffaloes in that way, without being caught by the tiger.

But do you see the wonderful thing? The buffaloes wait a little for her! They take a little longer to drink, to give her a chance to reach the water by their side. Like the brave knights, they feel proud of helping a lady.

Now see! The blue deer also has finished drinking. She goes away with the buffaloes, under their horns. They all reach the jungle again. She looks carefully: the tiger is watching her, but he dares not come too near. She sees where he is--then suddenly she gives a leap--another leap--and another--quickly! The tiger leaps after her--but she leaped first! She is gone! She is safe!

[Illustration: The Buffaloes and the Blue Deer]

The tiger is furious. He stands a moment before the buffaloes, growling with rage. But the bulls in front of the herd paw the ground, and rattle their horns with one another. They are going to charge!

But that tiger does not wait for the charge of the bull buffaloes. He does not want to be trampled into a mess under their hoofs, or cut up into pieces with their horns. Instead, he sneaks away, growling. He sneaks back to the stream, to wait for some other weak animal.

So, you see, the jungle folks are in many ways just like us; for a brave man always helps a lady or anybody who needs his help.

But now let us watch the stream higher up.

Wild Pigs--Careless

Here come the _wild pigs_. They are not exactly a herd; but still there are many dozens of them, all one large family with all their relations--cousins and uncles and aunts. Some of the wild pigs are called _boars_; they are the Papas among the wild pigs. You can always tell them by the two _sharp tusks_, or teeth, one on each side, which grow _upward_ from their under jaw. Each tusk is as long as a knife, and so sharp that a tiger does not always care to fight with a boar.

The wild pigs drink in any fashion, and go off in any fashion--just as they like. They trust to luck or to the sharp tusks of some of the boars to guard them from danger. But they have not learned enough yet

to do things in proper order.

Red Dogs--Bold, Fearing Nobody

Meanwhile other animals have also come. The moon is now quite high in the sky. A band of shadows in the moonlight seems to fall upon the water. It is a pack of red dogs; they have come boldly, as they are afraid of nothing. For if a hungry tiger attacks them, the whole pack will jump on the tiger and tear him down--that is, the tiger could kill dozens of the dogs in a few minutes, but then the rest of the wild red dogs would tear the tiger to pieces.

So the red dogs are not afraid as they come flocking to the stream. They lap up the water with their lolling tongues. Then they look up at the moon. Do you see what they are doing? Can you hear them? They are howling at the moon in a chorus. Dogs always howl at the moon. Men do not quite know just why dogs do that. But perhaps they do it because they are glad and satisfied, and are trying to sing! When you sing, and there is a dog near by, you may hear him start howling. He does that, I suppose, because he likes your singing, and wants to join in the chorus!

So the wild dogs of the jungle also howl when they are glad. Then, after the red dogs have howled as long as a song, they scamper off into the jungle again. That shows, I suppose, that their howling was really a song!

Other Animals Come Alone

The red dogs are the last of the animals that come in a bunch. Now you see other animals coming one by one. A sneaking shadow there! It must be a hyena. That is an animal that eats what remains from some other animal's supper; so the hyena waits to see if a tiger or a leopard has caught any supper, or else it will have to go hungry.

But hush! Here is a red deer coming carefully to the water. This animal is much bigger than the blue deer, and more able to take care of herself. But, still, she comes very quietly, looking to right and left to make sure that the tiger is not just in that place. She reaches the water and starts drinking. But do you see how her ear is bent to the side? The red deer is listening most carefully, even while she is drinking!

But look, look! The bush behind the deer parts very slowly, and a huge

yellow form crouches there! It is the tiger!

He is not near enough to jump on the deer; so he takes one step forward--as softly as a cat!

But the deer has heard the footfall! For she can hear even a leaf when it falls to the ground. And in that one second, even while she was drinking, the red deer has turned and leaped to the side. The tiger has also leaped at the same time, and he aimed at the place where the deer _was_. But the deer has just left that place, and the next second she gives another leap, like a flash, and gets out of the tiger's reach.

The tiger stands where he leaped, and growls with rage. He knows it would be no use chasing the deer, as _the deer can run much faster_. So he stands there, and growls for quite a while. Then, as he did not get any supper that night, he can at least have a drink. So he drinks and goes away, still growling.

Now all is quiet at last at the midnight pool, as all the animals have gone away.

The Law of the Jungle--Clear Water for All

But before _we_ leave the place, I want you to remember something. I showed you first the elephants; they were on our right--that is, _down_ the stream, the way the water flows. And the elephants drank first among all the animals.

Then all the other animals came to the stream, but more to our left--that is, _up_ the stream. Why was that? Think!

I shall tell you. By the time the elephants finish drinking by dipping their trunks into the stream many times, the water begins to get muddy. In fact, after drinking, the elephants jump into the water to have a bath and a swim, as I shall tell you in the next chapter.

So the water gets muddy near the elephants and all the way down stream from that place, as the water flows that way. And as the other animals do not want muddy water to drink, they always go _up_ the stream, where the water is still clear.

That is _The Law of the Jungle_, though it is not written down in a book, like the laws among men. The Law of the Jungle says that as the elephants are the lords of the jungle, they shall drink _first_: but

they must be careful to drink _down the stream_, so that all the other animals may have a place higher up, where they can get _clear water to drink_.

And that law has never been broken, for many thousands of years, among all the different sorts of animals.

But with men the laws among the different sorts of people, called nations, are often broken, because some of them want all the best things and the best places, and do not care if they muddy the water that their neighbors have to drink.

So, my dear children, we can learn many things from the animals, even how to be better men and women when we grow up.

Entries from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Encyclopaedia Britannica, 11th Edition, Volume 16, Slice 6*, by Various

LILIACEAE, in botany, a natural order of Monocotyledons belonging to the series Liliiflorae, and generally regarded as representing the typical order of Monocotyledons. The plants are generally perennial herbs growing from a bulb or rhizome, sometimes shrubby as in butcher's broom (_Ruscus_) or tree-like as in species of _Dracaena, Yucca_ or _Aloe_. The flowers are with few exceptions hermaphrodite, and regular with parts in threes (fig. 5), the perianth which is generally petaloid occupying the two outer whorls, followed by two whorls of stamens, with a superior ovary of three carpels in the centre of the flower; the ovary is generally three-chambered and contains an indefinite number of anatropous ovules on axile placentas (see fig. 2). The fruit is a capsule splitting along the septa (septicidal) (fig. 1), or between them (loculicidal), or a berry (fig. 6, 3); the seeds contain a small embryo in a copious fleshy or cartilaginous endosperm. Liliaceae is one of the larger orders of flowering plants containing about 2500 species in 200 genera; it is of world-wide distribution. The plants show great diversity in vegetative structure, which together with the character and mode of dehiscence of the fruit afford a basis for the subdivision of the order into tribes, eleven of which are recognized. The following are the most important tribes.

[Illustration: FIG. 1.--Fruit or Capsule of Meadow Saffron (_Colchicum autumnale_) dehiscing along the septa.]

[Illustration: FIG. 2.--Same cut across showing the three chambers with

the seeds attached along the middle line--axile placentation.]

[Illustration: FIG. 3.--Corm of Meadow Saffron (*Colchicum autumnale*). a, Old corm shrivelling; b, young corm produced laterally from the old one.]

Melanthoideae.--The plants have a rhizome or corm, and the fruit is a capsule. It contains 36 genera, many of which are north temperate and three are represented in Britain, viz. *Tofieldia*, an arctic and alpine genus of small herbs with a slender scape springing from a tuft of narrow ensiform leaves and bearing a raceme of small green flowers; *Narthecium* (bog-asphodel), herbs with a habit similar to *Tofieldia*, but with larger golden-yellow flowers; and *Colchicum*, a genus with about 30 species including the meadow saffron or autumn crocus (*C. autumnale*). *Colchicum* illustrates the corm-development which is rare in Liliaceae though common in the allied order Iridaceae; a corm is formed by swelling at the base of the axis (figs. 3, 4) and persists after the flowers and leaves, bearing next season's plant as a lateral shoot in the axil of a scale-leaf at its base. *Gloriosa*, well known in cultivation, climbs by means of its tendril-like leaf-tips; it has handsome flowers with decurved orange-red or yellow petals; it is a native of tropical Asia and Africa. *Veratrum* is an alpine genus of the north temperate zone.

Asphodeloideae.--The plants generally have a rhizome bearing radical leaves, as in asphodel, rarely a stem with a tuft of leaves as in *Aloe*, very rarely a tuber (*Eriospermum*) or bulb (*Bowiea*). The flowers are borne in a terminal raceme, the anthers open introrsely and the fruit is a capsule, very rarely, as in *Dianella*, a berry. It contains 64 genera. *Asphodelus* (asphodel) is a Mediterranean genus; *Simethis*, a slender herb with grassy radical leaves, is a native of west and southern Europe extending into south Ireland. *Anthericum* and *Chlorophytum*, herbs with radical often grass-like leaves and scapes bearing a more or less branched inflorescence of small generally white flowers, are widely spread in the tropics. Other genera are *Funkia*, native of China and Japan, cultivated in the open air in Britain; *Hemerocallis*, a small genus of central Europe and temperate Asia--*H. flava* is known in gardens as the day lily; *Phormium*, a New Zealand genus to which belongs New Zealand flax, *P. tenax*, a useful fibre-plant; *Kniphofia*, South and East Africa, several species of which are cultivated; and *Aloe*. A small group of Australian genera closely approach the order Juncaceae in having small crowded flowers with a scarious or membranous perianth; they include *Xanthorrhoea* (grass-tree or black-boy) and *Kingia*, arborescent plants with an erect woody stem crowned with a tuft of long stiff narrow leaves, from the centre of which rises a tall dense

flower-spike or a number of stalked flower-heads; this group has been included in Juncaceae, from which it is doubtfully distinguished only by the absence of the long twisted stigmas which characterize the true rushes.

[Illustration: FIG. 4.--Corm of *Colchicum autumnale* in autumn when the plant is in flower.

- k, Present corm.
- h, h, Brown scales covering it.
- w, Its roots.
- st, Its withered flowering stem.
- k', Younger corm produced from k.
- wh, Roots from k', which grows at expense of k.
- s, s', s'', Sheathing leaves.
- l', l'', Foliage leaves.
- b, b', Flowers.
- k'', Young corm produced from
- k', in autumn, which in succeeding autumn will produce flowers.]

Allioideae.--The plants grow from a bulb or short rhizome; the inflorescence is an apparent umbel formed of several shortened monochasial cymes and subtended by a pair of large bracts. It contains 22 genera, the largest of which *Allium* has about 250 species--7 are British; *Agapanthus* or African lily is a well-known garden plant; in *Gagea*, a genus of small bulbous herbs found in most parts of Europe, the inflorescence is reduced to a few flowers or a single flower; *G. lutea* is a local and rare British plant.

Lilioideae.--Bulbous plants with a terminal racemose inflorescence; the anthers open introrsely and the capsule is loculicidal. It contains 28 genera, several being represented in Britain. The typical genus *Lilium* and *Fritillaria* are widely distributed in the temperate regions of the northern hemisphere; *F. meleagris*, snake's head, is found in moist meadows in some of the southern and central English counties; *Tulipa* contains more than 50 species in Europe and temperate Asia, and is specially abundant in the dry districts of central Asia; *Lloydia*, a small slender alpine plant, widely distributed in the northern hemisphere, occurs on Snowdon in Wales; *Scilla* (squill) is a large genus, chiefly in Europe and Asia--*S. nutans* is the bluebell or wild hyacinth; *Ornithogalum* (Europe, Africa and west Asia) is closely allied to *Scilla*--*O. umbellatum*, star of Bethlehem, is naturalized in Britain; *Hyacinthus* and *Muscari* are chiefly Mediterranean; *M. racemosum*, grape hyacinth, occurs in sandy pastures in the eastern counties of England. To this group belong a number of tropical and especially South African genera

such as *Albuca*, *Urginea*, *Drimia*, *Lachenalia* and others.

Dracaenoideae.--The plants generally have an erect stem with a crown of leaves which are often leathery; the anthers open introrsely and the fruit is a berry or capsule. It contains 9 genera, several of which, such as *Yucca* (fig. 5), *Dracaena* and *Cordyline* include arborescent species in which the stem increases in thickness continually by a centrifugal formation of new tissue; an extreme case is afforded by *Dracaena Draco*, the dragon-tree of Teneriffe. *Yucca* and several allied genera are natives of the dry country of the southern and western United States and of Central America. *Dracaena* and the allied genus *Cordyline* occur in the warmer regions of the Old World. There is a close relation between the pollination of many yuccas and the life of a moth (*Pronuba yuccasella*); the flowers are open and scented at night when the female moth becomes active, first collecting a load of pollen and then depositing her eggs, generally in a different flower from that which has supplied the pollen. The eggs are deposited in the ovary-wall, usually just below an ovule; after each deposition the moth runs to the top of the pistil and thrusts some pollen into the opening of the stigma. Development of larva and seed go on together, a few of the seeds serving as food for the insect, which when mature eats through the pericarp and drops to the ground, remaining dormant in its cocoon until the next season of flowering when it emerges as a moth.

[Illustration: FIG. 5.--*Yucca gloriosa*. 1, Plant much reduced. 2, Floral diagram. 3, Flower.]

[Illustration: FIG. 6.--Twig of Butcher's Broom, *Ruscus aculeatus*, slightly enlarged. 1, Male flower, 2, female flower, both enlarged; 3, berry, slightly reduced.]

[Illustration: From Strasburger's *Lehrbuch der Botanik*, by permission of Gustav Fischer.

FIG. 7.--Rhizome of *Polygonatum multiflorum*.

- a, Bud of next year's aerial shoot.
- b, Scar of this year's, and c, d, e, scars of three preceding years' aerial shoots.
- w, Roots.]

Asparagoideae.--Plants growing from a rhizome; fruit a berry. *Asparagus* contains about 100 species in the dryer warmer parts of the Old World; it has a short creeping rhizome, from which springs a slender, herbaceous or woody, often very much branched, erect or

climbing stem, the ultimate branches of which are flattened or needle-like leaf-like structures (*_cladodes_*), the true leaves being reduced to scales or, in the climbers, forming short, hard more or less recurved spines. *_Ruscus aculeatus_* (fig. 6) is butcher's broom, an evergreen shrub with flattened leaf-like cladodes, native in the southerly portion of England and Wales; the small flowers are unisexual and borne on the face of the cladode; the male contains three stamens, the filaments of which are united to form a short stout column on which are seated the diverging cells of the anthers; in the female the ovary is enveloped by a fleshy staminal tube on which are borne three barren anthers. *_Polygonatum_* and *_Maianthemum_* are allied genera with a herbaceous leafy stem and, in the former axillary flowers, in the latter flowers in a terminal raceme; both occur rarely in woods in Britain; *_P. multiflorum_* is the well-known Solomon's seal of gardens (fig. 7), so called from the seal-like scars on the rhizome of stems of previous seasons, the hanging flowers of which contain no honey, but are visited by bees for the pollen. *_Convallaria_* is lily of the valley; *_Aspidistra_*, native of the Himalayas, China and Japan, is a well-known pot plant; its flowers depart from the normal arrangement of the order in having the parts in fours (tetramerous). Paris, including the British Herb *_Paris_* (*_P. quadrifolia_*), has solitary tetra- to poly-merous flowers terminating the short annual shoot which bears a whorl of four or more leaves below the flower; in this and in some species of the nearly allied genus *_Trillium_* (chiefly temperate North America) the flowers have a fetid smell, which together with the dark purple of the ovary and stigmas and frequently also of the stamens and petals, attracts carrion-loving flies, which alight on the stigma and then climb the anthers and become dusted with pollen; the pollen is then carried to the stigmas of another flower.

Luzuriagoideae are shrubs or undershrubs with erect or climbing branches and fruit a berry. *_Lapageria_*, a native of Chile, is a favourite greenhouse climber with fine bell-shaped flowers.

Smilacoideae are climbing shrubs with broad net-veined leaves and small dioecious flowers in umbels springing from the leaf-axils; the fruit is a berry. They climb by means of tendrils, which are stipular structures arising from the leaf-sheath. *_Smilax_* is a characteristic tropical genus containing about 200 species; the dried roots of some species are the drug sarsaparilla.

The two tribes *_Ophiopogonoideae_* and *_Aletroideae_* are often included in a distinct order, Haemodoraceae. The plants have a short rhizome and narrow or lanceolate basal leaves; and they are characterized by the ovary being often half-inferior. They contain a few genera chiefly

old world tropical and subtropical. The leaves of species of *_Sansevieria_* yield a valuable fibre.

Liliaceae may be regarded as the typical order of the series Liliiflorae. It resembles Juncaceae in the general plan of the flower, which, however, has become much more elaborate and varied in the form and colour of its perianth in association with transmission of pollen by insect agency; a link between the two orders is found in the group of Australian genera referred to above under Asphodeloideae. The tribe Ophiopogonoideae, with its tendency to an inferior ovary, suggests an affinity with the Amaryllidaceae which resemble Liliaceae in habit and in the horizontal plan of the flower, but have an inferior ovary. The tribe Smilacoideae, shrubby climbers with net-veined leaves and small unisexual flowers, bears much the same relationship to the order as a whole as does the order Dioscoreaceae, which have a similar habit, but flowers with an inferior ovary, to the Amaryllidaceae.

LINCOLN, ABRAHAM (1809-1865), sixteenth president of the United States of America, was born on "Rock Spring" farm, 3 m. from Hodgenville, in Hardin (now Larue) county, Kentucky, on the 12th of February 1809.[1] His grandfather,[2] Abraham Lincoln, settled in Kentucky about 1780 and was killed by Indians in 1784. His father, Thomas (1778-1851), was born in Rockingham (then Augusta) county, Virginia; he was hospitable, shiftless, restless and unsuccessful, working now as a carpenter and now as a farmer, and could not read or write before his marriage, in Washington county, Kentucky, on the 12th of June 1806, to Nancy Hanks (1783-1818), who was, like him, a native of Virginia, but had much more strength of character and native ability, and seemed to have been, in intellect and character, distinctly above the social class in which she was born. The Lincolns had removed from Elizabethtown, Hardin county, their first home, to the Rock Spring farm, only a short time before Abraham's birth; about 1813 they removed to a farm of 238 acres on Knob Creek, about 6 m. from Hodgenville; and in 1816 they crossed the Ohio river and settled on a quarter-section, 1½ m. E. of the present village of Gentryville, in Spencer county, Indiana. There Abraham's mother died on the 5th of October 1818. In December 1819 his father married, at his old home, Elizabethtown, Mrs Sarah (Bush) Johnston (d. 1869), whom he had courted years before, whose thrift greatly improved conditions in the home, and who exerted a great influence over her stepson. Spencer county was still a wilderness, and the boy grew up in pioneer surroundings, living in a rude log-cabin, enduring many hardships and knowing only the primitive manners, conversation and ambitions of sparsely settled backwoods communities. Schools were rare, and teachers qualified only to impart the merest rudiments. "Of course when I came of age I did not know much," wrote he years afterward, "still somehow I

could read, write and cipher to the rule of three, but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity." His entire schooling, in five different schools, amounted to less than a twelvemonth; but he became a good speller and an excellent penman. His own mother taught him to read, and his stepmother urged him to study. He read and re-read in early boyhood the Bible, Aesop, _Robinson Crusoe_, _Pilgrim's Progress_, Weems's _Life of Washington_ and a history of the United States; and later read every book he could borrow from the neighbours, Burns and Shakespeare becoming favourites. He wrote rude, coarse satires, crude verse, and compositions on the American government, temperance, &c. At the age of seventeen he had attained his full height, and began to be known as a wrestler, runner and lifter of great weights. When nineteen he made a journey as a hired hand on a flatboat to New Orleans.

In March 1830 his father emigrated to Macon county, Illinois (near the present Decatur), and soon afterward removed to Coles county. Being now twenty-one years of age, Abraham hired himself to Denton Offutt, a migratory trader and storekeeper then of Sangamon county, and he helped Offutt to build a flatboat and float it down the Sangamon, Illinois and Mississippi rivers to New Orleans. In 1831 Offutt made him clerk of his country store at New Salem, a small and unsuccessful settlement in Menard county; this gave him moments of leisure to devote to self-education. He borrowed a grammar and other books, sought explanations from the village schoolmaster and began to read law. In this frontier community law and politics claimed a large proportion of the stronger and the more ambitious men; the law early appealed to Lincoln and his general popularity encouraged him as early as 1832 to enter politics. In this year Offutt failed and Lincoln was thus left without employment. He became a candidate for the Illinois House of Representatives; and on the 9th of March 1832 issued an address "To the people of Sangamon county" which betokens talent and education far beyond mere ability to "read, write and cipher," though in its preparation he seems to have had the help of a friend. Before the election the Black Hawk Indian War broke out; Lincoln volunteered in one of the Sangamon county companies on the 21st of April and was elected captain by the members of the company. It is said that the oath of allegiance was administered to Lincoln at this time by Lieut. Jefferson Davis. The company, a part of the 4th Illinois, was mustered out after the five weeks' service for which it volunteered, and Lincoln re-enlisted as a private on the 29th of May, and was finally mustered out on the 16th of June by Lieut. Robert Anderson, who in 1861 commanded the Union troops at Fort Sumter. As captain Lincoln was twice in disgrace, once for firing a pistol near camp and again because nearly his entire company was intoxicated. He was in no battle, and always

spoke lightly of his military record. He was defeated in his campaign for the legislature in 1832, partly because of his unpopular adherence to Clay and the American system, but in his own election precinct, he received nearly all the votes cast. With a friend, William Berry, he then bought a small country store, which soon failed chiefly because of the drunken habits of Berry and because Lincoln preferred to read and to tell stories--he early gained local celebrity as a story-teller--rather than sell; about this time he got hold of a set of Blackstone. In the spring of 1833 the store's stock was sold to satisfy its creditors, and Lincoln assumed the firm's debts, which he did not fully pay off for fifteen years. In May 1833, local friendship, disregarding politics, procured his appointment as postmaster of New Salem, but this paid him very little, and in the same year the county surveyor of Sangamon county opportunely offered to make him one of his deputies. He hastily qualified himself by study, and entered upon the practical duties of surveying farm lines, roads and town sites. "This," to use his own words, "procured bread, and kept body and soul together."

In 1834 Lincoln was elected (second of four successful candidates, with only 14 fewer votes than the first) a member of the Illinois House of Representatives, to which he was re-elected in 1836, 1838 and 1840, serving until 1842. In his announcement of his candidacy in 1836 he promised to vote for Hugh L. White of Tennessee (a vigorous opponent of Andrew Jackson in Tennessee politics) for president, and said: "I go for all sharing the privileges of the government who assist in bearing its burdens. Consequently, I go for admitting all whites to the right of suffrage, who pay taxes or bear arms (by no means excluding females)"--a sentiment frequently quoted to prove Lincoln a believer in woman's suffrage. In this election he led the poll in Sangamon county. In the legislature, like the other representatives of that county, who were called the "Long Nine," because of their stature, he worked for internal improvements, for which lavish appropriations were made, and for the division of Sangamon county and the choice of Springfield as the state capital, instead of Vandalia. He and his party colleagues followed Stephen A. Douglas in adopting the convention system, to which Lincoln had been strongly opposed. In 1837 with one other representative from Sangamon county, named Dan Stone, he protested against a series of resolutions, adopted by the Illinois General Assembly, expressing disapproval of the formation of abolition societies and asserting, among other things, that "the right of property in slaves is sacred to the slave holding states under the Federal Constitution"; and Lincoln and Stone put out a paper in which they expressed their belief "that the institution of slavery is founded on both injustice and bad policy, but that the promulgation of abolition doctrines tends rather to increase than abate its evils," "that the Congress of the United States has no power under the Constitution to interfere with the institution of

slavery in the different states," "that the Congress of the United States has the power, under the Constitution, to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, but that the power ought not to be exercised unless at the request of the people of the District." Lincoln was very popular among his fellow legislators, and in 1838 and in 1840 he received the complimentary vote of his minority colleagues for the speakership of the state House of Representatives. In 1842 he declined a renomination to the state legislature and attempted unsuccessfully to secure a nomination to Congress. In the same year he became interested in the Washingtonian temperance movement.

In 1846 he was elected a member of the National House of Representatives by a majority of 1511 over his Democratic opponent, Peter Cartwright, the Methodist preacher. Lincoln was the only Whig member of Congress elected in Illinois in 1846. In the House of Representatives on the 22nd of December 1847 he introduced the "Spot Resolutions," which quoted statements in the president's messages of the 11th of May 1846 and the 7th and 8th of December that Mexican troops had invaded the territory of the United States, and asked the president to tell the precise "spot" of invasion; he made a speech on these resolutions in the House on the 12th of January 1848. His attitude toward the war and especially his vote for George Ashmun's amendment to the supply bill at this session, declaring that the Mexican War was "unnecessarily and unconstitutionally commenced by the President," greatly displeased his constituents. He later introduced a bill regarding slavery in the District of Columbia, which (in accordance with his statement of 1837) was to be submitted to the vote of the District for approval, and which provided for compensated emancipation, forbade the bringing of slaves into the District of Columbia, except by government officials from slave states, and the selling of slaves away from the District, and arranged for the emancipation after a period of apprenticeship of all slave children born after the 1st of January 1850. While he was in Congress he voted repeatedly for the principle of the Wilmot Proviso. At the close of his term in 1848 he declined an appointment as governor of the newly organized Territory of Oregon and for a time worked, without success, for an appointment as Commissioner of the General Land Office. During the presidential campaign he made speeches in Illinois, and in Massachusetts he spoke before the Whig State Convention at Worcester on the 12th of September, and in the next ten days at Lowell, Dedham, Roxbury, Chelsea, Cambridge and Boston. He had become an eloquent and influential public speaker, and in 1840 and 1844 was a candidate on the Whig ticket for presidential elector.

In 1834 his political friend and colleague John Todd Stuart (1807-1885), a lawyer in full practice, had urged him to fit himself for the bar, and had lent him text-books; and Lincoln, working diligently, was admitted

to the bar in September 1836. In April 1837 he quitted New Salem, and removed to Springfield, which was the county-seat and was soon to become the capital of the state, to begin practice in a partnership with Stuart, which was terminated in April 1841; from that time until September 1843 he was junior partner to Stephen Trigg Logan (1800-1880), and from 1843 until his death he was senior partner of William Henry Herndon (1818-1891). Between 1849 and 1854 he took little part in politics, devoted himself to the law and became one of the leaders of the Illinois bar. His small fees--he once charged \$3.50 for collecting an account of nearly \$600.00--his frequent refusals to take cases which he did not think right and his attempts to prevent unnecessary litigation have become proverbial. Judge David Davis, who knew Lincoln on the Illinois circuit and whom Lincoln made in October 1862 an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, said that he was "great both at *nisi prius* and before an appellate tribunal." He was an excellent cross-examiner, whose candid friendliness of manner often succeeded in eliciting important testimony from unwilling witnesses. Among Lincoln's most famous cases were: one (*Bailey v. Cromwell*, 4 Ill. 71; frequently cited) before the Illinois Supreme Court in July 1841 in which he argued against the validity of a note in payment for a negro girl, adducing the Ordinance of 1787 and other authorities; a case (tried in Chicago in September 1857) for the Rock Island railway, sued for damages by the owners of a steamboat sunk after collision with a railway bridge, a trial in which Lincoln brought to the service of his client a surveyor's knowledge of mathematics and a riverman's acquaintance with currents and channels, and argued that crossing a stream by bridge was as truly a common right as navigating it by boat, thus contributing to the success of Chicago and railway commerce in the contest against St Louis and river transportation; the defence (at Beardstown in May 1858) on the charge of murder of William ("Duff") Armstrong, son of one of Lincoln's New Salem friends, whom Lincoln freed by controverting with the help of an almanac the testimony of a crucial witness that between 10 and 11 o'clock at night he had seen by moonlight the defendant strike the murderous blow--this dramatic incident is described in Edward Eggleston's novel, *The Graysons*; and the defence on the charge of murder (committed in August 1859) of "Peachy" Harrison, a grandson of Peter Cartwright, whose testimony was used with great effect.

From law, however, Lincoln was soon drawn irresistibly back into politics. The slavery question, in one form or another, had become the great overshadowing issue in national, and even in state politics; the abolition movement, begun in earnest by W. L. Garrison in 1831, had stirred the conscience of the North, and had had its influence even upon many who strongly deprecated its extreme radicalism; the Compromise of 1850 had failed to silence sectional controversy, and the Fugitive Slave

Law, which was one of the compromise measures, had throughout the North been bitterly assailed and to a considerable extent had been nullified by state legislation; and finally in 1854 the slavery agitation was fomented by the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Act, which repealed the Missouri Compromise and gave legislative sanction to the principle of "popular sovereignty"--the principle that the inhabitants of each Territory as well as of each state were to be left free to decide for themselves whether or not slavery was to be permitted therein. In enacting this measure Congress had been dominated largely by one man--Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois--then probably the most powerful figure in national politics. Lincoln had early put himself on record as opposed to slavery, but he was never technically an abolitionist; he allied himself rather with those who believed that slavery should be fought within the Constitution, that, though it could not be constitutionally interfered with in individual states, it should be excluded from territory over which the national government had jurisdiction. In this, as in other things, he was eminently clear-sighted and practical. Already he had shown his capacity as a forcible and able debater; aroused to new activity upon the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, which he regarded as a gross breach of political faith, he now entered upon public discussion with an earnestness and force that by common consent gave him leadership in Illinois of the opposition, which in 1854 elected a majority of the legislature; and it gradually became clear that he was the only man who could be opposed in debate to the powerful and adroit Douglas. He was elected to the state House of Representatives, from which he immediately resigned to become a candidate for United States senator from Illinois, to succeed James Shields, a Democrat; but five opposition members, of Democratic antecedents, refused to vote for Lincoln (on the second ballot he received 47 votes--50 being necessary to elect) and he turned the votes which he controlled over to Lyman Trumbull, who was opposed to the Kansas-Nebraska Act, and thus secured the defeat of Joel Aldrich Matteson (1808-1883), who favoured this act and who on the eighth ballot had received 47 votes to 35 for Trumbull and 15 for Lincoln. The various anti-Nebraska elements came together, in Illinois as elsewhere, to form a new party at a time when the old parties were disintegrating; and in 1856 the Republican party was formally organized in the state. Lincoln before the state convention at Bloomington of "all opponents of anti-Nebraska legislation" (the first Republican state convention in Illinois) made on the 29th of May a notable address known as the "Lost Speech." The National Convention of the Republican Party in 1856 cast 110 votes for Lincoln as its vice-presidential candidate on the ticket with Fremont, and he was on the Republican electoral ticket of this year, and made effective campaign speeches in the interest of the new party. The campaign in the state resulted substantially in a drawn battle, the Democrats gaining a majority in the state for president,

while the Republicans elected the governor and state officers. In 1858 the term of Douglas in the United States Senate was expiring, and he sought re-election. On the 16th of June 1858 by unanimous resolution of the Republican state convention Lincoln was declared "the first and only choice of the Republicans of Illinois for the United States Senate as the successor of Stephen A. Douglas," who was the choice of his own party to succeed himself. Lincoln, addressing the convention which nominated him, gave expression to the following bold prophecy:--

"A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved--I do not expect the house to fall--but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in course of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it forward, till it shall become alike lawful in all the states, old as well as new--North as well as South."

In this speech, delivered in the state House of Representatives, Lincoln charged Pierce, Buchanan, Taney and Douglas with conspiracy to secure the Dred Scott decision. Yielding to the wish of his party friends, on the 24th of July, Lincoln challenged Douglas to a joint public discussion.[3] The antagonists met in debate at seven designated places in the state. The first meeting was at Ottawa, La Salle County, about 90 m. south-west of Chicago, on the 21st of August. At Freeport, on the Wisconsin boundary, on the 27th of August, Lincoln answered questions put to him by Douglas, and by his questions forced Douglas to "betray the South" by his enunciation of the "Freeport heresy," that, no matter what the character of Congressional legislation or the Supreme Court's decision "slavery cannot exist a day or an hour anywhere unless it is supported by local police regulations." This adroit attempt to reconcile the principle of popular sovereignty with the Dred Scott decision, though it undoubtedly helped Douglas in the immediate fight for the senatorship, necessarily alienated his Southern supporters and assured his defeat, as Lincoln foresaw it must, in the presidential campaign of 1860. The other debates were: at Jonesboro, in the southern part of the state, on the 15th of September; at Charleston, 150 m. N.E. of Jonesboro, on the 18th of September; and, in the western part of the state, at Galesburg (Oct. 7), Quincy (Oct. 13) and Alton (Oct. 15). In these debates Douglas, the champion of his party, was over-matched in clearness and force of reasoning, and lacked the great moral earnestness of his opponent; but he dexterously extricated himself time and again from difficult argumentative positions, and retained sufficient support to win the immediate prize. At the November election the Republican vote was 126,084, the Douglas Democratic vote was 121,940 and the Lecompton

(or Buchanan) Democratic vote was 5091; but the Democrats, through a favourable apportionment of representative districts, secured a majority of the legislature (Senate: 14 Democrats, 11 Republicans; House: 40 Democrats, 35 Republicans), which re-elected Douglas. Lincoln's speeches in this campaign won him a national fame. In 1859 he made two speeches in Ohio--one at Columbus on the 16th of September criticising Douglas's paper in the September *Harper's Magazine*, and one at Cincinnati on the 17th of September, which was addressed to Kentuckians,--and he spent a few days in Kansas, speaking in Elwood, Troy, Doniphan, Atchison and Leavenworth, in the first week of December. On the 27th of February 1860 in Cooper Union, New York City, he made a speech (much the same as that delivered in Elwood, Kansas, on the 1st of December) which made him known favourably to the leaders of the Republican party in the East and which was a careful historical study criticising the statement of Douglas in one of his speeches in Ohio that "our fathers when they framed the government under which we live understood this question [slavery] just as well and even better than we do now," and Douglas's contention that "the fathers" made the country (and intended that it should remain) part slave. Lincoln pointed out that the majority of the members of the Constitutional Convention of 1787 opposed slavery and that they did not think that Congress had no power to control slavery in the Territories. He spoke at Concord, Manchester, Exeter and Dover in New Hampshire, at Hartford (5th March), New Haven (6th March), Woonsocket (8th March) and Norwich (9th March). The Illinois State Convention of the Republican party, held at Decatur on the 9th and 10th of May 1860, amid great enthusiasm declared Abraham Lincoln its first choice for the presidential nomination, and instructed the delegation to the National Convention to cast the vote of the state as a unit for him.

The Republican national convention, which made "No Extension of Slavery" the essential part of the party platform, met at Chicago on the 16th of May 1860. At this time William H. Seward was the most conspicuous Republican in national politics, and Salmon P. Chase had long been in the fore-front of the political contest against slavery. Both had won greater national fame than had Lincoln, and, before the convention met, each hoped to be nominated for president. Chase, however, had little chance, and the contest was virtually between Seward and Lincoln, who by many was considered more "available," because it was thought that he could (and Seward could not) secure the vote of certain doubtful states. Lincoln's name was presented by Illinois and seconded by Indiana. At first Seward had the strongest support. On the first ballot Lincoln received only 102 votes to 173½ for Seward. On the second ballot Lincoln received 181 votes to Seward's 184½. On the third ballot the 50½ votes formerly given to Simon Cameron[4] were given to Lincoln, who received 231½ votes to 180 for Seward, and without taking another ballot enough votes were changed to make Lincoln's total 354 (233 being necessary for

a choice) and the nomination was then made unanimous. Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, was nominated for the vice-presidency. The convention was singularly tumultuous and noisy; large clagues were hired by both Lincoln's and Seward's managers. During the campaign Lincoln remained in Springfield, making few speeches and writing practically no letters for publication. The campaign was unusually animated--only the Whig campaign for William Henry Harrison in 1840 is comparable to it: there were great torchlight processions of "wide-awake" clubs, which did "rail-fence," or zigzag, marches, and carried rails in honour of their candidate, the "rail-splitter." Lincoln was elected by a popular vote of 1,866,452 to 1,375,157 for Douglas, 847,953 for Breckinridge and 590,631 for Bell--as the combined vote of his opponents was so much greater than his own he was often called "the minority president"; the electoral vote was: Lincoln, 180; John C. Breckinridge, 72; John Bell, 39; Stephen A. Douglas, 12. On the 4th of March 1861 Lincoln was inaugurated as president. (For an account of his administration see UNITED STATES: _History_.)

During the campaign radical leaders in the South frequently asserted that the success of the Republicans at the polls would mean that the rights of the slave-holding states under the Federal constitution, as interpreted by them, would no longer be respected by the North, and that, if Lincoln were elected, it would be the duty of these slave-holding states to secede from the Union. There was much opposition in these states to such a course, but the secessionists triumphed, and by the time President Lincoln was inaugurated, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas had formally withdrawn from the Union. A provisional government under the designation "The Confederate States of America," with Jefferson Davis as president, was organized by the seceding states, which seized by force nearly all the forts, arsenals and public buildings within their limits. Great division of sentiment existed in the North, whether in this emergency acquiescence or coercion was the preferable policy. Lincoln's inaugural address declared the Union perpetual and acts of secession void, and announced the determination of the government to defend its authority, and to hold forts and places yet in its possession. He disclaimed any intention to invade, subjugate or oppress the seceding states. "You can have no conflict," he said, "without being yourselves the aggressors." Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbour, had been besieged by the secessionists since January; and, it being now on the point of surrender through starvation, Lincoln sent the besiegers official notice on the 8th of April that a fleet was on its way to carry provisions to the fort, but that he would not attempt to reinforce it unless this effort were resisted. The Confederates, however, immediately ordered its reduction, and after a thirty-four hours' bombardment the garrison capitulated on the 13th of April 1861. (For the military history of the

war, see AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.)

With civil war thus provoked, Lincoln, on the 15th of April, by proclamation called 75,000 three months' militia under arms, and on the 4th of May ordered the further enlistment of 64,748 soldiers and 18,000 seamen for three years' service. He instituted by proclamation of the 19th of April a blockade of the Southern ports, took effective steps to extemporize a navy, convened Congress in special session (on the 4th of July), and asked for legislation and authority to make the war "short, sharp and decisive." The country responded with enthusiasm to his summons and suggestions; and the South on its side was not less active.

The slavery question presented vexatious difficulties in conducting the war. Congress in August 1861 passed an act (approved August 6th) confiscating rights of slave-owners to slaves employed in hostile service against the Union. On the 30th of August General Fremont by military order declared martial law and confiscation against active enemies, with freedom to their slaves, in the State of Missouri. Believing that under existing conditions such a step was both detrimental in present policy and unauthorized in law, President Lincoln directed him (2nd September) to modify the order to make it conform to the Confiscation Act of Congress, and on the 11th of September annulled the parts of the order which conflicted with this act. Strong political factions were instantly formed for and against military emancipation, and the government was hotly beset by antagonistic counsel. The Unionists of the border slave states were greatly alarmed, but Lincoln by his moderate conservatism held them to the military support of the government.[5] Meanwhile he sagaciously prepared the way for the supreme act of statesmanship which the gathering national crisis already dimly foreshadowed. On the 6th of March 1862, he sent a special message to Congress recommending the passage of a resolution offering pecuniary aid from the general government to induce states to adopt gradual abolishment of slavery. Promptly passed by Congress, the resolution produced no immediate result except in its influence on public opinion. A practical step, however, soon followed. In April Congress passed and the president approved (6th April) an act emancipating the slaves in the District of Columbia, with compensation to owners--a measure which Lincoln had proposed when in Congress. Meanwhile slaves of loyal masters were constantly escaping to military camps. Some commanders excluded them altogether; others surrendered them on demand; while still others sheltered and protected them against their owners. Lincoln tolerated this latitude as falling properly within the military discretion pertaining to local army operations. A new case, however, soon demanded his official interference. On the 9th of May 1862 General David Hunter, commanding in the limited areas gained along the southern coast, issued a short order declaring his department under martial law, and

adding--"Slavery and martial law in a free country are altogether incompatible. The persons in these three States--Georgia, Florida and South Carolina--heretofore held as slaves are, therefore, declared for ever free." As soon as this order, by the slow method of communication by sea, reached the newspapers, Lincoln (May 19) published a proclamation declaring it void; adding further, "Whether it be competent for me as commander-in-chief of the army and navy to declare the slaves of any state or states free, and whether at any time or in any case it shall have become a necessity indispensable to the maintenance of the government to exercise such supposed power, are questions which under my responsibility I reserve to myself, and which I cannot feel justified in leaving to the decision of commanders in the field. These are totally different questions from those of police regulations in armies or camps." But in the same proclamation Lincoln recalled to the public his own proposal and the assent of Congress to compensate states which would adopt voluntary and gradual abolishment. "To the people of these states now," he added, "I must earnestly appeal. I do not argue. I beseech you to make the argument for yourselves. You cannot, if you would, be blind to the signs of the times." Meanwhile the anti-slavery sentiment of the North constantly increased. Congress by express act (approved on the 19th of June) prohibited the existence of slavery in all territories outside of states. On July the 12th the president called the representatives of the border slave states to the executive mansion, and once more urged upon them his proposal of compensated emancipation. "If the war continues long," he said, "as it must if the object be not sooner attained, the institution in your states will be extinguished by mere friction and abrasion--by the mere incidents of the war. It will be gone, and you will have nothing valuable in lieu of it." Although Lincoln's appeal brought the border states to no practical decision--the representatives of these states almost without exception opposed the plan--it served to prepare public opinion for his final act. During the month of July his own mind reached the virtual determination to give slavery its *coup de grâce*; on the 17th he approved a new Confiscation Act, much broader than that of the 6th of August 1861 (which freed only those slaves in military service against the Union) and giving to the president power to employ persons of African descent for the suppression of the rebellion; and on the 22nd he submitted to his cabinet the draft of an emancipation proclamation substantially as afterward issued. Serious military reverses constrained him for the present to withhold it, while on the other hand they served to increase the pressure upon him from anti-slavery men. Horace Greeley having addressed a public letter to him complaining of "the policy you seem to be pursuing with regard to the slaves of the rebels," the president replied on the 22nd of August, saying, "My paramount object is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; if I could save it by freeing all the

slaves, I would do it; and, if I could do it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that." Thus still holding back violent reformers with one hand, and leading up halting conservatives with the other, he on the 13th of September replied among other things to an address from a delegation: "I do not want to issue a document that the whole world will see must necessarily be inoperative like the pope's bull against the comet.... I view this matter as a practical war measure, to be decided on according to the advantages or disadvantages it may offer to the suppression of the rebellion.... I have not decided against a proclamation of liberty to the slaves, but hold the matter under advisement."

The year 1862 had opened with important Union victories. Admiral A. H. Foote captured Fort Henry on the 6th of February, and Gen. U. S. Grant captured Fort Donelson on the 16th of February, and won the battle of Shiloh on the 6th and 7th of April. Gen. A. E. Burnside took possession of Roanoke island on the North Carolina coast (7th February). The famous contest between the new ironclads "Monitor" and "Merrimac" (9th April), though indecisive, effectually stopped the career of the Confederate vessel, which was later destroyed by the Confederates themselves. (See HAMPTON ROADS.) Farragut, with a wooden fleet, ran past the twin forts St Philip and Jackson, compelled the surrender of New Orleans (26th April), and gained control of the lower Mississippi. The succeeding three months brought disaster and discouragement to the Union army. M'Clellan's campaign against Richmond was made abortive by his timorous generalship, and compelled the withdrawal of his army. Pope's army, advancing against the same city by another line, was beaten back upon Washington in defeat. The tide of war, however, once more turned in the defeat of Lee's invading army at South Mountain and Antietam in Maryland on the 14th and on the 16th and 17th of September, compelling him to retreat.

With public opinion thus ripened by alternate defeat and victory, President Lincoln, on the 22nd of September 1862, issued his preliminary proclamation of emancipation, giving notice that on the 1st of January 1863, "all persons held as slaves within any state or designated part of a state the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States shall be then, thenceforward and for ever free." In his message to Congress on the 1st of December following, he again urged his plan of gradual, compensated emancipation (to be completed on the 1st of December 1900) "as a means, not in exclusion of, but additional to, all others for restoring and preserving the national authority throughout the Union." On the 1st day of January 1863 the final proclamation of emancipation was duly issued, designating the States of Arkansas, Texas, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and certain portions of Louisiana and Virginia, as "this day in

rebellion against the United States," and proclaiming that, in virtue of his authority as commander-in-chief, and as a necessary war measure for suppressing rebellion, "I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated states and parts of states are and henceforward shall be free," and pledging the executive and military power of the government to maintain such freedom. The legal validity of these proclamations was never pronounced upon by the national courts; but their decrees gradually enforced by the march of armies were soon recognized by public opinion to be practically irreversible.[6] Such dissatisfaction as they caused in the border slave states died out in the stress of war. The systematic enlistment of negroes and their incorporation into the army by regiments, hitherto only tried as exceptional experiments, were now pushed with vigour, and, being followed by several conspicuous instances of their gallantry on the battlefield, added another strong impulse to the sweeping change of popular sentiment. To put the finality of emancipation beyond all question, Lincoln in the winter session of 1863-1864 strongly supported a movement in Congress to abolish slavery by constitutional amendment, but the necessary two-thirds vote of the House of Representatives could not then be obtained. In his annual message of the 6th of December 1864, he urged the immediate passage of the measure. Congress now acted promptly: on the 31st of January 1865, that body by joint resolution proposed to the states the 13th amendment of the Federal Constitution, providing that "neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction." Before the end of that year twenty-seven out of the thirty-six states of the Union (being the required three-fourths) had ratified the amendment, and official proclamation made by President Johnson on the 18th of December 1865, declared it duly adopted.

The foreign policy of President Lincoln, while subordinate in importance to the great questions of the Civil War, nevertheless presented several difficult and critical problems for his decision. The arrest (8th of November 1861) by Captain Charles Wilkes of two Confederate envoys proceeding to Europe in the British steamer "Trent" seriously threatened peace with England. Public opinion in America almost unanimously sustained the act; but Lincoln, convinced that the rights of Great Britain as a neutral had been violated, promptly, upon the demand of England, ordered the liberation of the prisoners (26th of December). Later friendly relations between the United States and Great Britain, where, among the upper classes, there was a strong sentiment in favour of the Confederacy, were seriously threatened by the fitting out of Confederate privateers in British ports, and the Administration owed much to the skilful diplomacy of the American minister in London, Charles Francis Adams. A still broader foreign question grew out of

Mexican affairs, when events culminating in the setting up of Maximilian of Austria as emperor under protection of French troops demanded the constant watchfulness of the United States. Lincoln's course was one of prudent moderation. France voluntarily declared that she sought in Mexico only to satisfy injuries done her and not to overthrow or establish local government or to appropriate territory. The United States Government replied that, relying on these assurances, it would maintain strict non-intervention, at the same time openly avowing the general sympathy of its people with a Mexican republic, and that "their own safety and the cheerful destiny to which they aspire are intimately dependent on the continuance of free republican institutions throughout America." In the early part of 1863 the French Government proposed a mediation between the North and the South. This offer President Lincoln (on the 6th of February) declined to consider, Seward replying for him that it would only be entering into diplomatic discussion with the rebels whether the authority of the government should be renounced, and the country delivered over to disunion and anarchy.

The Civil War gradually grew to dimensions beyond all expectation. By January 1863 the Union armies numbered near a million men, and were kept up to this strength till the end of the struggle. The Federal war debt eventually reached the sum of \$2,700,000,000. The fortunes of battle were somewhat fluctuating during the first half of 1863, but the beginning of July brought the Union forces decisive victories. The reduction of Vicksburg (4th of July) and Port Hudson (9th of July), with other operations, restored complete control of the Mississippi, severing the Southern Confederacy. In the east Lee had the second time marched his army into Pennsylvania to suffer a disastrous defeat at Gettysburg, on the 1st, 2nd and 3rd of July, though he was able to withdraw his shattered forces south of the Potomac. At the dedication of this battlefield as a soldiers' cemetery in November, President Lincoln made the following oration, which has taken permanent place as a classic in American literature:--

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember

what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us--that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion--that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

In the unexpected prolongation of the war, volunteer enlistments became too slow to replenish the waste of armies, and in 1863 the government was forced to resort to a draft. The enforcement of the conscription created much opposition in various parts of the country, and led to a serious riot in the city of New York on the 13th-16th of July. President Lincoln executed the draft with all possible justice and forbearance, but refused every importunity to postpone it. It was made a special subject of criticism by the Democratic party of the North, which was now organizing itself on the basis of a discontinuance of the war, to endeavour to win the presidential election of the following year. Clement L. Vallandigham of Ohio, having made a violent public speech at Mt. Vernon, Ohio, on the 1st of May against the war and military proceedings, was arrested on the 5th of May by General Burnside, tried by military commission, and sentenced on the 16th to imprisonment; a writ of habeas corpus had been refused, and the sentence was changed by the president to transportation beyond the military lines. By way of political defiance the Democrats of Ohio nominated Vallandigham for governor on the 11th of June. Prominent Democrats and a committee of the Convention having appealed for his release, Lincoln wrote two long letters in reply discussing the constitutional question, and declaring that in his judgment the president as commander-in-chief in time of rebellion or invasion holds the power and responsibility of suspending the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus, but offering to release Vallandigham if the committee would sign a declaration that rebellion exists, that an army and navy are constitutional means to suppress it, and that each of them would use his personal power and influence to prosecute the war. This liberal offer and their refusal to accept it counteracted all the political capital they hoped to make out of the case; and public opinion was still more powerfully influenced in behalf of the president's action, by the pathos of the query which he propounded in one of his letters: "Must I shoot the simple-minded soldier boy who deserts, while I must not touch a hair of a wily agitator who induces him to desert?" When the election took place in Ohio, Vallandigham was defeated by a majority of more than a hundred thousand.

Many unfounded rumours of a willingness on the part of the Confederate States to make peace were circulated to weaken the Union war spirit. To all such suggestions, up to the time of issuing his emancipation proclamation, Lincoln announced his readiness to stop fighting and grant amnesty, whenever they would submit to and maintain the national authority under the Constitution of the United States. Certain agents in Canada having in 1864 intimated that they were empowered to treat for peace, Lincoln, through Greeley, tendered them safe conduct to Washington. They were by this forced to confess that they possessed no authority to negotiate. The president thereupon sent them, and made public, the following standing offer:--

"To whom it may concern:

"Any proposition which embraces the restoration of peace, the integrity of the whole Union, and the abandonment of slavery, and which comes by and with an authority that can control the armies now at war against the United States, will be received and considered by the Executive Government of the United States, and will be met by liberal terms on substantial and collateral points, and the bearer or bearers thereof shall have safe conduct both ways.

"July 18, 1864."

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

A noteworthy conference on this question took place near the close of the Civil War, when the strength of the Confederacy was almost exhausted. F. P. Blair, senior, a personal friend of Jefferson Davis, acting solely on his own responsibility, was permitted to go from Washington to Richmond, where, on the 12th of January 1865, after a private and unofficial interview, Davis in writing declared his willingness to enter a conference "to secure peace to the two countries." Report being duly made to President Lincoln, he wrote a note (dated 18th January) consenting to receive any agent sent informally "with the view of securing peace to the people of our common country." Upon the basis of this latter proposition three Confederate commissioners (A. H. Stevens, J. A. C. Campbell and R. M. T. Hunter) finally came to Hampton Roads, where President Lincoln and Secretary Seward met them on the U.S. steam transport "River Queen," and on the 3rd of February 1865 an informal conference of four hours' duration was held. Private reports of the interview agree substantially in the statement that the Confederates proposed a cessation of the Civil War, and postponement of its issues for future adjustment, while for the present the belligerents should unite in a campaign to expel the French

from Mexico, and to enforce the Monroe doctrine. President Lincoln, however, although he offered to use his influence to secure compensation by the Federal government to slave-owners for their slaves, if there should be "voluntary abolition of slavery by the states," a liberal and generous administration of the Confiscation Act, and the immediate representation of the southern states in Congress, refused to consider any alliance against the French in Mexico, and adhered to the instructions he had given Seward before deciding to personally accompany him. These formulated three indispensable conditions to adjustment: first, the restoration of the national authority throughout all the states; second, no receding by the executive of the United States on the slavery question; third, no cessation of hostilities short of an end of the war, and the disbanding of all forces hostile to the government. These terms the commissioners were not authorized to accept, and the interview ended without result.

As Lincoln's first presidential term of four years neared its end, the Democratic party gathered itself for a supreme effort to regain the ascendancy lost in 1860. The slow progress of the war, the severe sacrifice of life in campaign and battle, the enormous accumulation of public debt, arbitrary arrests and suspension of *_habeas corpus_*, the rigour of the draft, and the proclamation of military emancipation furnished ample subjects of bitter and vindictive campaign oratory. A partisan coterie which surrounded M'Clellan loudly charged the failure of his Richmond campaign to official interference in his plans. Vallandigham had returned to his home in defiance of his banishment beyond military lines, and was leniently suffered to remain. The aggressive spirit of the party, however, pushed it to a fatal extreme. The Democratic National Convention adopted (August 29, 1864) a resolution (drafted by Vallandigham) declaring the war a failure, and demanding a cessation of hostilities; it nominated M'Clellan for president, and instead of adjourning *_sine die_* as usual, remained organized, and subject to be convened at any time and place by the executive national committee. This threatening attitude, in conjunction with alarming indications of a conspiracy to resist the draft, had the effect to thoroughly consolidate the war party, which had on the 8th of June unanimously renominated Lincoln, and had nominated Andrew Johnson of Tennessee for the vice-presidency. At the election held on the 8th of November 1864, Lincoln received 2,216,076 of the popular votes, and M'Clellan (who had openly disapproved of the resolution declaring the war a failure) but 1,808,725; while of the presidential electors 212 voted for Lincoln and 21 for M'Clellan. Lincoln's second term of office began on the 4th of March 1865.

While this political contest was going on the Civil War was being brought to a decisive close. Grant, at the head of the Army of the

Potomac, followed Lee to Richmond and Petersburg, and held him in siege to within a few days of final surrender. General W. T. Sherman, commanding the bulk of the Union forces in the Mississippi Valley, swept in a victorious march through the heart of the Confederacy to Savannah on the coast, and thence northward to North Carolina. Lee evacuated Richmond on the 2nd of April, and was overtaken by Grant and compelled to surrender his entire army on the 9th of April 1865. Sherman pushed Johnston to a surrender on the 26th of April. This ended the war.

Lincoln being at the time on a visit to the army, entered Richmond the day after its surrender. Returning to Washington, he made his last public address on the evening of the 11th of April, devoted mainly to the question of reconstructing loyal governments in the conquered states. On the evening of the 14th of April he attended Ford's theatre in Washington. While seated with his family and friends absorbed in the play, John Wilkes Booth, an actor, who with others had prepared a plot to assassinate the several heads of government, went into the little corridor leading to the upper stage-box, and secured it against ingress by a wooden bar. Then stealthily entering the box, he discharged a pistol at the head of the president from behind, the ball penetrating the brain. Brandishing a huge knife, with which he wounded Colonel Rathbone who attempted to hold him, the assassin rushed through the stage-box to the front and leaped down upon the stage, escaping behind the scenes and from the rear of the building, but was pursued, and twelve days afterwards shot in a barn where he had concealed himself. The wounded president was borne to a house across the street, where he breathed his last at 7 A.M. on the 15th of April 1865.

President Lincoln was of unusual stature, 6 ft. 4 in., and of spare but muscular build; he had been in youth remarkably strong and skilful in the athletic games of the frontier, where, however, his popularity and recognized impartiality oftener made him an umpire than a champion. He had regular and prepossessing features, dark complexion, broad high forehead, prominent cheek bones, grey deep-set eyes, and bushy black hair, turning to grey at the time of his death. Abstemious in his habits, he possessed great physical endurance. He was almost as tender-hearted as a woman. "I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom," he was able to say. His patience was inexhaustible. He had naturally a most cheerful and sunny temper, was highly social and sympathetic, loved pleasant conversation, wit, anecdote and laughter. Beneath this, however, ran an undercurrent of sadness; he was occasionally subject to hours of deep silence and introspection that approached a condition of trance. In manner he was simple, direct, void of the least affectation, and entirely free from awkwardness, oddity or eccentricity. His mental qualities were--a quick analytic perception, strong logical powers, a tenacious memory,

a liberal estimate and tolerance of the opinions of others, ready intuition of human nature; and perhaps his most valuable faculty was rare ability to divest himself of all feeling or passion in weighing motives of persons or problems of state. His speech and diction were plain, terse, forcible. Relating anecdotes with appreciative humour and fascinating dramatic skill, he used them freely and effectively in conversation and argument. He loved manliness, truth and justice. He despised all trickery and selfish greed. In arguments at the bar he was so fair to his opponent that he frequently appeared to concede away his client's case. He was ever ready to take blame on himself and bestow praise on others. "I claim not to have controlled events," he said, "but confess plainly that events have controlled me." The Declaration of Independence was his political chart and inspiration. He acknowledged a universal equality of human rights. "Certainly the negro is not our equal in colour," he said, "perhaps not in many other respects; still, in the right to put into his mouth the bread that his own hands have earned, he is the equal of every other man white or black." He had unchanging faith in self-government. "The people," he said, "are the rightful masters of both congresses and courts, not to overthrow the constitution, but to overthrow the men who pervert the constitution." Yielding and accommodating in non-essentials, he was inflexibly firm in a principle or position deliberately taken. "Let us have faith that right makes might," he said, "and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it." The emancipation proclamation once issued, he reiterated his purpose never to retract or modify it. "There have been men base enough," he said, "to propose to me to return to slavery our black warriors of Port Hudson and Olustee, and thus win the respect of the masters they fought. Should I do so I should deserve to be damned in time and eternity. Come what will, I will keep my faith with friend and foe." Benevolence and forgiveness were the very basis of his character; his world-wide humanity is aptly embodied in a phrase of his second inaugural: "With malice toward none, with charity for all." His nature was deeply religious, but he belonged to no denomination.

Lincoln married in Springfield on the 4th of November 1842, Mary Todd (1818-1882), also a native of Kentucky, who bore him four sons, of whom the only one to grow up was the eldest, Robert Todd Lincoln (b. 1843), who graduated at Harvard in 1864, served as a captain on the staff of General Grant in 1865, was admitted to the Illinois bar in 1867, was secretary of war in the cabinets of Presidents Garfield and Arthur in 1881-1885, and United States Minister to Great Britain in 1889-1893, and was prominently connected with many large corporations, becoming in 1897 president of the Pullman Co.

Of the many statues of President Lincoln in American cities, the best

known is that, in Chicago, by St Gaudens. Among the others are two by Thomas Ball, one in statuary hall in the Capitol at Washington, and one in Boston; two--one in Rochester, N.Y., and one in Springfield, Ill.--by Leonard W. Volk, who made a life-mask and a bust of Lincoln in 1860; and one by J. Q. A. Ward, in Lincoln Park, Washington. Francis B. Carpenter painted in 1864 "Lincoln signing the Emancipation Proclamation," now in the Capitol at Washington.

See *The Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln* (12 vols., New York, 1906-1907; enlarged from the 2-volume edition of 1894 by John G. Nicolay and John Hay). There are various editions of the Lincoln-Douglas debates of 1858; perhaps the best is that edited by E. E. Sparks (1908). There are numerous biographies, and biographical studies, including: John G. Nicolay and John Hay, *Abraham Lincoln: A History* (10 vols., New York, 1890), a monumental work by his private secretaries who treat primarily his official life; John G. Nicolay, *A Short Life of Abraham Lincoln* (New York, 1904), condensed from the preceding; John T. Morse, Jr., *Abraham Lincoln* (2 vols., Boston, 1896), in the "American Statesmen" series, an excellent brief biography, dealing chiefly with Lincoln's political career; Ida M. Tarbell, *The Early Life of Lincoln* (New York, 1896) and *Life of Abraham Lincoln* (2 vols., New York, 1900), containing new material to which too great prominence and credence is sometimes given; Carl Schurz, *Abraham Lincoln: An Essay* (Boston, 1891), a remarkably able estimate; Ward H. Lamon, *The Life of Abraham Lincoln from his Birth to his Inauguration as President* (Boston, 1872), supplemented by *Recollections of Abraham Lincoln 1847-1865* (Chicago, 1895), compiled by Dorothy Lamon, valuable for some personal recollections, but tactless, uncritical, and marred by the effort of the writer, who as marshal of the District of Columbia, knew Lincoln intimately, to prove that Lincoln's melancholy was due to his lack of religious belief of the orthodox sort; William H. Herndon and Jesse W. Weik, *Abraham Lincoln, the True Story of a Great Life* (3 vols., Chicago, 1889; revised, 2 vols., New York, 1892), an intimate and ill-proportioned biography by Lincoln's law partner who exaggerates the importance of the petty incidents of his youth and young manhood; Isaac N. Arnold, *History of Abraham Lincoln and the Overthrow of Slavery* (Chicago, 1867), revised and enlarged as *Life of Abraham Lincoln* (Chicago, 1885), valuable for personal reminiscences; Gideon Welles, *Lincoln and Seward* (New York, 1874), the reply of Lincoln's secretary of the navy to Charles Francis Adams's eulogy (delivered in Albany in April 1873) on Lincoln's secretary of state, W. H. Seward, in which Adams claimed that Seward was the premier of Lincoln's administration; F. B. Carpenter, *Six Months in the White House* (New York, 1866), an excellent account of Lincoln's daily life while president; Robert T. Hill, *Lincoln the Lawyer* (New York, 1906); A. Rothschild, *Lincoln,*

the Master of Men_ (Boston, 1906); J. Eaton and E. O. Mason, _Grant, Lincoln, and the Freedmen_ (New York, 1907); R. W. Gilder, _Lincoln, the Leader, and Lincoln's Genius for Expression_ (New York, 1909); M. L. Learned, _Abraham Lincoln: An American Migration_ (Philadelphia, 1909), a careful study of the Lincoln family in America; W. P. Pickett, _The Negro Problem: Abraham Lincoln's Solution_ (New York, 1909); James H. Lea and J. R. Hutchinson, _The Ancestry of Abraham Lincoln_ (Boston, 1909), a careful genealogical monograph; and C. H. McCarthy, _Lincoln's Plan of Reconstruction_ (New York, 1901). For an excellent account of Lincoln as president see J. F. Rhodes, _History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850_ (7 vols., 1893-1906). (J. G. N.; C. C. W.)

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Lincoln's birthday is a legal holiday in California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Montana, Nevada, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Utah, Washington, West Virginia and Wyoming.

[2] Samuel Lincoln (c. 1619-1690), the president's first American ancestor, son of Edward Lincoln, gent., of Hingham, Norfolk, emigrated to Massachusetts in 1637 as apprentice to a weaver and settled with two older brothers in Hingham, Mass. His son and grandson were iron founders; the grandson Mordecai (1686-1736) moved to Chester county, Pennsylvania. Mordecai's son John (1711-c. 1773), a weaver, settled in what is now Rockingham county, Va., and was the president's great-grandfather.

[3] Douglas and Lincoln first met in public debate (four on a side) in Springfield in December 1839. They met repeatedly in the campaign of 1840. In 1852 Lincoln attempted with little success to reply to a speech made by Douglas in Richmond. On the 4th of October 1854 in Springfield, in reply to a speech on the Nebraska question by Douglas delivered the day before, Lincoln made a remarkable speech four hours long, to which Douglas replied on the next day; and in the fortnight immediately following Lincoln attacked Douglas's record again at Bloomington and at Peoria. On the 26th of June 1857 Lincoln in a speech at Springfield answered Douglas's speech of the 12th in which he made over his doctrine of popular sovereignty to suit the Dred Scott decision. Before the actual debate in 1858 Douglas made a speech in Chicago on the 9th of July, to which Lincoln replied the next day; Douglas spoke at Bloomington on the 16th of July and Lincoln answered him in Springfield on the 17th.

[4] Without Lincoln's knowledge or consent, the managers of his candidacy before the convention bargained for Cameron's votes by promising to Cameron a place in Lincoln's cabinet, should Lincoln be elected. Cameron became Lincoln's first secretary of war.

[5] In November 1861 the president drafted a bill providing (1) that all slaves more than thirty-five years old in the state of Delaware should immediately become free; (2) that all children of slave parentage born after the passage of the act should be free; (3) that all others should be free on attaining the age of thirty-five or after the 1st of January 1893, except for terms of apprenticeship; and (4) that the national government should pay to the state of Delaware \$23,200 a year for twenty-one years. But this bill, which Lincoln had hoped would introduce a system of "compensated emancipation," was not approved by the legislature of Delaware, which considered it in February 1862.

[6] It is to be noted that slavery in the border slave states was not affected by the proclamation. The parts of Virginia and Louisiana not affected were those then considered to be under Federal jurisdiction; in Virginia 55 counties were excepted (including the 48 which became the separate state of West Virginia), and in Louisiana 13 parishes (including the parish of Orleans). As the Federal Government did not, at the time, actually have jurisdiction over the rest of the territory of the Confederate States, that really affected, some writers have questioned whether the proclamation really emancipated any slaves when it was issued. The proclamation had the most important political effect in the North of rallying more than ever to the support of the administration the large anti-slavery element. The adoption of the 13th amendment to the Federal Constitution in 1865 rendered unnecessary any decision of the U.S. Supreme Court upon the validity of the proclamation.

NEWTON AND THE COMPOSITION OF LIGHT

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *A History of Science, Volume 2(of 5)*, by Henry Smith Williams

Galileo, that giant in physical science of the early seventeenth century, died in 1642. On Christmas day of the same year there was born in England another intellectual giant who was destined to carry forward the work of Copernicus, Kepler, and Galileo to a marvellous consummation through the discovery of the great unifying law in accordance with which the planetary motions are performed. We refer, of course, to the greatest of English physical scientists, Isaac Newton, the Shakespeare

of the scientific world. Born thus before the middle of the seventeenth century, Newton lived beyond the first quarter of the eighteenth (1727). For the last forty years of that period his was the dominating scientific personality of the world. With full propriety that time has been spoken of as the "Age of Newton."

Yet the man who was to achieve such distinction gave no early premonition of future greatness. He was a sickly child from birth, and a boy of little seeming promise. He was an indifferent student, yet, on the other hand, he cared little for the common amusements of boyhood. He early exhibited, however, a taste for mechanical contrivances, and spent much time in devising windmills, water-clocks, sun-dials, and kites. While other boys were interested only in having kites that would fly, Newton--at least so the stories of a later time would have us understand--cared more for the investigation of the seeming principles involved, or for testing the best methods of attaching the strings, or the best materials to be used in construction.

Meanwhile the future philosopher was acquiring a taste for reading and study, delving into old volumes whenever he found an opportunity. These habits convinced his relatives that it was useless to attempt to make a farmer of the youth, as had been their intention. He was therefore sent back to school, and in the summer of 1661 he matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge. Even at college Newton seems to have shown no unusual mental capacity, and in 1664, when examined for a scholarship by Dr. Barrow, that gentleman is said to have formed a poor opinion of the applicant. It is said that the knowledge of the estimate placed upon his abilities by his instructor piqued Newton, and led him to take up in earnest the mathematical studies in which he afterwards attained such distinction. The study of Euclid and Descartes's "Geometry" roused in him a latent interest in mathematics, and from that time forward his investigations were carried on with enthusiasm. In 1667 he was elected Fellow of Trinity College, taking the degree of M.A. the following spring.

It will thus appear that Newton's boyhood and early manhood were passed during that troublous time in British political annals which saw the overthrow of Charles I., the autocracy of Cromwell, and the eventual restoration of the Stuarts. His maturer years witnessed the overthrow of the last Stuart and the reign of the Dutchman, William of Orange. In his old age he saw the first of the Hanoverians mount the throne of England. Within a decade of his death such scientific path-finders as Cavendish, Black, and Priestley were born--men who lived on to the close of the eighteenth century. In a full sense, then, the age of Newton bridges the gap from that early time of scientific awakening under Kepler and Galileo to the time which we of the twentieth century think of as

essentially modern.

THE COMPOSITION OF WHITE LIGHT

In December, 1672, Newton was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and at this meeting a paper describing his invention of the refracting telescope was read. A few days later he wrote to the secretary, making some inquiries as to the weekly meetings of the society, and intimating that he had an account of an interesting discovery that he wished to lay before the society. When this communication was made public, it proved to be an explanation of the discovery of the composition of white light. We have seen that the question as to the nature of color had commanded the attention of such investigators as Huygens, but that no very satisfactory solution of the question had been attained. Newton proved by demonstrative experiments that white light is composed of the blending of the rays of diverse colors, and that the color that we ascribe to any object is merely due to the fact that the object in question reflects rays of that color, absorbing the rest. That white light is really made up of many colors blended would seem incredible had not the experiments by which this composition is demonstrated become familiar to every one. The experiments were absolutely novel when Newton brought them forward, and his demonstration of the composition of light was one of the most striking expositions ever brought to the attention of the Royal Society. It is hardly necessary to add that, notwithstanding the conclusive character of Newton's work, his explanations did not for a long time meet with general acceptance.

Newton was led to his discovery by some experiments made with an ordinary glass prism applied to a hole in the shutter of a darkened room, the refracted rays of the sunlight being received upon the opposite wall and forming there the familiar spectrum. "It was a very pleasing diversion," he wrote, "to view the vivid and intense colors produced thereby; and after a time, applying myself to consider them very circumspectly, I became surprised to see them in varying form, which, according to the received laws of refraction, I expected should have been circular. They were terminated at the sides with straight lines, but at the ends the decay of light was so gradual that it was difficult to determine justly what was their figure, yet they seemed semicircular.

"Comparing the length of this colored spectrum with its breadth, I found it almost five times greater; a disproportion so extravagant that it excited me to a more than ordinary curiosity of examining from whence it might proceed. I could scarce think that the various thicknesses of the glass, or the termination with shadow or darkness, could have any

influence on light to produce such an effect; yet I thought it not amiss, first, to examine those circumstances, and so tried what would happen by transmitting light through parts of the glass of divers thickness, or through holes in the window of divers bigness, or by setting the prism without so that the light might pass through it and be refracted before it was transmitted through the hole; but I found none of those circumstances material. The fashion of the colors was in all these cases the same.

"Then I suspected whether by any unevenness of the glass or other contingent irregularity these colors might be thus dilated. And to try this I took another prism like the former, and so placed it that the light, passing through them both, might be refracted contrary ways, and so by the latter returned into that course from which the former diverted it. For, by this means, I thought, the regular effects of the first prism would be destroyed by the second prism, but the irregular ones more augmented by the multiplicity of refractions. The event was that the light, which by the first prism was diffused into an oblong form, was by the second reduced into an orbicular one with as much regularity as when it did not all pass through them. So that, whatever was the cause of that length, 'twas not any contingent irregularity.

"I then proceeded to examine more critically what might be effected by the difference of the incidence of rays coming from divers parts of the sun; and to that end measured the several lines and angles belonging to the image. Its distance from the hole or prism was 22 feet; its utmost length $13 \frac{1}{4}$ inches; its breadth $2 \frac{5}{8}$; the diameter of the hole $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch; the angle which the rays, tending towards the middle of the image, made with those lines, in which they would have proceeded without refraction, was 44 degrees 56'; and the vertical angle of the prism, 63 degrees 12'. Also the refractions on both sides of the prism--that is, of the incident and emergent rays--were, as near as I could make them, equal, and consequently about 54 degrees 4'; and the rays fell perpendicularly upon the wall. Now, subducting the diameter of the hole from the length and breadth of the image, there remains 13 inches the length, and $2 \frac{3}{8}$ the breadth, comprehended by those rays, which, passing through the centre of the said hole, which that breadth subtended, was about 31', answerable to the sun's diameter; but the angle which its length subtended was more than five such diameters, namely 2 degrees 49'.

"Having made these observations, I first computed from them the refractive power of the glass, and found it measured by the ratio of the sines 20 to 31. And then, by that ratio, I computed the refractions of two rays flowing from opposite parts of the sun's discus, so as to differ 31' in their obliquity of incidence, and found that the emergent

rays should have comprehended an angle of 31', as they did, before they were incident.

"But because this computation was founded on the hypothesis of the proportionality of the sines of incidence and refraction, which though by my own experience I could not imagine to be so erroneous as to make that angle but 31', which in reality was 2 degrees 49', yet my curiosity caused me again to make my prism. And having placed it at my window, as before, I observed that by turning it a little about its axis to and fro, so as to vary its obliquity to the light more than an angle of 4 degrees or 5 degrees, the colors were not thereby sensibly translated from their place on the wall, and consequently by that variation of incidence the quantity of refraction was not sensibly varied. By this experiment, therefore, as well as by the former computation, it was evident that the difference of the incidence of rays flowing from divers parts of the sun could not make them after decussation diverge at a sensibly greater angle than that at which they before converged; which being, at most, but about 31' or 32', there still remained some other cause to be found out, from whence it could be 2 degrees 49'."

All this caused Newton to suspect that the rays, after their trajection through the prism, moved in curved rather than in straight lines, thus tending to be cast upon the wall at different places according to the amount of this curve. His suspicions were increased, also, by happening to recall that a tennis-ball sometimes describes such a curve when "cut" by a tennis-racket striking the ball obliquely.

"For a circular as well as a progressive motion being communicated to it by the stroke," he says, "its parts on that side where the motions conspire must press and beat the contiguous air more violently than on the other, and there excite a reluctancy and reaction of the air proportionately greater. And for the same reason, if the rays of light should possibly be globular bodies, and by their oblique passage out of one medium into another acquire a circulating motion, they ought to feel the greater resistance from the ambient ether on that side where the motions conspire, and thence be continually bowed to the other. But notwithstanding this plausible ground of suspicion, when I came to examine it I could observe no such curvity in them. And, besides (which was enough for my purpose), I observed that the difference 'twixt the length of the image and diameter of the hole through which the light was transmitted was proportionable to their distance.

"The gradual removal of these suspicions at length led me to the experimentum crucis, which was this: I took two boards, and, placing one of them close behind the prism at the window, so that the light must pass through a small hole, made in it for the purpose, and fall on the

other board, which I placed at about twelve feet distance, having first made a small hole in it also, for some of the incident light to pass through. Then I placed another prism behind this second board, so that the light trajected through both the boards might pass through that also, and be again refracted before it arrived at the wall. This done, I took the first prism in my hands and turned it to and fro slowly about its axis, so much as to make the several parts of the image, cast on the second board, successively pass through the hole in it, that I might observe to what places on the wall the second prism would refract them. And I saw by the variation of these places that the light, tending to that end of the image towards which the refraction of the first prism was made, did in the second prism suffer a refraction considerably greater than the light tending to the other end. And so the true cause of the length of that image was detected to be no other than that LIGHT consists of RAYS DIFFERENTLY REFRACTIBLE, which, without any respect to a difference in their incidence, were, according to their degrees of refrangibility, transmitted towards divers parts of the wall."(1)

THE NATURE OF COLOR

Having thus proved the composition of light, Newton took up an exhaustive discussion as to colors, which cannot be entered into at length here. Some of his remarks on the subject of compound colors, however, may be stated in part. Newton's views are of particular interest in this connection, since, as we have already pointed out, the question as to what constituted color could not be agreed upon by the philosophers. Some held that color was an integral part of the substance; others maintained that it was simply a reflection from the surface; and no scientific explanation had been generally accepted. Newton concludes his paper as follows:

"I might add more instances of this nature, but I shall conclude with the general one that the colors of all natural bodies have no other origin than this, that they are variously qualified to reflect one sort of light in greater plenty than another. And this I have experimented in a dark room by illuminating those bodies with uncompounded light of divers colors. For by that means any body may be made to appear of any color. They have there no appropriate color, but ever appear of the color of the light cast upon them, but yet with this difference, that they are most brisk and vivid in the light of their own daylight color. Minium appeareth there of any color indifferently with which 'tis illustrated, but yet most luminous in red; and so Bise appeareth indifferently of any color with which 'tis illustrated, but yet most luminous in blue. And therefore Minium reflecteth rays of any color, but most copiously those indued with red; and consequently, when

illustrated with daylight--that is, with all sorts of rays promiscuously blended--those qualified with red shall abound most in the reflected light, and by their prevalence cause it to appear of that color. And for the same reason, Bise, reflecting blue most copiously, shall appear blue by the excess of those rays in its reflected light; and the like of other bodies. And that this is the entire and adequate cause of their colors is manifest, because they have no power to change or alter the colors of any sort of rays incident apart, but put on all colors indifferently with which they are enlightened."(2)

This epoch-making paper aroused a storm of opposition. Some of Newton's opponents criticised his methods, others even doubted the truth of his experiments. There was one slight mistake in Newton's belief that all prisms would give a spectrum of exactly the same length, and it was some time before he corrected this error. Meanwhile he patiently met and answered the arguments of his opponents until he began to feel that patience was no longer a virtue. At one time he even went so far as to declare that, once he was "free of this business," he would renounce scientific research forever, at least in a public way. Fortunately for the world, however, he did not adhere to this determination, but went on to even greater discoveries--which, it may be added, involved still greater controversies.

In commenting on Newton's discovery of the composition of light, Voltaire said: "Sir Isaac Newton has demonstrated to the eye, by the bare assistance of a prism, that light is a composition of colored rays, which, being united, form white color. A single ray is by him divided into seven, which all fall upon a piece of linen or a sheet of white paper, in their order one above the other, and at equal distances. The first is red, the second orange, the third yellow, the fourth green, the fifth blue, the sixth indigo, the seventh a violet purple. Each of these rays transmitted afterwards by a hundred other prisms will never change the color it bears; in like manner as gold, when completely purged from its dross, will never change afterwards in the crucible."(3)

L from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Roycroft Dictionary*, by Elbert Hubbard

LATER: The Utopia of Postponement; a marvelous door of gold at the end of every perspective, to which Procrastination holds the keys. The Concierge of tomorrow. (Some things are done sooner, others are done now, but most things are done later; hence, manana, dreams and regrets.)

LAUGHTER: 1. The sound you always hear when you chase your hat down the street. 2. Nature's rest-cure for tired nerves. 3. The solace of the sad. 4. A facial sunburst that is fatal to the glooms.

LAW: 1. A scheme for protecting the parasite and prolonging the life of the rogue, averting the natural consequences which would otherwise come to them. 2. The crystallization of public opinion.

LAWYER: 1. A person who takes this from that, with the result that That hath not where to lay his head. 2. An unnecessary evil. 3. The only man in whom ignorance of the law is not punished.

LEARN: To add to one's ignorance by extending the knowledge we have of the things that we can never know.

LIE: The weapon of defense that kind Providence provides for the protection of the oppressed.

LEVITATION: The creeping up of your trousers when you ride horseback, so that they supply you a necktie.

LANGUAGE: The tool of the mind.

LIBELOUS: To be tactless in type.

LIAR: 1. One who tells the truth about something that never happened; hence, a poet, a preacher, a politician, or an Arctic explorer. 2. An expert witness on the side of the Prosecution, or any witness called by the Defense. 3. One who reasons far ahead of his time; a seer. (As all combinations of facts must occur in endless time, the liar, no matter how absurd his statement, is uttering a truth, because he is stating a fact that has occurred or will occur at some future date. Thus, a liar, in the sense of one who utters a falsehood, can not be said, strictly speaking, to exist. As dirt is merely nectar in the process of evolving, so a liar is an observer born out of his time. He is the victim of a divine prank.)

LITERATURE: The art of saying a thing by saying something else just as good.

LIBERTY: 1. A password in universal use, and hence of no value. 2. The slogan of a party or sect that seeks to enslave some other party or sect. 3. The lost latchkey to the Citadel of Power. 4. The sacred aeroplane of King Ego. 5. The right to go forth unimpeded from any place, and also to come back. 6. The Northwest Passage to Nowhere. 7. The thing Patrick Henry asked for when the bartender asked him what he

would have. 8. Only a comparative term. 9. Responsibility--that is why most men dread it.

LIBRARY: A place where the dead lie.

LOGIC: An instrument used for bolstering a prejudice.

LOAFER: The man who is usually busy keeping some one else from working.

LIFE: 1. An ante-mortem statement; the intrigue of force and matter; the insomnia of death; a log-jam on the stream of life. 2. The pursuit of the superfluous. 3. The cupola of a tomb. 4. A game something like Blind Man's Buff. 5. The paradise of liars. 6. A compromise between Fate and Freewill. 7. A warfare between the sexes. 8. What you choose to make it. 9. A bank-account with so much divine energy at your disposal. 10. Just one improper number after another. 11. The interval between the time your teeth are almost through and you are almost through with your teeth. 12. An affirmative between two negatives.

LONELY: A peculiar feeling caused by the presence of one or more bores.

LOVERS: Unconscious comedians.

LOVE: The third rail for Life's Empire State Express. The beginning of all wisdom, all sympathy, all compassion, all art, all religion.

LIVING: A mode of wasting time from the cradle to the grave consecrated by immemorial usage.

LITIGATION: A form of hell whereby money is transferred from the pockets of the proletariat to that of lawyers.

Recipes from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Things Mother Used To Make*, by Lydia Maria Gurney

=Jenny Lind Tea Cake=

3 Cupfuls of Flour

1/2 Cupful of Sugar

1 Egg

1 Teaspoonful of Soda

1 Tablespoonful of Melted Butter

2 Teaspoonfuls of Cream of Tartar

Stir salt, soda and cream of tartar into the dry flour. Beat the egg, add sugar and butter, stir into the flour and mix with enough milk to make batter as thick as a cake. Bake in a moderate oven. To be eaten hot with butter.

=Frosted Lemon Pie=

1 Lemon
1 Cupful of Sugar
1 1/2 Cupfuls of Milk
3 Eggs
2 Tablespoonfuls of Flour

Beat the yolks of the eggs, add the flour, the juice and rind of the lemon. Beat all together, add a little of the milk, and sugar; beat, then add the rest of the milk. Line a plate with crust, the same as for custard; pour in this mixture and bake, being careful not to let it whey when it is done. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, spread over the top, and set in the oven to brown.

=To Boil a Lobster=

Have a large kettle on the fire with plenty of boiling water, deep enough to cover the lobster well. Put into this one cupful of salt, if you cannot get the sea-water. When the water is galloping, put in the lobster, head foremost, and keep it under water. Boil from twenty to thirty-five minutes according to size.

=To Dress Lobsters Cold=

Crack the shell of the claws carefully, remove the meat and place on a platter. Turn the lobster on its back, lay a heavy knife on the middle of the tail, all the way up to the body. Give it a gentle blow with a hammer, then with both hands turn back the shell and draw out the tail intact. Twist off the claws from the under side of the body and remove the body from the shell. Open and remove the stomach and sandbags. Open the tail in length, halfway through, on the under side, remove the black vein from the body to the end. Dress with parsley and serve.

=Lemon Egg Cream=

Sprinkle a trifle of salt on to the white of an egg in a bowl and beat with a revolving egg beater to a very stiff froth; then add 1 tablespn. of sugar and beat until smooth and creamy. Remove the egg beater, chop in lightly 2 teaspns. of lemon juice and remove $\frac{1}{3}$ of the beaten white to a cold plate. Add the yolk and another teaspoon of lemon juice to the white remaining in the bowl. Chop them in lightly and quickly, not mixing very thoroughly. Drop this egg mixture into a cold glass and on top of it lay the white which was taken out. Serve at once.

All of the white may be beaten with the yolk if preferred. The whites of 2 eggs and yolk of one may be used.

A company of ladies to whom I once served this cream as a dessert pronounced it "the most delicate boiled custard" they had ever tasted.

=Lemon Water Custard=

4 or 5 tablespns. lemon juice
with water to make 1 cup
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
2 whole eggs and 1 yolk
salt

Beat eggs and sugar together, pour hot lemon juice over, stirring; cook, strain, turn into dish or glasses. Just before serving drop on sweetened beaten white of egg and dot with squares or diamonds of jelly.

=Lemon Snow Pudding=

2- $\frac{1}{4}$ tablespns. lemon juice
1 cup water
1 $\frac{1}{4}$ tablespn. corn starch
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
white of 1 egg

Heat sugar and water to boiling, stir in the corn starch blended with water, boil up, add lemon juice and pour gradually, beating, over the stiffly-beaten whites of eggs. Beat well and pour into molds or cups, cool. Serve with custard or red sauce or cream.

Pudding may be garnished with halves of candied cherries.

=★ Mashed Lentils=

“Rice is good, but lentils are my life.”--_Hindu proverb_.

Do not waste time by looking lentils over by handfuls, but put them into a large, flat colander, give them a shake or two to remove the fine dirt, slide them to one side of the colander, then with the fingers draw a few at a time toward you, looking for particles of sand or gravel. Pick these out but do not pay any attention to the wheat, chaff or poor lentils. Those will come out in the washing in much less time than it takes to pick them out and if a grain or two of wheat is left it will do no harm.

When you are sure all the gravel is out, set the colander into a dish pan and pour cold water over the lentils. Stir with the hand until all but the waste matter has settled to the bottom; then carefully pour the water off. Repeat the process until all objectionable substances are removed. Rinse the colander up and down in water, drain the lentils and put immediately into a large quantity of boiling water in a broad-bottomed vessel. (The shape of the utensil has much to do with the drying out without scorching.)

Let the lentils boil fast for a short time, then simmer without stirring. If they are stirred after they begin to soften they will scorch. Now keep the vessel over a slow, even fire until the lentils are well dried out. The drying may be finished in the oven if the dish is covered so the lentils will not become hard on the top. This drying is imperative. It develops a rich flavor that we do not get without it.

When well dried, add a little water and rub the lentils, a few at a time, through a fine colander with a potato masher. (Do not deceive yourself by thinking that you can get along faster by putting a large quantity into the colander at once.)

Throw the hulls into a dish of boiling water. At the last, stir the hulls well and rub again in the colander, reserving what goes through this time for soups and gravies.

When all the lentils are through the colander (of course care should be taken to keep them hot during the process), add plenty of salt and beat until smooth and creamy. Keep hot in a double boiler, covered, till serving time. Beat again just before serving. Serve piled in rocky form or in smooth mound on hot platter (or in a hot covered dish if to be

long on the table), with different garnishes: a wreath of celery tops, sprays of parsley or chervil, spinach leaves or cooked vegetables. Serve with sauce 16, 17, 53 or 54.

Do not be afraid of the simple dishes; they are the best.

=Mashed Lentils--Rice=

Make well in center of lentil mound and fill with sauce 8, 53 or 54. Surround mound with hot boiled rice; garnish with green.

=Lentil Croquettes=

Prepare the same as bean croquettes, serve with any sauce given for mashed lentils, or with small boiled onions sometimes. A little browned flour and chopped onion may be used in the croquettes. Rice and lentil croquettes may be served with Boundary Castle sauce.

=Baked Lentils--great favorites=

Stew lentils with salt, with or without chopped onion, until nearly tender.

Add a little cream, turn into a baking dish and finish in the oven. Serve juicy.

A little thick cream poured over the lentils during the last of the baking gives a nice crusty finish to the top.

=Stewed Lentils--for people with good digestion=

Cook lentils with raw nut butter, onion, garlic, browned flour and salt, until tender, rich and juicy. Serve without mashing with boiled rice or with some of the large sizes of macaroni, cooked.

Lentils may be cooked plain with salt and seasoned with cream or butter at the last.

=Cabbage Leaf Rolls of Lentils=

1 cup lentils
1 cup rice
2 tablespns. raw nut butter
onion
sage
salt

1 loose head of cabbage
a little tomato if desired

Boil cabbage leaves in salted water 5-8 m., or sprinkle with salt, pour boiling water over and let stand 20 m. to ½ hour. Refresh with cold water, drain.

Cook lentils till beginning to get tender but not until broken, drain and save water.

Cook rice in salted water until swollen but not soft (about 15 m.), drain if necessary and save the water. Mix lentils, rice, sage, chopped onion, raw nut butter and salt smooth with a little of the lentil water. Put a tablespoonful of this mixture in the center of each cabbage leaf. Fold the sides of the leaf over and roll into croquette shape. Pack close in layers in an oiled baking dish. (A flaring granite pan would do nicely.) Pour the rice water and lentil water over, with a little tomato if desired, and add enough boiling, slightly salted water to cover. Press a plate over the rolls, cover and bake ¾ to 1 hour in a moderate oven.

Drain, save liquid, remove plate, invert dish on to chop tray, leaving rolls in a mound. Thicken liquid slightly and turn over rolls or serve separately. Garnish mound.

Dairy butter may be used in place of raw nut butter.

=Novel Legume Salads=

Prepare different colored legumes according to directions for mashed lentils, p. 185, very dry. Mold in block shaped tins and when cold cut into cubes and serve in any desired border with improved mayonnaise dressing. A rail fence of cucumbers sliced lengthwise may constitute the border. The French dressing may be used, but there is nothing quite equal to a mayonnaise dressing for mashed legumes.

=Legume Roses=

While warm, press mashed green peas or other legumes (a little softer than for molding) through pastry tube in form of roses. Garnish with a delicate vine and lemon points, or with the yellow mayonnaise.

THE BATTLE OF LEUCTRA[52]

by Xenophon

(371 B.C.)

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Best of the World's Classics*,
Restricted to prose. Volume I (of X) - Greece, by Various

For the battle everything was adverse on the side of the Lacedæmonians, while to the enemy everything was rendered favorable by fortune. It was after dinner that the last council of war was held by Cleombrotus; and, as the officers had drunk a little at noon, it was said that the wine in some degree inspired them. And as, when both sides were fully armed, and it was now evident that a battle would take place, the people who had provisions for sale, with some of the baggage-carriers and others who were unwilling to fight, were proceeding first of all to quit the camp of the Boeotians, the mercenaries under Hiero the Phocian peltasts, and the Heraclean and Phliasian cavalry, making a circuit, fell upon them as they were going off, turned them back, and pursued them to the Boeotian camp; so that they made the army of the Boeotians larger and more numerous than before.

Besides, as there was a plain between the armies, the Lacedæmonians drew up their cavalry before their main body and the Thebans drew up theirs over against them; but the cavalry of the Thebans had been exercised in wars with the Orchomenians and Thespians, while that of the Lacedæmonians was at that time in a very inefficient condition; for the richest men maintained the horses, and, when notice of an expedition was given, the men appointed came to ride them, and each taking his horse, and whatever arms were given him, proceeded at once to the field; and thus the weakest and least spirited of all the men were mounted on horseback. Such was the cavalry on either side. Of the foot, it was said that the Lacedæmonians advanced with each enomoty drawn up three deep, this arrangement making them not more than twelve deep in all. The Theban infantry, in close array, were not less than fifty deep, considering that if they could defeat the body of the enemy posted around the king, the rest of the army would be an easy conquest.

As soon as Cleombrotus began to lead forward against the enemy, and even before the troops about him were aware that he was putting them in motion, the cavalry had already engaged, and those of the Lacedæmonians were at once defeated, who, as they fled, fell in among their own heavy-armed infantry, on which the troops of the Thebans were also pressing. But that the troops round Cleombrotus had at first the advantage in the contest, any one may be convinced by certain

proof; for they would not have been able to take him and carry him off alive unless those who fought in front of him had been at that time victorious. When, however, Deimon the polemarch, Sphodrias, one of the attendants at the royal tent, and Cleonymus, his son, were killed, and the horse-guard, those who are called supporters of the polemarch, and the rest, being overpowered by the mass of the enemy, were forced to fall back, the Lacedæmonians on the left, seeing the right wing thus repulsed, also gave way; yet, tho many were killed, and they were quite defeated, they were able, when they had repassed the trench which was in front of the camp, to form themselves under arms in the place from which they had set out. Their camp was nevertheless not on level ground, but rather somewhat on an acclivity.

Some of the Lacedæmonians, at the time, who thought their disaster an insupportable disgrace, exclaimed that they ought to prevent the enemy from erecting a trophy, and endeavor to recover the dead, not by making a truce, but by fighting another battle. However, the polemarchs, seeing that of the Lacedæmonians in all nearly a thousand had lost their lives; and that of the Spartans, who were in the field to the number of about seven hundred, about four hundred had fallen; and observing, also, that all the auxiliaries were too dispirited to renew the combat, and some of them not even concerned at what had happened, called a council of the chief officers, and deliberated what course they ought to pursue; and as all were of opinion that "they ought to fetch off the dead by truce," they accordingly despatched a herald to treat respecting a truce. The Thebans soon afterward erected a trophy, and gave up the dead under truce.

After these occurrences, the messenger who was sent with the news of the calamity to Lacedæmon arrived there on the last day of the gymnopædiæ and after the chorus of men had made their entry. The ephors, when they heard of the calamity, were greatly concerned, as, I think, they naturally must have been; yet they did not order that chorus to withdraw, but allowed them to finish the entertainment. They then sent the names of the dead to their several relatives, and gave notice to the women to make no lamentations, but to bear their affliction in silence. The day after, a person might have seen those whose relatives had died appearing in public with looks of cheerfulness and joy; however, of those whose relatives were said to be alive, he would have seen but few, and those going about with gloomy and dejected countenances.

FOOTNOTES:

[Footnote 52: From Book VI of the "Hellenica." At Leuctra, which lies near Thebes in Boetia, Epaminondas commanding the Boeotians,

overwhelmed the Spartans under Cleombrotus. From this event dates the decline of Sparta.]

SOCRATES IN PRAISE OF LOVE^[60]

by Plato

ibid

And now I will take my leave of you, and rehearse the tale of love which I heard once upon a time from Diotima,^[61] of Mantinea, who was a wise woman in this and many other branches of knowledge. She was the same who deferred the plague of Athens ten years by a sacrifice, and was my instructress in the art of love. In the attempt that I am about to make, I shall pursue Agathon's method, and begin with his admissions, which are nearly if not quite the same as I made to the wise woman when she questioned me; this will be the easiest way, and I shall take both parts myself as well as I can. For, like Agathon, she spoke first of the being and nature of Love, and then of his works. And I said to her, in nearly the same words which he used to me, that Love was a mighty god, and likewise fair; and she proved to me as I proved to him that, in my way of speaking about him, Love was neither fair nor good. "What do you mean, Diotima," I said; "is love then evil and foul?" "Hush," she cried; "is that to be deemed foul which is not fair?" "Certainly," I said. "And is that which is not wise ignorant? Do you not see that there is a mean between wisdom and ignorance?" "And what is this?" I said. "Right opinion," she replied, "which, as you know, being incapable of giving a reason, is not knowledge (for how could knowledge be devoid of reason? nor, again, ignorance, for neither can ignorance attain the truth), but is clearly something which is a mean between ignorance and wisdom." "Quite true," I replied. "Do not then insist," she said, "that what is not fair is of necessity foul or what is not good is evil, or infer that because Love is not fair and good he is therefore foul and evil; for he is in mean between them." "Well," I said, "Love is surely admitted by all to be a great god." "By those who know or by those who don't know?" "By all." "And how, Socrates," she said with a smile, "can Love be acknowledged to be a great god by those who say that he is not a god at all?" "And who are they?" I said. "You and I are two of them," she replied. "How can that be?" I said. "That is very intelligible," she replied, "as you yourself would acknowledge that the gods are happy and fair--of course you would--would you dare to say that any god was not?" "Certainly not," I replied. "And you mean by the happy those who are the possessors of things good or fair?" "Yes." "And you admitted that Love, because he was in want, desires those good and fair things of which he is in want?" "Yes, I admitted that." "But how can he be a god

who has no share in the good or the fair?" "That is not to be supposed." "Then you see that you also deny the deity of Love."

"What then is Love?" I asked. "Is he mortal?" "No." "What then?" "As in the former instance, he is neither mortal nor immortal, but in a mean between them." "What is he then, Diotima?" "He is a great spirit, and like all that is spiritual he is intermediate between the divine and the mortal." "And what is the nature of this spiritual power?" I said. "This is the power," she said, "which interprets and conveys to the gods the prayers and sacrifices of men, and to men the commands and rewards of the gods; and this power spans the chasm which divides them, and in this all is bound together, and through this the arts of the prophet and the priest, their sacrifices and mysteries and charms, and all prophecy and incantation, find their way. For God mingles not with man; and through this power all the intercourse and speech of God with man, whether awake or asleep, is carried on. The wisdom which understands this is spiritual; all other wisdom, such as that of arts or handicrafts, is mean and vulgar. Now these spirits or intermediate powers are many and divine, and one of them is Love." "And who," I said, "was his father, and who his mother?" "The tale," she said, "will take time; nevertheless I will tell you. On the birthday of Aphrodite there was a feast of the gods, at which the god Poros or Plenty, who is the son of Metis or Discretion, was one of the guests. When the feast was over, Penia or Poverty, as the manner was, came about the doors to beg. Now Plenty, who was the worse for Nectar (there was no wine in those days), came into the garden of Zeus and fell into a heavy sleep; and Poverty, considering her own straitened circumstances, plotted to have him for a husband, and accordingly she lay down at his side and conceived Love, who partly because he is naturally a lover of the beautiful, and because Aphrodite is herself beautiful, and also because he was born on Aphrodite's birthday is her follower and attendant. And as his parentage is, so also are his fortunes.

"In the first place, he is always poor, and anything but tender and fair, as the many imagine him; and he is hard-featured and squalid, and has no shoes nor a house to dwell in; on the bare earth exposed he lies under the open heaven, in the streets, or at the doors of houses, taking his rest; and like his mother, he is always in distress. Like his father too, whom he also partly resembles, he is always plotting against the fair and the good; he is bold, enterprising, strong, a hunter of men, always at some intrigue or other, keen in the pursuit of wisdom, and never wanting resources; a philosopher at all times, terrible as an enchanter, sorcerer, sophist; for as he is neither mortal nor immortal, he is alive and flourishing at one moment when he is in plenty, and dead at another moment, and again alive by reason of

his father's nature. But that which is always flowing in is always flowing out, and so he is never in want and never in wealth, and he is also in a mean between ignorance and knowledge. The truth of the matter is just this: No god is a philosopher or seeker after wisdom, for he is wise already; nor does any one else who is wise seek after wisdom. Neither do the ignorant seek after wisdom. For herein is the evil of ignorance, that he who is neither good nor wise is nevertheless satisfied; he feels no want, and has therefore no desire." "But who then, Diotima," I said, "are the lovers of wisdom, if they are neither the wise nor the foolish?" "A child may answer that question," she replied; "they are those who, like Love, are in a mean between the two. For wisdom is a most beautiful thing, and Love is of the beautiful; and therefore Love is also a philosopher or lover of wisdom, and being a lover of wisdom is in a mean between the wise and the ignorant. And this again is a quality which Love inherits from his parents; for his father is wealthy and wise, and his mother poor and foolish. Such, my dear Socrates, is the nature of the spirit Love. The error in your conception of him was very natural, and as I imagine from what you say, has arisen out of a confusion of love and the beloved--this made you think that love was all beautiful. For the beloved is the truly beautiful, delicate, and perfect and blest; but the principle of love is of another nature, and is such as I have described."

I said, "O thou strange woman, thou sayest well, and now, assuming Love to be such as you say, what is the use of him?" "That, Socrates," she replied, "I will proceed to unfold; of his nature and birth I have already spoken, and you acknowledge that Love is of the beautiful. But some one will say, 'Of the beautiful in what, Socrates and Diotima?'--or rather let us put the question more clearly, and ask, 'When a man loves the beautiful, what does he love?'" I answered her, "That the beautiful may be his." "Still," she said, "the answer suggests a further question, which is this, 'What is given by the possession of beauty?'" "That," I replied, "is a question to which I have no answer ready." "Then," she said, "let me put the word 'good' in the place of the beautiful, and repeat the question, 'What does he who loves the good desire?'" "The possession of the good," I said. "And what does he gain who possesses the good?" "Happiness," I replied; "there is no difficulty in answering that." "Yes," she said, "the happy are made happy by the acquisition of good things. Nor is there any need to ask why a man desires happiness; the answer is already final." "That is true," I said. "And is this wish and this desire common to all? and do all men always desire their own good, or only some men?--what think you?" "All men," I replied; "the desire is common to all." "But all men, Socrates," she rejoined, "are not said to love, but only some of them; and you say that all men are always

loving the same things." "I myself wonder," I said, "why that is."
"There is nothing to wonder at," she replied; "the reason is that one part of love is separated off and receives the name of the whole, but the other parts have other names." "Give an example," I said. She answered me as follows: "There is poetry, which, as you know, is complex and manifold. And all creation or passage of non-being into being is poetry or making, and the processes of all art are creative, and the masters of arts are all poets." "Very true." "Still," she said, "you know that they are not called poets, but have other names; the generic term 'poetry' is confined to that specific art which is separated off from the rest of poetry, and is concerned with music and meter; and this is what is called poetry, and they who possess this kind of poetry are called poets."

"Very true," I said. "And the same holds of love. For you may say generally that all desire of good and happiness is due to the great and subtle power of Love; but those who, having their affections set upon him, are yet diverted into the paths of money-making or gymnastic philosophy are not called lovers--the name of the genus is reserved for those whose devotion takes one form only--they alone are said to love, or to be lovers." "In that," I said, "I am of opinion that you are right." "Yes," she said, "and you hear people say that lovers are seeking for the half of themselves; but I say that they are seeking neither for the half nor for the whole, unless the half or the whole be also a good. And they will cut off their own hands and feet and cast them away if they are evil; for they love them not because they are their own, but because they are good, and dislike them not because they are another's, but because they are evil. There is nothing which men love but the good. Do you think that there is?" "Indeed," I answered, "I should say not." "Then," she said, "the conclusion of the whole matter is that men love the good." "Yes," I said. "To which may be added that they love the possession of the good?" "Yes, that may be added." "And not only the possession, but the everlasting possession of the good?" "That may be added too." "Then love," she said, "may be described generally as the love of the everlasting possession of the good?" "That is most true," I said.

"Then if this be the nature of love, can you tell me further," she said, "what is the manner of the pursuit? What are they doing who show all this eagerness and heat which is called love? Answer me that."
"Nay, Diotima," I said, "if I had known I should not have wondered at your wisdom or have come to you to learn." "Well," she said, "I will teach you: love is only birth in beauty, whether of body or soul."
"The oracle requires an explanation," I said; "I don't understand you." "I will make my meaning clearer," she replied. "I mean to say that which all men are bringing to the birth of their bodies and their

souls. There is a certain age at which human nature is desirous of procreation; and this procreation must be in beauty and not in deformity; and this is the mystery of man and woman, which is a divine thing, for conception and generation are a principle of immortality in the mortal creature. And in the inharmonical they can never be. But the deformed is always inharmonical with the divine, and the beautiful harmonious. Beauty, then, is the destiny or goddess of parturition who presides a birth, and therefore, when approaching beauty the conceiving power is propitious, and diffuse, and benign, and begets and bears fruit; on the appearance of foulness she frowns and contracts in pain, and is averted and morose, and shrinks up, and not without a pang refrains from conception. And this is the reason why, when the hour of conception arrives, and the teeming nature is full, there is such a flutter and ecstasy about beauty whose approach is the alleviation of pain. For love, Socrates, is not, as you imagine, the love of the beautiful only." "What then?" "The love of generation and birth in beauty." "Yes," I said. "Yes, indeed," she replied. "But why of birth?" I said. "Because to the mortal, birth is a sort of eternity and immortality," she replied; "and as has been already admitted, all men will necessarily desire immortality together with good if love is of the everlasting possession of the good."

All this she taught me at various times when she spoke of love. And on another occasion she said to me: "What is the reason, Socrates, of this love, and the attendant desire? See you not how all animals, birds as well as beasts, in their desire of procreation, are in agony when they take the infection of love; this begins with the desire of union, to which is added the care of offspring, in behalf of whom the weakest are ready to battle against the strongest even to the uttermost, and to die for them, and will let themselves be tormented with hunger or suffer anything in order to maintain their offspring.... Marvel not then at the love which all men have of their offspring; for that universal love and interest are for the sake of immortality."

When I heard this, I was astonished and said, "Is this really true, O thou wise Diotima?" And she answered with all the authority of a sophist: "Of that, Socrates, you may be assured; think only of the ambition of men, and you will marvel at their senselessness unless you consider how they are stirred by the love of an immortality of fame. They are ready to run risks greater far than they would have run for their children, and to spend money and undergo any amount of toil, and even to die for the sake of leaving behind them a name which shall be eternal. Do you imagine that Alcestis[62] would have died on behalf of Admetus, or Achilles after Patroclus, or your own Codrus in order to preserve the kingdom for his sons, if they had not imagined that the

memory of their virtues, which is still retained among us, would be immortal? Nay," she said, "for I am persuaded that all men do all things for the sake of the glorious fame of immortal virtue, and the better they are the more they desire this; for they are ravished with the desire of the immortal.

"Men whose bodies only are creative betake themselves to women and beget children--this is the character of their love; their offspring, as they hope, will preserve their memory and give them the blessedness and immortality which they desire in the future. But creative souls--for there are men who are more creative in their souls than in their bodies--conceive that which is proper for the soul to conceive or retain. And what are these conceptions?--wisdom and virtue in general. And such creators are all poets and other artists who may be said to have invention. But the greatest and fairest sort of wisdom by far is that which is concerned with the ordering of states and families, and which is called temperance and justice. And he who in youth has the seed of these implanted in him and is himself inspired, when he comes to maturity desires to beget and generate offspring. And he wanders about seeking beauty that he may beget offspring--for in deformity he will beget nothing--and embraces the beautiful rather than the deformed; and when he finds a fair and noble and well-nurtured soul, and there is union of the two in one person, he gladly embraces it, and to such a soul he is full of fair speech about virtue and the nature and pursuits of a good man; and he tries to educate it; and at the touch and presence of the beautiful he brings forth the beautiful which he conceived long before, and the beautiful is ever present with him and in his memory even when absent, and in company they tend that which he brings forth, and they are bound together by a far nearer tie and have a closer friendship than those who beget mortal children, for the children who are their common offspring are fairer and more immortal. Who, when he thinks of Homer and Hesiod[63] and other great poets, would not rather emulate them in the creation of children such as theirs, which have preserved their memory and given them everlasting glory? Or who would not have such children as Lycurgus[64] left behind to be the saviors, not only of Lacedæmon, but of Hellas, as one may say? There is Solon, too, who is the revered father of Athenian laws; and many others there are in various places, both among Hellenes and barbarians. They all have done many noble works, and have been the parents of virtue of every kind, and in honor of their children many temples have been raised, which were never raised in honor of the mortal children of any one.

"These are the lesser mysteries of love, into which even you, Socrates, may enter; to the greater and more hidden ones which are the crown of these, and to which, if you pursue them in a right spirit,

they will lead, I know not whether you will be able to attain. But I will do my utmost to inform you, and do you follow if you can. For he who would proceed rightly in this matter should begin in youth to turn to beautiful forms; and first, if his instructor guide him rightly, he should learn to love one such form only--out of that he should create fair thoughts; and soon he will find himself perceive that the beauty of one form is truly related to the beauty of another; and then if beauty in general is his pursuit, how foolish would he be not to recognize that the beauty in every form is one and the same! And when he perceives this he will abate his violent love of the one, which he will despise and deem a small thing, and will become a lover of all beautiful forms; this will lead him on to consider that the beauty of the mind is more honorable than the beauty of the outward form. So that if a virtuous soul have but a little comeliness, he will be content to love and tend it, and will search out and bring to the birth thoughts which may improve the young, until his beloved is compelled to contemplate and see the beauty of institutions and laws, and understand that all is of one kindred, and that personal beauty is only a trifle; and after laws and institutions he will lead him on to the sciences, that he may see their beauty, being not like a servant in love with the beauty of one youth or man or institution, himself a slave mean and calculating, but looking at the abundance of beauty and drawing toward the sea of beauty, and creating and beholding many fair and noble thoughts and notions in boundless love of wisdom, until at length he grows and waxes strong, and at last the vision is revealed to him of a single science, which is the science of beauty everywhere...."

Such, Phædrus[65]--and I speak not only to you, but to all men--were the words of Diotima; and I am persuaded of their truth. And being persuaded of them, I try to persuade others that in the attainment of this end human nature will not easily find a better helper than Love. And, therefore, also, I say that every man ought to honor him as I myself honor him, and walk in his ways, and exhort others to do the same, even as I praise the power and spirit of Love according to the measure of my ability now and ever.

The words which I have spoken, you, Phædrus, may call an encomium of Love or anything else which you please.

FOOTNOTES:

[Footnote 60: From "The Symposium." Translated by Benjamin Jowett. Mahaffy ranks this work "as greater and more brilliant" than the "Phædo." Being intensely Greek, it has, however, seemed alien, if not offensive, to many modern readers. Scholars have valued it highly as a

vivid picture of the manners of the most refined society of Athens. It has sometimes been called "The Banquet." Under that name, the poet Shelley made a translation. The banquet described took place in the house of the tragic poet Agathon. Agathon was born about 477 B.C., of a rich and eminent Athenian family. He was remarkable for personal accomplishments rather than for high literary genius. He is believed to have died at the age of forty-seven.]

[Footnote 61: Diotima, a priestess, reputed to have been a Pythagorean, but some writers have doubted her existence.]

[Footnote 62: The wife of Admetus, a Thessalian king, who sacrificed her life in order to save that of her husband.]

[Footnote 63: Hesiod, whose home was in Boeotia, is thought to have lived about three centuries after Homer; that is, about 800 B.C. He was a shepherd in his youth, and began to write verses while tending his flocks.]

[Footnote 64: Lived probably in the ninth century B.C., and the traditional author of the laws by which Sparta was governed for several centuries.]

[Footnote 65: An Athenian, son of Pythocles, and friend of Plato, but of whom nothing more is known.]

THE LODGER LOVER

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Beggars*, by W. H. (William Henry) Davies

A lodger gave him the name of "Cinders," and he took to it kindly. I was present in the kitchen on the day he arrived as a stranger, nameless and alone, as far as the other lodgers were concerned, for they did not know what name he had entered at the office. He was in rags and tatters, and "Rags" or "Tatters" should certainly have been his name. In fact the name was offered to him, but he returned an unsatisfactory stare. He was preparing his tea at the same table as "Punch," and the latter being in need of a pinch of salt, and seeing none of his friends at tea, asked this stranger to oblige him, saying: "Would you oblige me, 'Rags,' with a pinch of salt?" The man stared at "Punch" for a moment, and then walked away without giving an answer. He was at that time cooking a herring at the fire. Now it so happened that a few moments later this man was pouring out tea,

when all at once there was a loud cry of "Whose herring is this?" The man turned quickly at the sound, and beheld his herring making a few spasmodic motions, as it dangled on a long wire. He immediately ran to the rescue, but alas! too late; for the tatters of his loose clothes encompassed him like a deadly plant, and when he arrived the herring was lying motionless under the grate. After great care he succeeded in bringing it to the light, covered with ashes and cinders. Still, with great care, he washed it and, after placing it flat on a plate, returned it to the fire. "I hope you do not blame me for that accident, 'Cinders,'" said kind-hearted "Punch." "Oh, no," answered the man newly named "Cinders." "'Cinders' has too much sense for that," said "Red-Nosed Scotty," who happened to be sitting near. "Whose teapot is this?" cried the kitchen-man, who was about to build the coke fire, and wanted all food and teapots removed. "It belongs to 'Cinders,'" said a number of voices. From that day to this his name is "Cinders," owing to the accident to his herring when he first came. If he was arrested, it would be--"'Cinders' is in jail"; and if he died it would be--"'Cinders' is dead."

If a man who goes to live in a common lodging-house does not utter his own name in a very short time, the lodgers will give him one. Brown had a large nose, and would most certainly have been named "Nosey," had he not on the first day recorded a simple anecdote of his childhood, in which he had cause to call himself William Brown.

I remember the day well, when the "Dodger"--a man who gladly helped others to spend their earnings on ale and, when they sat penniless and hungry, sat himself down alone to beefsteak and onions--I remember the day well when this man caused a never-to-be-forgotten sensation in the lodging-house kitchen. A letter was at the office for Algernon Dudley, and the manager had been in the kitchen several times in quest of that gentleman. It was near seven o'clock in the evening when he came into the kitchen for the fifth time and cried--"Is Algernon Dudley here?" "Yes," answered a man in the corner, and coming quickly forward. All eyes turned towards him, and who do you think Algernon Dudley was? No other than the common "Dodger." "Fatty," who claimed to be a fighting man, whom no man had ever succeeded in knocking down, said, in conversation to Brown, "You could have knocked me down with a feather."

Brown's remarks on this occasion were very sensible, as they usually were. "It was, is, and always will be the custom," said he, "for a woman that gives birth to a child to name it. For this reason she is no sooner on the trot again than she begins scheming to that end. Now," continued Brown, "we must not picture the 'Dodger' as he is--God help him!--but as he was, a child in the arms of a

doting woman. Such was the case, and has been the same with others, including ourselves, and will always be. Now this poor woman--some people would call her foolish--no doubt had great respect for the 'Dodger' as a babe and, to distinguish him from the common race of mankind, named him in such a manner as we have just heard. Perhaps I am right, perhaps I am wrong; but if the true facts of the case were known, you would probably find that I was not far from the truth. In spite of all this, I quite agree with our friend's remark, that it fills us with astonishment." The "Dodger" had lived in the house for more than two years, when this incident caused so many comments.

But let us return to the man "Cinders," for that gentleman was no helpless wreck in a doss-house; he was really a gay spirit and capable of love. He was a man with a long, melancholy face, seeing no humour in life and, if the truth must be told, he was positively ugly. Yet this man "Cinders" had been seen on several occasions walking the streets with a woman on his arm. One of the lodgers said her looks were passable, and another said that they were more than passable compared to "Cinders." Brown had seen them together and, said he, "Although a man ought to believe his own eyes, I would never believe such to be the case, had not 'Cinders' said, 'Good night, Mr. Brown.' And if a man is not to believe both eyes and ears, then what is he to believe?"

Of course, there could be no union between these poor souls; for she was in service, and he did odd jobs at the market, earning a shilling, or a little more on lucky days. As the manager said, it was amusing and could not amount to anything serious. They could go on walking arm in arm all their lives, for they would never be able to marry and walk apart.

This courtship had been the talk of the house for over three months when, one night, it was brought to an end in a strange manner. "Cinders" and his love had been all the evening in the "Borough" drinking ale. He, seeing some smoked haddock, fancied some for his supper and, after making a purchase, rejoined his fair companion. It was near midnight when it suddenly occurred to "Cinders" that the manager closed the house at twelve p.m., and if he--"Cinders"--was not there by that time, he would be out for the night. Reminding his lady of this, they both started for home, her road lying the same way as his. The manager was just closing the door when "Cinders" arrived.

Now, goodness knows what demon put it into this woman's head to cook her lover's fish, but this she seemed determined to do. "I am coming in to cook your supper," said she. "No," said the manager, "this is a house for men only, and we do not allow women to enter. Not only

that, the kitchen is now closed, and I would not open it again for 'Cinders' or any other man. He will have to go supperless to bed, or seek lodgings elsewhere." The lady then started to abuse the manager in a loud voice, but that gentleman, not heeding her, caught "Cinders" by the shoulders, saying, "Go to bed, you old fool," at the same time shutting the door in the lady's face.

The next morning, when "Cinders" was cooking his haddock, the manager lectured him severely on what had occurred the previous night; telling him that if he could afford to keep a lady cook he must seek better lodgings. Brown, who happened to be within hearing, gave evidence that he distinctly heard a woman's voice say, "I am going to cook his fish," but thought he must be dreaming. Even now he believed it was all a dream, and he would like to hear the truth from the manager's own lips, as to whether it was an actual fact or not. On being told that it was, Brown turned his eyes towards "Cinders" and, seeing that gentleman hold down his head in wordless shame, Brown was forced to believe it all. Probably that was the end of their courtship, for they were never seen together after that.

THE HOME OF LAFAYETTE

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Chateau and Country Life in France*, by Mary King Waddington

La Grange was looking its loveliest when I arrived the other day. It was a bright, beautiful October afternoon and the first glimpse of the château was most picturesque. It was all the more striking as the run down from Paris was so ugly and commonplace. The suburbs of Paris around the Gare de l'Est--the Plain of St. Denis and all the small villages, with kitchen gardens, rows of green vegetables under glass "cloches"--are anything but interesting. It was not until we got near Gréty and alongside of Ferrières, the big Rothschild place, that we seemed to be in the country. The broad green alleys of the park, with the trees just changing a little, were quite charming. Our station was Verneuil l'Etang, a quiet little country station dumped down in the middle of the fields, and a drive of about fifty minutes brought us to the château. The country is not at all pretty, always the same thing--great cultivated fields stretching off on each side of the road--every now and then a little wood or clump of trees. One does not see the château from the high road.

We turned off sharply to the left and at the end of a long avenue saw the house, half hidden by the trees. The entrance through a low archway, flanked on each side by high round towers covered with ivy, is most picturesque. The château is built around three sides of a square court-yard, the other side looking straight over broad green meadows ending in a background of wood. A moat runs almost all around the house--a border of salvias making a belt of colour which is most effective. We found the family--Marquis and Marquise de Lasteyrie and their two sons--waiting at the hall door. The Marquis, great-grandson of the General Marquis de Lafayette, is a type of the well-born, courteous French gentleman (one of the most attractive types, to my mind, that one can meet anywhere). There is something in perfectly well-bred French people of a certain class that one never sees in any other nationality. Such refinement and charm of manner--a great desire to put every one at their ease and to please the person with whom they are thrown for the moment. That, after all, is all one cares for in the casual acquaintances one makes in society. From friends, of course, we want something deeper and more lasting, but life is too short to find out the depth and sterling qualities of the world in general.

The Marquise is an Englishwoman, a cousin of her husband, their common ancestor being the Duke of Leinster; clever, cultivated, hospitable, and very large minded, which has helped her very much in her married life in France during our troubled epoch, when religious questions and political discussions do so much to embitter personal relations. The two sons are young and gay, doing the honours of their home simply and with no pose of any kind. There were two English couples staying in the house.

We had tea in the dining-room downstairs--a large room with panels and chimney-piece of dark carved wood. Two portraits of men in armour stand out well from the dark background. There is such a wealth of pictures, engravings, and tapestries all over the house that one cannot take it all in at first. The two drawing-rooms on the first floor are large and comfortable, running straight through the house; the end room in the tower--a round room with windows on all sides--quite charming. The contrast between the modern--English--comforts (low, wide chairs, writing-table, rugs, cushions, and centre-table covered with books in all languages, a very rare thing in a French château, picture papers, photographs, etc.) and the straight-backed, spindle-legged old furniture and stiff, old-fashioned ladies and gentlemen, looking down from their heavy gold frames, is very attractive. There is none of the formality and look of not being lived in which one sees in so many French salons, and yet it is not at all modern. One never loses for a moment the feeling of being in an old

château-fort.

It was so pretty looking out of my bedroom window this morning. It was a bright, beautiful autumn day, the grass still quite green. Some of the trees changing a little, the yellow leaves quite golden in the sun. There are many American trees in the park--a splendid Virginia Creeper, and a Gloire de Dijon rose-bush, still full of bloom, were sprawling over the old gray walls. Animals of all kinds were walking about the court-yard; some swans and a lame duck, which had wandered up from the moat, standing on the edge and looking about with much interest; a lively little fox-terrier, making frantic dashes at nothing; one of the sons starting for a shoot with gaiters and game-bag, and his gun over his shoulder, his dog at his heels expectant and eager. Some of the guests were strolling about and from almost all the windows--wide open to let in the warm morning sun--there came cheerful greetings.

I went for a walk around the house before breakfast. There are five large round towers covered with ivy--the walls extraordinarily thick--the narrow little slits for shooting with arrows and the round holes for cannon balls tell their own story of rough feudal life. On one side of the castle there is a large hole in the wall, made by a cannon ball sent by Turenne. He was passing one day and asked to whom the château belonged. On hearing that the owner was the Maréchal de la Feuillade, one of his political adversaries, he sent a cannon ball as a souvenir of his passage, and the gap has never been filled up.

I went all over the house later with the Marquis de Lasteyrie. Of course, what interested me most was Lafayette's private apartments--bedroom and library--the latter left precisely as it was during Lafayette's lifetime; bookcases filled with his books in their old-fashioned bindings, running straight around the walls and a collection of manuscripts and autograph letters from kings and queens of France and most of the celebrities of the days of the Valois--among them several letters from Catherine de Medicis, Henry IV, and la Reine Margot. One curious one from Queen Margot in which she explains to the Vicomte de Chabot (ancestor of my host) that she was very much preoccupied in looking out for a wife for him with a fine dot, but that it was always difficult to find a rich heiress for a poor seigneur.

There are also autographs of more modern days, among which is a letter from an English prince to the Vicomte de Chabot (grandfather of the Marquis de Lasteyrie), saying that he loses no time in telling him of the birth of a very fine little girl. He certainly never realized when he wrote that letter what would be the future of his baby daughter.

The writer was the Duke of Kent--the fine little girl, Queen Victoria.

In a deep window-seat in one corner, overlooking the farm, is the writing-table of Lafayette. In the drawers are preserved several books of accounts, many of the items being in his handwriting. Also his leather arm-chair (which was exhibited at the Chicago World's Fair), and a horn or speaking-trumpet through which he gave his orders to the farm hands from the window. The library opened into his bedroom--now the boudoir of the Marquise de Lasteyrie--with a fine view over moat and meadow. In this room there have been many changes, but the old doors of carved oak still remain.

There are many interesting family portraits--one of the father of Lafayette, killed at Minden, leaving his young son to be brought up by two aunts, whose portraits are on either side of the fireplace.

It is curious to see the two portraits of the same epoch so absolutely unlike. Mme. de Chavagnac, an old lady, very simply dressed, almost Puritanical, with a white muslin fichu over her plain black silk dress--the other, Mademoiselle de Lafayette, in the court dress of the time of Louis XVI, pearls and roses in the high, powdered coiffure and a bunch of orange flowers on one shoulder, to indicate that she was not a married woman.

There were pictures and souvenirs of all the Orléans family--the Lasteyries having been always faithful and devoted friends of those unfortunate princes; a charming engraving of the Comte de Paris, a noble looking boy in all the bravery of white satin and feathers--the original picture is in the possession of the Duc de Chartres. It was sad to realize when one looked at the little prince with his bright eyes and proud bearing, that the end of his life would be so melancholy--exile and death in a foreign land.

There are all sorts of interesting pictures and engravings scattered about the house in the numberless corridors and anterooms. One most interesting and very rare print represents a review at Potsdam held by Frederick the Great. Two conspicuous figures are the young Marquis de Lafayette in powdered wig and black silk ribbon, and the English General Lord Cornwallis, destined to meet as adversaries many years later during the American Revolution. There are many family pictures on the great stone staircase, both French and English, the Marquis de Lasteyrie, on the maternal side, being a great-grandson of the Duke of Leinster. Some of the English portraits are very charming, quite different from the French pictures.

In the centre panel is the well-known portrait of Lafayette by Ary

Scheffer--not in uniform--no trace of the dashing young soldier; a middle-aged man in a long fur coat, hat and stick in his hand; looking, as one can imagine he did when he settled down, after his brilliant and eventful career, to the simple patriarchal life at La Grange, surrounded by devoted children, grandchildren, and friends.

We were interrupted long before I had seen all the interesting part of the house and its contents, as it was time to start for La Houssaye, where all the party were expected at tea. We went off in three carriages--quite like a "noce," as the Marquise remarked. The drive (about an hour) was not particularly interesting. We were in the heart of the great agricultural district and drove through kilometres of planted fields--no hills and few woods.

We came rather suddenly on the château, which stands low, like all châteaux surrounded by moats, turning directly from the little village into the park, which is beautifully laid out with fine old trees. We had glimpses of a lovely garden as we drove up to the house, and of two old towers--one round and one square. The château stands well--a very broad moat, almost a river, running straight around the house and gardens. We crossed the drawbridge, which always gives me a sensation of old feudal times and recalls the days of my childhood when I used to sit under the sickle-pear tree at "Cherry Lawn" reading Scott's "Marmion"--"Up drawbridge, grooms--what, Warder, ho! Let the portcullis fall!" wondering what a "portcullis" was, and if I should ever see one or even a château-fort.

La Houssaye is an old castle built in the eleventh century, but has passed through many vicissitudes. All that remains of the original building are the towers and the foundations. It was restored in the sixteenth century and has since remained unchanged. During the French Revolution the family of the actual proprietor installed themselves in one of the towers and lived there many long weary weeks, never daring to venture out, show any lights, or give any sign of life--in daily terror of being discovered and dragged to Paris before the dreaded revolutionary tribunals. Later it was given, by Napoleon, to the Marshall Augereau, who died there. It has since been in the family of the present proprietor, Monsieur de Mimont, who married an American, Miss Forbes.

The rain, which had been threatening all the afternoon, came down in torrents just as we crossed the drawbridge, much to the disappointment of our host and hostess, who were anxious to show us their garden, which is famous in all the countryside. However, in spite of the driving rain, we caught glimpses through the windows of splendid parterres of salvias and cannas, making great spots of colour in a

beautiful bit of smooth green lawn. In old days the château was much bigger, stretching out to the towers. Each successive proprietor has diminished the buildings, and the present château, at the back, stands some little distance from the moat, the vacant space being now transformed into their beautiful gardens.

We only saw the ground-floor of the house, which is most comfortable. We left our wraps in the large square hall and passed through one drawing-room and a small library into another, which is charming--a corner room looking on the gardens--the walls, panels of light gray wood, prettily carved with wreaths and flowers.

We had tea in the dining-room on the other side of the hall; a curious room, rather, with red brick walls and two old narrow doors of carved oak. The tea--most abundant--was very acceptable after our long damp drive. One dish was rather a surprise--American waffles--not often to be found, I imagine, in an old French feudal castle, but Madame de Mimont's nationality explained it. I was very sorry not to see the park which is beautifully laid out, but the rain was falling straight down as hard as it could--almost making waves in the moat, and a curtain of mist cut off the end of the park.

Our dinner and evening at La Grange were delightful. The dining-room is particularly charming at night. The flowers on the table, this evening, were red, and the lights from the handsome silver candélabres made a brilliant spot of warmth and colour against the dark panelled walls--just shining on the armour of the fine Ormond portraits hanging on each side of the fireplace. The talk was always easy and pleasant.

One of the guests, the naval attache to the British Embassy to France, had been "en mission" at Madrid at the time of the Spanish Royal marriage. The balcony of the English Embassy overlooked the spot where the bomb was thrown. In eighty-five seconds from the time they heard the detonation (in the first second they thought it was a salute), the Ambassador, followed by his suite, was at the door of the royal carriage. He said the young sovereigns looked very pale but calm; the king, perhaps, more agitated than the Queen.

We finished the evening with music and dumb crambo--that particularly English form of amusement, which I have never seen well done except by English people. It always fills me with astonishment whenever I see it. It is so at variance with the English character. They are usually so very shy and self-conscious. One would never believe they could throw themselves into this really childish game with so much entrain. The performance is simple enough. Some of the company retire from the drawing-room; those who remain choose a word--chair, hat, cat, etc.

This evening the word was "mat." We told the two actors--Mrs. P. and the son of the house--they must act (nothing spoken) a word which rhymed with _hat_. I will say they found it very quickly, but some of their attempts were funny enough--really very cleverly done. It amused me perfectly, though I must frankly confess I should have been incapable of either acting or guessing the word. The only one I made out was fat, when they both came in so stuffed out with pillows and bolsters as to be almost unrecognizable. The two dogs--a beautiful little fox-terrier and a fine collie--went nearly mad, barking and yapping every time the couple appeared--their excitement reaching a climax when the actors came in and stretched themselves out on each side of the door, having finally divined the word mat. The dogs made such frantic dashes at them that M. and Mme. de Lasteyrie had to carry them off bodily.

The next morning I went for a walk with M. de Lasteyrie. We strolled up and down the "Allée des Soupirs," so called in remembrance of one of the early chatelaines who trailed her mourning robes and widow's veil over the fallen leaves, bemoaning her solitude until a favoured suitor appeared on the scene and carried her away to his distant home--but the Allée still retains its name.

The park is small, but very well laid out. Many of the memoirs of the time speak of walks and talks with Lafayette under the beautiful trees.

During the last years of Lafayette's life, La Grange was a cosmopolitan centre. Distinguished people from all countries came there, anxious to see the great champion of liberty; among them many Americans, who always found a gracious, cordial welcome; one silent guest--a most curious episode which I will give in the words of the Marquis de Lasteyrie:

"One American, however, in Lafayette's own time, came on a lonely pilgrimage to La Grange; he was greeted with respect, but of that greeting he took no heed. He was a silent guest, nor has he left any record of his impressions; in fact, he was dead before starting on his journey. He arrived quite simply one fine autumn morning, in his coffin, accompanied by a letter which said: 'William Summerville, having the greatest admiration for the General Lafayette, begs he will bury him in his land at La Grange.' This, being against the law, could not be done, but Lafayette bought the whole of the small cemetery of the neighbouring village and laid the traveller from over the sea to rest in his ground indeed, though not under one of the many American trees at La Grange itself, of which the enthusiastic wanderer had probably dreamed."

They told me many interesting things, too long to write, about the last years of Lafayette's life spent principally at La Grange. A charming account of that time and the lavish hospitality of the château is given by Lady Morgan, in her well-known "Diary." Some of her descriptions are most amusing; the arrival, for instance, of Lady Holland at the home of the Republican General. "She is always preceded by a fourgon from London containing her own favourite meubles of Holland House--her bed, fauteuil, carpet, etc., and divers other articles too numerous to mention, but which enter into her Ladyship's superfluous très nécessaires, at least to a grande dame one of her female attendants and a groom of the chambers precede her to make all ready for her reception. However, her original manner, though it startles the French ladies, amuses them."

Her Irish ladyship (Lady Morgan) seems to have been troubled by no shyness in asking questions of the General. She writes: "Is it true, General, I asked, that you once went to a bal masque at the opera with the Queen of France--Marie Antoinette--leaning on your arm, the King knowing nothing of the matter till her return? I am afraid so, said he. She was so indiscreet, and I can conscientiously add--so innocent. However, the Comte d'Artois was also of the party, and we were all young, enterprising, and pleasure-loving. But what is most absurd in the adventure was that, when I pointed out Mme. du Barry to her--whose figure and favourite domino I knew--the Queen expressed the most anxious desire to hear her speak and bade me intriguer her. She answered me flippantly, and I am sure if I had offered her my other arm, the Queen would not have objected to it. Such was the esprit d'aventure at that time in the court of Versailles and in the head of the haughty daughter of Austria."

I remember quite well the parents of my host. The Marquise, a type of the grande dame, with blue eyes and snow white hair survived her husband many years. During the war of 1870 they, like many other châtelains, had Prussian soldiers in their house. The following characteristic anecdote of the Marquise was told to me by her son:

"There are still to be seen at La Grange two little cannon which had been given to Lafayette by the Garde Nationale. One December morning, in 1870, when the house was full of German troops, Madame de Lasteyrie was awakened by a noise under the archway, and looking out of her window saw, in the dim light, the two guns being carried off by the German soldiers. In an instant, her bare feet hastily thrust into slippers, her hair like a long white mane hanging down her back, with a dressing gown thrown over her shoulders, she started in pursuit. She followed them about three miles and at last came upon them at the top

of a hill. After much persuasion and after spiking the guns (in no case could they have done great damage), the soldiers were induced to give them up, and departed, leaving her alone in the frost and starlight waiting for the morning. She sat bare-footed (for she had lost her shoes) but triumphant on her small cannon in the deep snow till the day came and the farm people stole out and dragged them all--the old lady and the two guns--back to the house."

I was sorry to go--the old château, with its walls and towers soft and grey in the sunlight, seems to belong absolutely to another century. I felt as if I had been transported a hundred years back and had lived a little of the simple patriarchal life that made such a beautiful end to Lafayette's long and eventful career. The present owner keeps up the traditions of his grandfather. I was thinking last night what a cosmopolitan group we were. Three or four different nationalities, speaking alternately the two languages--French and English--many of the party having travelled all over the world and all interested in politics, literature, and music; in a different way, perhaps, but quite as much as the "belles dames et beaux esprits" of a hundred years ago. Everything changes as time goes on (I don't know if I would say that *_everything_* improves), but I carried away the same impression of a warm welcome and large hospitable life that every one speaks of who saw La Grange during Lafayette's life.

JACK LONDON

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Mentor: Makers of American Fiction*, Vol. 6, Num. 14, Serial No. 162, Septem, by Arthur B. Maurice

Jack London's stories were written largely out of his own life. If they were not actual experiences cast in fiction form, they were narratives spun out of the fiber of his own experiences. Life was never certain for London. He was always on the go, and his life was an ever vigorous, vital *_present_*, with the future undetermined and unguessed. He was born in San Francisco on January 12, 1876. When he was eleven years old he left his ranch in the Livermore Valley and set out to satisfy his longing for a knowledge of the world and an expression of himself. He first went to Oakland, where, in the public library, he came under the romantic influence of such fiction writers as Washington Irving, Ouida and others. Out of Irving's "Alhambra" he built castles in the air for himself, and launched upon a great literary career with a strong under-current of romance and an irresistible longing for adventure. He left home and joined the oyster pirates in San Francisco

Bay. Then, tiring of the excitement of piracy, he turned with equal enthusiasm to the prosecution of it by joining the Fish Patrol, and was entrusted with the arrest of some who were his former comrades. Thrilling accounts of this life appeared under the title of "Tales of a Fish Patrol." In them is a wild buccaneer spirit, and the savor of the sea. Those of us that read the "Sea Wolf" can find there a passionate expression of the author's own experiences before the mast while seal hunting in Behring Sea or along the coast of Japan. It is full of strong appealing character and strange sea lore. The same wild breath of adventure is to be found in "The Mutiny of the Elsinore," in which London describes thrilling experiences in a trip around the Horn. London was a worker, and labored hard among the rougher elements of life--with longshoremen and shovellers in San Francisco; in factories and on the decks of coastwise vessels. He was as good a tramp, too, as he was a laboring man. He walked the Continent over from ocean to ocean, gathering the materials for a "vast understanding of the common man." Out of these experiences came "The Road," which is an appealing record of sympathy with the vagrant poor, and an absorbing narrative of adventurous journeying.

London tried schooling at different times in his early life, working between hours to pay for his education. After several months of stern, hard application, in which he covered about three years' preparatory work, he entered the University of California. The strain, however, of work and study combined was too much for him, and after three months he had to give up. Turning to things quite different, and with a desperate hope that he might find fresh inspiration in a new kind of life, he set off for the widely advertised Klondike to seek for gold. In the Klondike "nobody talks; everybody thinks; you get your true perspective; I got mine," he says. After a year of hard toil in the north, London returned home and assumed the burden of supporting his family, his father having died while he was away. He wrote story upon story, and finally gained acceptance and success. As book after book came out, the public grew to know and recognize Jack London as one of the strongest figures in American fiction.

He passed away on November 22, 1916, in the full swing of his intellectual vigor, and it will be long before his splendid achievement is forgotten, or the last of his books is consigned to the high shelves that spell oblivion. No matter how sparing one may be in the use of the word genius, for him it could be claimed. His name is one of the few among those of the writing men of our time with which the magic word is, without hesitation, to be linked. There was genius in his invention, in his imagery, in his nervous style. To him was given to know the moods of Arctic wastes and California valleys. The struggles of his own soul and mind and body he dissected and portrayed in

“Martin Eden” (1909) and “John Barleycorn” (1913). He was practically the only American writer to invade magnificently the prize-ring as a field for romantic narrative. Its seamy side, its sordid corruption, its driftage, as well as its brutal heroism, are reflected in such tales as “The Game,” “The Abysmal Brute,” “The Shadow and the Flash,” and “The Mexican.” “The Call of the Wild” (1903) challenges the very best dog-stories of all time. “The Sea Wolf” (1904) is an epic of salt brine, and creaking rigging, and man’s inhumanity to man, and the “blond masters of the world.” There followed “Burning Daylight” (1910), and “The Valley of the Moon” (1913), and “The Mutiny of the Elsinore” (1914), which is “The Sea Wolf” “in a lower key,” and “The Strength of the Strong” (1914), and a dozen more. Whatever the field, there was a sureness of touch, and a power of graphic description that made the man always a figure and a force.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARIAN.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *In the Track of the Bookworm*, by Irving Browne

There is one species of the Book-Worm which is more pitiable than the Bookseller, and that is the Public Librarian, especially of a circulating library. He is condemned to live among great collections of books and exhibit them to the curious public, and to be debarred from any proprietorship in them, even temporary. But the greater part this does not grieve a true Book-Worm, for he would scorn ownership of a vast majority of the books which he shows, but on the comparatively rare occasions when he is called on to produce a real book (in the sense of Bibliomania), he must be saddened by the reflection that it is not his own, and that the inspection of it is demanded of him as a matter of right. I have often observed the ill concealed reluctance with which the librarian complies with such a request; how he looks at the demandant with a degree of surprise, and then produces the key of the repository where the treasure is kept under guard, and heaving a sigh delivers the volume with a grudging hand. It was this characteristic which led me in my youth, before I had been inducted into the delights of Bibliomania and had learned to appreciate the feelings of a librarian, to define him as one who conceives it to be his duty to prevent the public from seeing the books. I owe a good old librarian an apology for having said this of him, and hereby offer my excuses to one whose honorable name is recorded in the Book of Life. Much is to be forgiven to the man who loves books, and yet is doomed to deal out books that perish in the using, which no human being would ever read a second time nor "be found dead with." These are the true tests of a good book, especially the last. Shelley died with a little

Æschylus on his person, which the cruel waves spared, and when Tennyson fell asleep it was with a Shakespeare, open at "Cymbeline." One may be excused for reading a good deal that he never would re-read, but not for owning it, nor for owning a good deal which he would feel ashamed to have for his last earthly companion. But now for my tribute to

THE PUBLIC LIBRARIAN.

His books extend on every side,
And up and down the vistas wide
 His eye can take them in;
He does not love these books at all,
Their usefulness in big and small
 He counts as but a sin.

And all day long he stands to serve
The public with an aching nerve;
 He views them with disdain--
The student with his huge round glasses,
The maiden fresh from high school classes,
 With apathetic brain;

The sentimental woman lorn,
The farmer recent from his corn,
 The boy who thirsts for fun,
The graybeard with a patent-right,
The pedagogue of school at night,
 The fiction-gulping one.

They ask for histories, reports,
Accounts of turf and prize-ring sports,
 The census of the nation;
Philosophy and science too,
The fresh romances not a few,
 Also "Degeneration."

"They call these books!" he said, and throws
Them down in careless heaps and rows
 Before the ticket-holder;
He'd like to cast them at his head,
He wishes they might strike him dead,
 And with the reader moulder.

But now as for the shrine of saint
He seeks a spot whence sweet and faint
 A leathery smell exudes,

And there behind the gilded wires
For some loved rarity inquires
Which common gaze eludes.

He wishes Omar would return
That vulgar mob of books to burn,
While he, like Virgil's hero,
Would shoulder off this precious case
To some secluded private place
With temperature at zero.

And there in that Seraglio
Of books not kept for public show,
He'd feast his glowing eyes,
Forgetting that these beauties rare,
Morocco-clad and passing fair,
Are but the Sultan's prize.

But then a tantalizing sense
Invades expectancy intense,
And with extorted moan,
"Unhappy man!" he sighs, "condemned
To show such treasure and to lend--
I keep, but cannot own!"

A LAKE-SIDE OUTING.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Outings At Odd Times*, by Charles Conrad Abbott

Having been within the city's bounds for a week—for me a novel experience that has little merit—it was with the eagerness of a child that I rode a short distance out of town, and, turning my back upon the railway station, started with a few friends upon an old-time tramp. In the company were a geologist, an engineer, a botanist, an artist, and others who, like myself, professing nothing, were eager to extract the good from everything that came in our way. We filed along the dusty highway, some miles from Toronto, with Lake Ontario as our objective point.

There was not a feature of that ancient highway that differed essentially from the country roads at home. The same trees, wayside weeds, and butterflies met me at every turn; even the crickets creaked in the same key, and the farmers' dogs were equally inquisitive. For

more than a mile I am not sure that I saw a bird of any kind. In this respect we are surely better off at home. This absence of novelty was a little disappointing, but I had no right to expect it. Canada has been longer settled than New Jersey, and doubtless many a field we passed was cleared years before the forest was felled along the Delaware.

However this may be, the outlook soon changed for the better, and reaching the upper terrace, or ancient shore, the broad and beautiful expanse of Lake Ontario lay before us. From the upper to the lower terrace was but a step, and then, on the very edge of a precipitous cliff, I looked over to see the waves dashing at its foot, and carrying the loose sand and clay steadily into the lake. Clear as crystal and brightly blue the waters as they struck the shore; roily and heavy laden with the sand as they receded. It is little wonder that the cliff is rapidly yielding; there is nothing to protect it even from the gentle ripples of a summer sea. Yet wherever spared for a short season vegetation came to the rescue, and the yellow-white cliff was dotted with blooming clusters of tansy, golden-rod, eupatorium, and mullein yellow and white, that were too like the background to be conspicuous; but not so the scattered asters, which were large and very blue; more so, indeed, than any that I saw elsewhere.

The proportion of clay in the cliff differed exceedingly, and where it was greatly in excess of the sand had withstood the destructive action of wind and wave, and stood out in great pillars, walls, and turrets, that suggested at once the ruins of ancient lake-side castles.

Leaving the cliff, not because weary of it, but to crowd a week's outing into an hour, the party turned to a deep, shady, vine-entangled ravine. I was happy. Indifferent to the geology ably explained by one, to the botany by another, to the beauty as extolled by the artist, I found a rustic seat and feasted upon raspberries. To eat is a legitimate pastime of the confirmed Rambler. One's eyes and ears should not monopolize all the good things in nature; but these again were not neglected, for I stopped eating—when the berries gave out—and toyed with the beautiful seed-pods of the *Actæa*, or bane-berry. This I never find near home, and so its novelty gave it additional merit; but it needs no extraneous suggestiveness. The deep, coral-red stems and snow-white seed-pods completely captivated my fancy. Bearing this as a prize, I moved slowly over a pathless wild, hearing pine finches to my delight, and above all other sounds the muffled roar of the lake as it beat upon the narrow beach nearly two hundred feet below me. At last I was in a strange country; one that bore not the remotest resemblance to any I had seen before.

There was no time to tarry, however attractive any spot might prove; and

next in order, having seen the uplands, was to descend to the foot of the cliff and stroll along the beach. I was assured that Fortune favored us, as near by was a well-worn path. Never was a path better described—it was well worn. Smooth as a toboggan-slide and with few shrubs or sturdy weeds to seize in case of accident, my steps were clogged with fear; each foot weighted with a painful doubt. I hate to run a risk, and fear so strained my nerves that when the base was reached every muscle ached through sympathy.

If we limit the localities to sand and water, the lake was an ocean on a small scale, and not a very small scale either. Sky and water closed in the earth's boundary upon three sides; but the water lacked life. Not a shell, not an insect, not a fish had been tossed upon the sand—nothing but sand. This want was a disappointment, for the gathering of flotsam along our sea-coast is a never-ending source of pleasure. Perhaps, had there been recently a violent storm, I might have been more successful, but probably the water is too cold. On the other hand, it was a comfort to have land and water about one free from every trace of man's interference. Thank goodness, there were no iron piers and hideous rows of booths and bath-houses! For aught one could see, the Indians might have left these shores but yesterday.

Where we now strolled the cliff had been spared for several years, and a rank vegetation covered it from base to top. Squatty willows and dwarf sumachs, golden-rod and chess, a wild grass that recalled the graceful plumes of the *Panicum crusgalli* at home; these held the winds at bay, but were likely, when next it stormed to be carried out to sea, and with them tons of the cliff upon which they grew. As so many of the rank growths near by were heavy with seed, it was and is an unsolved puzzle why there should have been a complete absence of birds. Everything that an ornithologist would say seed-eating birds required was here in profusion; yet the birds were not. Already the summer migrants had departed—I found many warblers' and fly-catchers' nests—and the winter birds of the region had not yet appeared. From what I saw this day and afterward in other localities, I am well convinced that, taking the year through, there is no spot, east of the Alleghanies, in the United States where birds are so abundant as in the valley of the Delaware. I have seen, since my return, more birds of many kinds in one half-hour at home than I saw during two weeks' rambles in Canada.

I was in no hurry to climb up the cliff, the descent of which was still impressed upon my memory, but the order to march came from the guide, and we struggled slowly up the well-worn path. If a brief rest had not been permitted, I should have rebelled; but we were fortunate in this, and never did lake look lovelier than “in the golden lightning of the sunken sun.” It was with regret that we turned our faces landward and

crossed prosy fields, and even longed for the bright waters while threading a fragment of Canadian forest. Here, too, silence brooded over nature; not even a chickadee flitted among the branches of the sturdy oaks and maples, nor a woodpecker rattled the rough bark of towering white pines. As we reached the public road, and stopped for supper at an old wayside inn, three silent crows passed by high overhead. They were flying in a southeasterly direction, and I watched them long, and wondered if they were bound for the far-off meadows at home, where hundreds of their kind gather daily as the sun goes down.

LIFE, THE COPY CAT

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Pieces of Hate*, by Heywood Broun

Every evening when dusk comes in the Far West, little groups of men may be observed leaving the various ranch houses and setting out on horseback for the moving picture shows. They are cowboys and they are intent on seeing Bill Hart in Western stuff. They want to be taken out of the dull and dreary routine of the world in which they live.

But somehow or other the films simply cannot get very far away from life, no matter how hard or how fantastically they try. As we have suggested, the cowboy who struts across the screen has no counterpart in real life, but imitation is sure to bridge the gap. Young men from the cattle country, after much gazing at Hart, will begin to be like him. The styles which the cowboys are to wear next year will be dictated this fall in Hollywood.

It has generally been recognized that life has a trick of taking color from literature. Once there were no flappers and then F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote "This Side of Paradise" and created them in shoals. Germany had a fearful time after the publication of Goethe's "Werther" because striplings began to contract the habit of suicide through the influence of the book and went about dying all over the place. And all Scandinavia echoed with slamming doors for years just because Ibsen sent Nora out into the night. In fact the lock on that door has never worked very well since. When "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was written things came to such a pass that a bloodhound couldn't see a cake of ice without jumping on it and beginning to bay.

If authors and dramatists can do so much with their limited public, think of the potential power of the maker of films, who has his tens of thousands to every single serf of the writing man. The films can make us a new people and we rather think they are doing it. Fifteen years ago

Americans were contemptuous of all Latin races because of their habit of talking with gestures. It was considered the part of patriotic dignity to stand with your hands in your pockets and to leave all expression, if any, to the voice alone.

Watch an excited American to-day and you will find his gestures as sweeping as those of any Frenchman. As soon as he is jarred in the slightest degree out of calm he immediately begins to follow subconscious promptings and behave like his favorite motion picture actor. Nor does the resemblance end necessarily with mere externals. Hiram Johnson, the senator from California, is reported to be the most inveterate movie fan in America, and it is said that he never takes action on a public question without first asking himself, "What would Mary Pickford do under similar circumstances?" In other words the senator's position on the proposal to increase the import tax on nitrates may be traced directly to the fact that he spent the previous evening watching "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

Even the speaking actors, most contemptuous of all motion picture critics, are slaves of the screen. At an audible drama in a theater the other day we happened to see a young actor who had once given high promise of achievement in what was then known as the legitimate. Eventually he went into motion pictures, but now he was back for a short engagement. We were shocked to observe that he tried to express every line he uttered with his features and his hands regardless of the fact that he had words to help him. He spoke the lines, but they seemed to him merely incidental. We mean that when his part required him to say, "It is exactly nineteen minutes after two," he tried to do it by gestures and facial expression. This is a difficult feat, particularly as most young players run a little fast or a little slow and are rather in need of regulating. When the young man left the theater at the close of the performance we sought him out and reproached him bitterly on the ground of his bad acting.

"Where do you get that stuff?" we asked.

"In the movies," he admitted frankly enough.

There was no dispute concerning facts. We merely could not agree on the question of whether or not it was true that he had become a terrible actor. Life came into the conversation. Something was said by somebody (we can't remember which one of us originated it) about holding the mirror up to nature. The actor maintained that everyday common folk talked and acted exactly like characters in the movies whenever they were stirred by emotion. We made a bet and it was to be decided by what we observed in an hour's walk. At the southwest corner of Thirty-seventh

street and Third avenue, we came upon two men in an altercation. One had already laid a menacing hand upon the coat collar of the other. We crowded close. The smaller man tried to shake himself loose from the grip of his adversary. And he said, "Unhand me." He had met the movies and he was theirs.

The discrepancy in size between the two men was so great that my actor friend stepped between them and asked, "What's all this row about?" The big man answered: "He has spoken lightly of a woman's name."

That was enough for us. We paid the bet and went away convinced of the truth of the actor's boast that the movies have already bent life to their will. At first it seemed to us deplorable, but the longer we reflected on the matter the more compensations crept in.

Somehow or other we remembered a tale of Kipling's called "The Finest Story In The World," which dealt with a narrow-chested English clerk, who, by some freak or other, remembered his past existences. There were times when he could tell with extraordinary vividness his adventures on a Roman galley and later on an expedition of the Norsemen to America. He told all these things to a writer who was going to put them into a book, but before much material had been supplied the clerk fell in love with a girl in a tobacconist's and suddenly forgot all his previous existences. Kipling explained that the lords of life and death simply had to step in and close the doors of the past as soon as the young man fell in love because love-making was once so much more glorious than now that we would all be single if only we remembered.

But love-making is likely to have its renaissance from now on since the movies have come into our lives. Douglas Fairbanks is in a sense the rival of every young man in America. And likewise no young woman can hope to touch the fancy of a male unless she is in some ways more fetching than Mary Pickford. In other words, pace has been provided for lovers. For ten cents we can watch courtship being conducted by experts. The young man who has been to the movies will be unable to avail himself of the traditional ineptitude under such circumstances. Once upon a time the manly thing to do was mumble and make a botch of it. The movies have changed all that. Courtship will come to have a technique. A young man will no more think of trying to propose without knowing how than he would attempt a violin concert without ever having practiced. The phantom rivals of the screen will be all about him. He must win to himself something of their fire and gesture. Love-making is not going to be as easy as it once was. Those who have already wed before the competition grew so acute should consider themselves fortunate. Consider for instance the swain who loves a lady who has been brought up on the picture plays of Bill Hart. That young man who hopes to supplant the

shadow idol will have to be able to shoot Indians at all ranges from four hundred yards up, and to ride one hundred thousand miles without once forgetting to keep his face to the camera.

._LIFE._

Anna Lætitia Barbauld

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *The Hundred Best English Poems*, by Various,

._Animula, vagula, blandula._

Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met,
I own to me's a secret yet.
But this I know, when thou art fled,
Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,
No clod so valueless shall be,
As all that then remains of me.

O whither, whither dost thou fly,
Where bend unseen thy trackless course,
And in this strange divorce,
Ah tell where I must seek this compound I?
To the vast ocean of empyreal flame,
From whence thy essence came,
Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed
From matter's base encumbering weed?
Or dost thou, hid from sight,
Wait, like some spell-bound knight,
Through blank oblivious years the appointed hour,
To break thy trance and reassume thy power?
Yet canst thou without thought or feeling be?
O say what art thou, when no more thou'rt thee?

Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good morning.

LENORE.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Edgar Allan Poe's Complete Poetical Works*

Ah, broken is the golden bowl! the spirit flown forever!
Let the bell toll!--a saintly soul floats on the Stygian river.
And, Guy de Vere, hast _thou_ no tear?--weep now or never more!
See! on yon drear and rigid bier low lies thy love, Lenore!
Come! let the burial rite be read--the funeral song be sung!--
An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died so young--
A dirge for her, the doubly dead in that she died so young.

"Wretches! ye loved her for her wealth and hated her for her pride,
And when she fell in feeble health, ye blessed her--that she died!
How _shall_ the ritual, then, be read?--the requiem how be sung
By you--by yours, the evil eye,--by yours, the slanderous tongue
That did to death the innocence that died, and died so young?"

Peccavimus; but rave not thus! and let a Sabbath song
Go up to God so solemnly the dead may feel no wrong!
The sweet Lenore hath "gone before," with Hope, that flew beside,
Leaving thee wild for the dear child that should have been thy bride--
For her, the fair and _debonnaire_, that now so lowly lies,
The life upon her yellow hair but not within her eyes--
The life still there, upon her hair--the death upon her eyes.

"Avaunt! to-night my heart is light. No dirge will I upraise,
But waft the angel on her flight with a paeon of old days!
Let _no_ bell toll!--lest her sweet soul, amid its hallowed mirth,
Should catch the note, as it doth float up from the damned Earth.
To friends above, from fiends below, the indignant ghost is riven--
From Hell unto a high estate far up within the Heaven--
From grief and groan to a golden throne beside the King of Heaven."

1844.

A LOVER SINCE CHILDHOOD

by Robert Graves

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Oxford Poetry, 1921*, by Various

Tangled in thought am I,
Stumble in speech do I?
Do I blunder and blush for the reason why?
Wander aloof do I,
Lean over gates and sigh,
Making friends with the bee and the butterfly?

If thus and thus I do
Dazed by the thought of you,
Walking my sorrowful way in the early dew,
My heart pierced through and through
By this despair of you,
Starved for a word or a look will my hope renew.

Give then a thought for me
Walking so miserably,
Wanting relief in the friendship or flower or tree,
Do but remember, we
Once could in love agree
Swallow your pride, let us be as we used to be.

A LIBERAL EDUCATION.

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Ensign Knightley and Other Stories*, by A. E. W. Mason

"So you couldn't wait!"

Mrs. Branscome turned full on the speaker as she answered deliberately: "You have evidently not been long in London, Mr. Hilton, or you would not ask that question."

"I arrived yesterday evening."

"Quite so. Then will you forgive me one tiny word of advice? You will learn the truth of it soon by yourself; but I want to convince you at once of the uselessness--to use no harder word--of trying to revive a

flirtation--let me see! yes, quite two years old. You might as well galvanise a mummy and expect it to walk about. Besides," she added inconsistently, "I had to marry and--and--you never came."

"Then you sent the locket!"

The word sent a shiver through Mrs. Branscome with a remembrance of the desecration of a gift which she had cherished as a holy thing. She clung to flippancy as her defence.

"Oh, no! I never sent it. I lost it somewhere, I think. Must you go?" she continued, as Hilton moved silently to the door. "I expect my husband in just now. Won't you wait and meet him?"

"How dare you?" Hilton burst out. "Is there nothing of your true self left?"

* * * * *

David Hilton's education was as yet in its infancy. This was not only his first visit to England, but, indeed, to any spot further afield than Interlaken. All of his six-and-twenty years that he could recollect had been passed in a _chalet_ on the Scheidegg above Grindelwald, his only companion an elderly recluse who had deliberately cut himself off from communion with his fellows. The trouble which had driven Mr. Strange, an author at one time of some mark, into this seclusion, was now as completely forgotten as his name. Even David knew nothing of its cause. That Strange was his uncle and had adopted him when left an orphan at the age of six, was the sum of his information. For although the pair had lived together for twenty years, there had been little intercourse of thought between them, and none of sentiment. Strange had, indeed, throughout shut his nephew, not merely from his heart, but also from his confidence, at first out of sheer neglect, and afterwards, as the lad grew towards manhood, from deliberate intent. For, by continually brooding over his embittered life, he had at last impregnated his weak nature with the savage cynicism which embraced even his one comrade; and the child he had originally chosen as a solace for his loneliness, became in the end the victim of a heartless experiment. Strange's plan was based upon a method of training. In the first place, he thoroughly isolated David from any actual experience of persons beyond the simple shepherd folk who attended to their needs and a few Alpine guides who accompanied him on mountain expeditions. He kept incessant guard over his own past life, letting no incidents or deductions escape, and fed the youth's mind solely upon the ideal politics of the ancients, his object being to launch him suddenly upon the world with little knowledge of it beyond what had filtered through his books, and

possessed of an intuitive hostility to existing modes. What kind of a career would ensue? Strange anticipated the solution of the problem with an approach to excitement. Two events, however, prevented the complete realisation of his scheme. One was a lingering illness which struck him down when David was twenty-four and about to enter on his ordeal. The second, occurring simultaneously, was the advent of Mrs. Branscome--then Kate Alden--to Grindelwald.

They met by chance on the snow slopes of the Wetterhorn early one August morning. Miss Alden was trying to disentangle some meaning from the _patois_ of her guides, and gratefully accepted Hilton's assistance. Half-an-hour after she had continued the ascent, David noticed a small gold locket glistening in her steps. It recalled him to himself, and he picked it up and went home with a strange trouble clutching at his heart. The next morning he carried the locket down into the valley, found its owner and--forgot to restore it. It became an excuse for further descents. Meanwhile, the theories were wooed with a certain coldness. In front of them stood perpetually the one real thing which had surged up through the quiet of his life, and, lover-like, he justified its presence to himself, by seeing in Kate Alden's frank face the incarnation of the ideal patterns of his books. The visits to Grindelwald grew more frequent and more prolonged. The climax, however, came unexpectedly to both. David had commissioned a jeweller at Berne to fashion a fac-simile of the locket for his own wearing, and, meaning to restore the original, handed Kate Alden the copy the evening before she left. An explanation of the mistake led to mutual avowals and a betrothal. Hilton returned to nurse his adoptive father, and was to seek England as soon as he could obtain his release. Meanwhile, Kate pledged herself to wait for him. She kept the new locket, empty except for a sprig of edelweiss he had placed in it, and agreed that if she needed her lover's presence, she should despatch it as an imperative summons.

During the next two years Strange's life ebbed sullenly away. The approach of death brought no closer intimacy between uncle and nephew, since indeed the former held it almost as a grievance against David that he should die before he could witness the issue of his experiment. Consequently the younger man kept his secret to himself, and embraced it the more closely for his secrecy, fostering it through the dreary night watches, until the image of Kate Alden became a Star-in-the-East to him, beckoning towards London. When the end came, David found himself the possessor of a moderate fortune; and with the humiliating knowledge that this legacy awoke his first feeling of gratitude towards his uncle, he locked the door of the _chalet_, and so landed at Charing Cross one wet November evening. Meanwhile the locket had never come.

* * * * *

After Hilton had left, Mrs. Branscome's forced indifference gave way. As she crouched beside the fire, numbed by pain beyond the power of thought, she could conjure up but one memory--the morning of their first meeting. She recollected that the sun had just risen over the shoulder of the Shreckhorn, and how it had seemed to her young fancy that David had come to her straight from the heart of it. The sound of her husband's step in the hall brought her with a shock to facts. "He must go back," she muttered, "he must go back."

David, however, harboured no such design. One phrase of hers had struck root in his thoughts. "I had to marry," she had said, and certain failings in her voice warned him that this, whatever it meant, was in her eyes the truth. It had given the lie direct to the flippancy which she had assumed, and David determined to remain until he had fathomed its innermost meaning. A fear, indeed, lest the one single faith he felt as real should crumble to ashes made his resolve almost an instinct of self-preservation. The idea of accepting the situation never occurred to him, his training having effectually prevented any growth of respect for the *_status quo_* as such. Nor did he realise at this time that his determination might perhaps prove unfair to Mrs. Branscome. A certain habit of abstraction, nurtured in him by the spirit of inquiry which he had imbibed from his books, had become so intuitive as to penetrate even into his passion. From the first he had been accustomed to watch his increasing intimacy with Kate Alden from the standpoint of a third person, analysing her actions and feelings no less than his own. And now this tendency gave the crowning impetus to a resolve which sprang originally from his necessity to find sure foothold somewhere amid the wreckage of his hopes.

From this period might be dated the real commencement of Hilton's education. He returned to the Branscomes' house, sedulously schooled his looks and his words, save when betrayed into an occasional denunciation of the marriage laws, and succeeded at last in overcoming a distaste which Mr. Branscome unaccountably evinced for him. To a certain extent, also, he was taken up by social entertainers. There was an element of romance in the life he had led which appealed favourably to the seekers after novelty--"a second St. Simeon Skylights" he had been rashly termed by one good lady, whose wealth outweighed her learning. At first his gathering crowd of acquaintances only served to fence him more closely within himself; but as he began to realise that this was only the unit of another crowd, a crowd of designs and intentions working darkly, even he, sustained by the

strength of a single aim, felt himself whirling at times. Thus he slowly grew to some knowledge of the difficulties and complications which must beset any young girl like Kate Alden, whose nearest relation and chaperon had been a feather-headed cousin not so many years her elder. At last, in a dim way, he began to see the possibility of replacing his bitterness with pity. For Mrs. Branscome did not love her husband; he plainly perceived that, if only from the formal precision with which she performed her duties. She appeared to him, indeed, to be paying off an obligation rather than working out the intention of her life.

The actual solution of his perplexities came by an accident. Amongst the visitors who fell under Hilton's observation at the Branscomes' was a certain Mr. Marston, a complacent widower of some five-and-thirty years, and Branscome's fellow servant at the Admiralty. Hilton's attention was attracted to this man by the air of embarrassment with which Mrs. Branscome received his approaches. Resolute to neglect no clue, however slight, David sought Marston's companionship, and, as a reward, discovered one afternoon in a Crown Derby teacup on the mantel-shelf of the latter's room his own present of two years back. The exclamation which this discovery extorted aroused Marston.

"What's up?"

"Where did you get this?"

"Why? Have you seen it before?"

The question pointed out to David the need of wariness.

"No!" he answered. "Its shape rather struck me, that's all. The emblem of a conquest, I suppose?"

The invitation stumbled awkwardly from unaccustomed lips, but Marston noticed no more than the words. He was chewing the cud of a disappointment and answered with a short laugh:

"No! Rather of a rebuff. The lady tore her hand away in a hurry--the link on the bracelet was thin, I suppose. Anyway, that was left in my hand."

"You were proposing to her?"

"Well, hardly. I was married at the time."

There was a silence for some moments, during which Hilton slowly gathered into his mind a consciousness of the humiliation which Kate must have endured, and read in that the explanation of her words "I had to marry." Marston took up the tale, babbling resentfully of a nursery prudishness, but his remarks fell on deaf ears until he mentioned a withered flower, which he had found inside the locket. Then David's self control partially gave way. In imagination he saw Marston carelessly tossing the sprig aside and the touch of his fingers seemed to sully the love of which it was the token. The locket burned into his hand. Without a word he dropped it on to the floor, and ground it to pieces with his heel. A new light broke in upon Marston.

"So this accounts for all your railing against the marriage laws," he laughed. "By Jove, you have kept things quiet. I wouldn't have given you credit for it."

His eyes travelled from the carpet to David's face, and he stopped abruptly.

"You had better hold your tongue," David said quietly. "Pick up the pieces."

"Do you think I would touch them now?"

Marston rose from his lounge; David stepped in front of the door. There was a litheness in his movements which denoted obedient muscles. Marston perceived this now with considerable discomfort, and thought it best to comply: he knelt down and picked up the fragments of the locket.

"Now throw them into the grate!"

That done, David took his leave. Once outside the house, however, his emotion fairly mastered him. The episode of which he had just heard was so mean and petty in itself, and yet so far-reaching in its consequences that it set his senses aflame in an increased revolt against the order of the world. Marriage was practically a necessity to a girl as unprotected as Kate Alden; he now acquiesced in that. But that it should have been forced upon her by the vanity of a trivial person like Marston, engaged in the pursuit of his desires, sent a fever of repulsion through his veins. He turned back to the door deluded by the notion that it was his duty to render the occurrence impossible of repetition. He was checked, however, by the thought of Mrs. Branscome. The shame he felt hinted the full force of degradation of which she must have been conscious, and begot in him a strange

feeling of loyalty. Up till now the true meaning of chivalry had been unknown to him. In consequence of his bringing up he had been incapable of regarding faith in persons as a working motive in one's life. Even the first dawn of his passion had failed to teach him that; all the confidence and trust which he gained thereby being a mere reflection, from what he saw in Kate Alden, of truth to him. It was necessary that he should feel her trouble first and his poignant sense of that now revealed to him, not merely the wantonness of the perils women are compelled to run, but their consequent sufferings and their endurance in suppressing them.

A feverish impulse towards self-sacrifice sprang up within him. He would bury the incident of that afternoon as a dead thing--nay, more, for Mrs. Branscome's sake he would leave England and return to his retreat among the mountains. If she had suffered, why should he claim an exemption? The idea had just sufficient strength to impel him to catch the night-mail from Charing Cross. That it was already weakening was evidenced by a half-feeling of regret that he had not missed the train.

The regret swelled during his journey to the coast. The scene he had just come through became, from much pondering on it, almost unreal, and, with the blurring of the impression it had caused, there rose a doubt as to the accuracy of his vision of Mrs. Branscome's distress, which he had conjured out of it. His chivalry, in a word, had grown too quickly to take firm root. It was an exotic planted in soil not yet fully prepared. David began to think himself a fool, and at last, as the train neared Dover, a question which had been vaguely throbbing in his brain suddenly took shape. Why had she not sent for him? True, the locket was lost, but she might have written. The formulation of the question shattered almost all the work of the last few hours. He cursed his recent thoughts as a child's fairy dreams. Why should he leave England after all? If he was to sacrifice himself it should be for some one who cared sufficiently for him to justify the act.

There might, of course, have been some hidden obstacle in the way, which Mrs. Branscome could not surmount. The revelation of Marston's unimagined story warned him of the possibility of that. But the chances were against it. Anyway, he quibbled to himself, he had a clear right to pursue the matter until he unearthed the truth. Acting upon this decision, David returned to town, though not without a lurking sense of shame.

A few evenings after, he sought out Mrs. Branscome at a dance. The blood rushed to her face when she caught his figure, and as quickly ebbed away.

"So you have not gone, after all?" There was something pitiful in her tone of reproach.

"No. What made you think I had?"

"Mr. Marston told me!"

"Did he tell you why?"

"I guessed that, and I thanked you in my heart."

David was disconcerted; the woman he saw corresponded so ill with what he was schooling himself to believe her. He sought to conceal his confusion, as she had once done, and played a part. Like her, he overplayed it.

"Well! I came to see London life, you know. It makes a pretty comedy."

"Comedies end in tears at times."

"Even then common politeness makes us sit them out. Can you spare me a dance?"

Mrs. Branscome pleaded fatigue, and barely suppressed a sigh of relief as she noted her husband's approach. David followed her glance, and bent over her, speaking hurriedly:--

"You said you knew why I went away; I want to tell you why I came back."

"No! no!" she exclaimed. "It could be of no use--of no help to either of us."

"I came back," he went on, ignoring her interruption, "merely to ask you one question. Will you hear it and answer it? I can wait," he added, as she kept silence.

"Then, to-morrow, as soon as possible," Mrs. Branscome replied, beaten by his persistency. "Come at seven; we dine at eight, so I can give you half-an-hour. But you are ungenerous."

That night began what may be termed the crisis of Hilton's education. This was the second time he had caught Mrs. Branscome unawares. On the first occasion--that of his unexpected arrival in England--he did not possess the experience to measure accurately looks and movements,

or to comprehend them as the connotation of words. It is doubtful, besides, whether, had he owned the skill, he would have had the power to exercise it, so engrossed was he in his own distress. By the process, however, of continually repressing the visible signs of his own emotions, he had now learnt to appreciate them in others. And in Mrs. Branscome's sudden change of colour, in little convulsive movements of her hands, and in a certain droop of eyelids veiling eyes which met the gaze frankly as a rule, he read this evening sure proofs of the constancy of her heart. This fresh knowledge affected him in two ways. On the one hand it gave breath to the selfish passion which now dominated his ideas. At the same time, however it assured him that when he asked his question: "Why did you not send for me?" an unassailable answer would be forthcoming; and, moreover, by convincing him of this, it destroyed the sole excuse he had pleaded to himself for claiming the right to ask it. In self-defence Hilton had recourse to his old outcry against the marriage laws and, finding this barren, came in the end to frankly devising schemes for their circumvention. Such inward personal conflicts were, of necessity, strange to a man dry-nursed on abstractions, and, after a night of tension, they tossed him up on the shores of the morning broken in mind and irresolute for good or ill.

* * * * *

Mrs. Branscome received him impassively at the appointed time. David saw that he was expected to speak to the point, and a growing scorn for his own insistence urged him to the same course. He plunged abruptly into his subject and his manner showed him in the rough, more particularly to himself.

"What I came back to ask you is just this. You know--you must know--that I would have come, whatever the consequence. Why did you not send for me after, after--?"

"Why did I not send for you?" Mrs. Branscome took him up, repeating his words mechanically, as though their meaning had not reached her. "You don't mean that you never received my letter. Oh, don't say that! It can't have miscarried, I registered it."

"Then you did write?"

This confirmation of her fear drove a breach through her composure.

"Of course, of course, I wrote," she cried. "You doubt that? What can you think of me? Yes, I wrote, and when no answer came, I fancied you had forgotten me--that you had never really cared, and so I--I

married."

Her voice dried in her throat. The thought of this ruin of two lives, made inevitable by a mistake in which neither shared, brought a sense of futility which paralysed her.

The same idea was working in Hilton's mind, but to a different end. It fixed the true nature of this woman for the first time clearly within his recognition, and the new light blinded him. Before, his imagined grievance had always coloured the picture; now, he began to realise not only that she was no more responsible for the catastrophe than himself, but that he must have stood in the same light to her as she had done to him. The events of the past few months passed before his mind as on a clear mirror. He compared the gentle distinction of her bearing with his own flaunting resentment.

"I am sorry," he said, "I have wronged you in thought and word and action. The fact is, I never saw you plainly before; myself stood in the way."

Mrs. Branscome barely heeded his words. The feelings her watchfulness had hitherto restrained having once broken their barriers swept her away on a full flow. She recalled the very terms of her letter. She had written it in the room in which they were standing. Mr. Branscome had called just as she addressed the envelope--she had questioned him about its registration to Switzerland, and, yes, he had promised to look after it and had taken it away. "Yes!" she repeated to herself aloud, directing her eyes instinctively towards her husband's study door. "He promised to post it."

The sound of the words and a sudden movement from Hilton woke her to alarm. David had turned to the window, and she felt that he had heard and understood. The silence pressed on her like a dead weight. For Hilton, this was the crucial moment of his ordeal. He had understood only too clearly, and this second proof of the harm a petty sin could radiate struck through him the same fiery repulsion which had stung him to revolt when he quitted Marston's rooms. He flung up the window and faced the sunset. Strips of black cloud barred it across, and he noticed, with a minute attention of which he was hardly conscious, that their lower edges took a colour like the afterglow on a Swiss rock mountain. The perception sent a riot of associations through his brain which strengthened his wavering purpose. Must he lose her after all, he thought; now that he had risen to a true estimation of her worth? His fancy throned Kate queen of his mountain home, and he turned towards her, but a light of fear in her eyes stopped the words on his lips.

"I trust you," she said, simply.

The storm of his passions quieted down. That one sentence just expressed to him the debt he owed to her. In return--well, he could do no less than leave her her illusion.

"Good-bye," he said. "All the good that comes to us, somehow, seems to spring from women like yourself, while we give you nothing but trouble in return. Even this last misery, which my selfishness has brought to you, lifts me to breathe a cleaner air."

"He must have forgotten to post it," Mrs. Branscome pleaded.

"Yes; we must believe that. Good-bye!"

For a moment he stayed to watch her white figure, outlined against the dusk of the room, and then gently closed the door on her. The next morning David left England, not, however, for Grindelwald. He dreaded the morbid selfishness which grows from isolation, and sought a finishing school in the companionship of practical men.

UNDER THE LION'S PAW

Project Gutenberg Etext *Main-Travelled Roads*, by Hamlin Garland

"Along the main-travelled road trailed an endless line of prairie schooners. Coming into sight at the east, and passing out of sight over the swell to the west. We children used to wonder where they were going and why they went."

IT was the last of autumn and first day of winter coming together. All day long the ploughmen on their prairie farms had moved to and fro in their wide level fields through the falling snow, which melted as it fell, wetting them to the skin all day, notwithstanding the frequent squalls of snow, the dripping, desolate clouds, and the muck of the furrows, black and tenacious as tar.

Under their dripping harness the horses swung to and fro silently with that marvellous uncomplaining patience which marks the horse. All day the wild geese, honking wildly, as they sprawled sidewise down the wind, seemed to be fleeing from an enemy behind, and with neck outthrust and wings extended, sailed down

the wind, soon lost to sight.

Yet the ploughman behind his plough, though the snow lay on his ragged great-coat, and the cold clinging mud rose on his heavy boots, fettering him like gyves, whistled in the very beard of the gale. As day passed, the snow, ceasing to melt, lay along the ploughed land, and lodged in the depth of the stubble, till on each slow round the last furrow stood out black and shining as jet between the ploughed land and the gray stubble.

When night began to fall, and the geese, flying low, began to alight invisibly in the near corn-field, Stephen Council was still at work "finishing a land." He rode on his sulky plough when going with the wind, but walked when facing it. Sitting bent and cold but cheery under his slouch hat, he talked encouragingly to his four-in-hand.

"Come round there, boys! Round agin! We got t' finish this land. Come in there, Dan! Stiddy, Kate, stiddy! None o' y'r tantrums, Kittie. It's purty tuff, but got a be did. Tch! tch! Step along, Pete! Don't let Kate git y'r single-tree on the wheel. Once more!"

They seemed to know what he meant, and that this was the last round, for they worked with greater vigor than before. "Once more, boys, an' then, sez I, oats an' a nice warm stall, an' sleep fr all."

By the time the last furrow was turned on the land it was too dark to see the house, and the snow was changing to rain again. The tired and hungry man could see the light from the kitchen shining through the leafless hedge, and he lifted a great shout, "Supper fr a half a dozen!"

It was nearly eight o'clock by the time he had finished his chores and started for supper. He was picking his way carefully through the mud, when the tall form of a man loomed up before him with a premonitory cough.

"Waddy ye want?" was the rather startled question of the farmer.

"Well, ye see," began the stranger, in a deprecating tone, "we'd like t' git in fr the night. We've tried every house fr the last two miles, but they hadn't any room fr us. My wife's jest about sick, 'n' the children are cold and hungry-- "

"Oh, y' want 'o stay all night, eh,?"

"Yes, sir; it 'ud be a great accom-- "

"Waal, I don't make it a practice t' turn anybuddy way hungry, not on sech nights as this. Drive right in. We ain't got much, but sech as it is--"

But the stranger had disappeared. And soon his steaming, weary team, with drooping heads and swinging single-trees, moved past the well to the block beside the path. Council stood at the side of the "schooner" and helped the children out two little half- sleeping children and then a small woman with a babe in her arms.

"There ye go!" he shouted jovially, to the children. "Now we're all right! Run right along to the house there, an' tell Mam' Council you wants sumptin' t' eat. Right this way, Mis' keep right off t' the right there. I'll go an' git a lantern. Come," he said to the dazed and silent group at his side.

"Mother"" he shouted, as he neared the fragrant and warmly lighted kitchen, "here are some wayfarers an' folks who need sumptin' t' eat an' a place t' snoot." He ended by pushing them all in.

Mrs. Council, a large, jolly, rather coarse-looking woman, too the children in her arms. "Come right in, you little rabbits. 'Mos asleep, hey? Now here's a drink o' milk fr each o' ye. I'll have sam tea in a minute. Take off y'r things and set up t' the fire."

While she set the children to drinking milk, Council got out his lantern and went out to the barn to help the stranger about his team, where his loud, hearty voice could be heard as it came and went between the haymow and the stalls.

The woman came to light as a small, timid, and discouraged looking woman, but still pretty, in a thin and sorrowful way.

"Land sakes! An' you've travelled all the way from Clear Lake' t'-day in this mud! Waal! Waal! No wonder you're all tired out Don't wait fr the men, Mis'-- " She hesitated, waiting for the name.

"Haskins."

"Mis' Haskins, set right up to the table an' take a good swig o tea whilst I make y' s'm toast. It's green tea, an' it's good. I tell Council as I git older I don't seem to enjoy Young Hyson n'r Gunpowder. I

want the reel green tea, jest as it comes off'n the vines. Seems t' have more heart in it, some way. Don't s'pose it has. Council says it's all in m' eye."

Going on in this easy way, she soon had the children filled with bread and milk and the woman thoroughly at home, eating some toast and sweet-melon pickles, and sipping the tea.

"See the little rats!" she laughed at the children. "They're full as they can stick now, and they want to go to bed. Now, don't git up, Mis' Haskins; set right where you are an' let me look after 'em. I know all about young ones, though I'm all alone now. Jane went an' married last fall. But, as I tell Council, it's lucky we keep our health. Set right there, Mis' Haskins; I won't have you stir a finger."

It was an unmeasured pleasure to sit there in the warm, homely kitchen. the jovial chatter of the housewife driving out and holding at bay the growl of the impotent, cheated wind.

The little woman's eyes filled with tears which fell down upon the sleeping baby in her arms. The world was not so desolate and cold and hopeless, after all.

"Now I hope. Council won't stop out there and talk politics all night. He's the greatest man to talk politics an' read the Tribune--How old is it?"

She broke off and peered down at the face of the babe.

"Two months 'n' five days," said the mother, with a mother's exactness.

"Ye don't say! I want 'o know! The dear little pudzy-wudzy!" she went on, stirring it up in the neighborhood of the ribs with her fat forefinger.

"Pooty tough on 'oo to go gallivant'n' 'cross lots this way--"

"Yes, that's so; a man can't lift a mountain," said Council, entering the door. "Mother, this is Mr. Haskins, from Kansas. He's been eat up 'n' drove out by grasshoppers."

"Glad t' see yeh! Pa, empty that wash-basin 'n' give him a chance t' wash." Haskins was a tall man, with a thin, gloomy face. His hair was a reddish brown, like his coat, and seemed equally faded by the wind and sun, and his sallow face, though hard and set, was

pathetic somehow. You would have felt that he had suffered much by the line of his mouth showing under his thin, yellow mustache.

"Hadn't Ike got home yet, Sairy?"

"Hadn't seen 'im."

"W-a-a-l, set right up, Mr. Haskins; wade right into what we've got; 'taint much, but we manage to live on it she gits fat on it," laughed Council, pointing his thumb at his wife.

After supper, while the women put the children to bed, Haskins and Council talked on, seated near the huge cooking-stove, the steam rising from their wet clothing. In the Western fashion Council told as much of his own life as he drew from his guest. He asked but few questions, but by and by the story of Haskins' struggles and defeat came out. The story was a terrible one, but he told it quietly, seated with his elbows on his knees, gazing most of the time at the hearth.

"I didn't like the looks of the country, anyhow," Haskins said, partly rising and glancing at his wife. "I was ust t' northern Ingyannie, where we have lots o' timber 'n' lots o' rain, 'n' I didn't like the looks o' that dry prairie. What galled me the worst was goin' s' far away acrosst so much fine land layin' all through here vacant.

"And the 'hoppers eat ye four years, hand runnin', did they?" "Eat! They wiped us out. They chawed everything that was green. They jest set around waitin' fr us to die t' eat us, too. My God! I ust t' dream of 'em sittin' 'round on the bedpost, six feet long, workin' their jaws. They eet the fork-handles. They got worse 'n' worse till they jest rolled on one another, piled up like snow in winter Well, it ain't no use. If I was t' talk all winter I couldn't tell nawthin'. But all the while I couldn't help thinkin' of all that land back here that nobuddy was usin' that I ought 'o had 'stead o' bein' out there in that cussed country."

"Waal, why didn't ye stop an' settle here?" asked Ike, who had come in and was eating his supper.

"Fer the simple reason that you fellers wantid ten 'r fifteen dollars an acre fer the bare land, and I hadn't no money fer that kind o' thing."

"Yes, I do my own work," Mrs. Council was heard to say in the

pause which followed. "I'm a gettin' purty heavy t' be on m'laigs all day, but we can't afford t' hire, so I keep rackin' around somehow, like a foundered horse. S' lame I tell Council he can t tell how lame I am, fr I'm jest as lame in one laig as t' other." And the good soul laughed at the joke on herself as she took a handful of flour and dusted the biscuit-board to keep the dough from sticking.

"Well, I hadn't never been very strong," said Mrs. Haskins. "Our folks was Canadians an' small-boned, and then since my last child I hadn't got up again fairly. I don't like t' complain. Tim has about all he can bear now but they was days this week when I jest wanted to lay right down an' die."

"Waal, now, I'll tell ye," said Council, from his side of the stove silencing everybody with his good-natured roar, "I'd go down and see Butler, anyway, if I was you. I guess he'd let you have his place purty cheap; the farm's all run down. He's teen anxious t' let t' somebuddy next year. It 'ud be a good chance fer you. Anyhow, you go to bed and sleep like a babe. I've got some ploughing t' do, anyhow, an' we'll see if somethin' can't be done about your case. Ike, you go out an' see if the horses is all right, an' I'll show the folks t' bed."

When the tired husband and wife were lying under the generous quilts of the spare bed, Haskins listened a moment to the wind in the eaves, and then said, with a slow and solemn tone,

"There are people in this world who are good enough t' be angels, an' only haff t' die to be angels."

Jim Butler was one of those men called in the West "land poor. " Early in the history of Rock River he had come into the town and started in the grocery business in a small way, occupying a small building in a mean part of the town. At this period of his life he earned all he got, and was up early and late sorting beans, working over butter, and carting his goods to and from the station. But a change came over him at the end of the second year, when he sold a lot of land for four times what he paid for it. From that time forward he believed in land speculation as the surest way of getting rich. Every cent he could save or spare from his trade he put into land at forced sale, or mortgages on land, which were "just as good as the wheat," he was accustomed to say.

Farm after farm fell into his hands, until he was recognized as one of the leading landowners of the county. His mortgages were scattered all over Cedar County, and as they slowly but surely fell

in he sought usually to retain the former owner as tenant.

He was not ready to foreclose; indeed, he had the name of being one of the "easiest" men in the town. He let the debtor off again and again, extending the time whenever possible.

"I don't want y'r land," he said. "All I'm after is the int'rest on my money that's all. Now, if y' want 'o stay on the farm, why, I'll give y' a good chance. I can't have the land layin' vacant. " And in many cases the owner remained as tenant.

In the meantime he had sold his store; he couldn't spend time in it--he was mainly occupied now with sitting around town on rainy days smoking and "gassin' with the boys," or in riding to and from his farms. In fishing-time he fished a good deal. Doc Grimes, Ben Ashley, and Cal Cheatham were his cronies on these fishing excursions or hunting trips in the time of chickens or partridges. In winter they went to Northern Wisconsin to shoot deer.

In spite of all these signs of easy life Butler persisted in saying he "hadn't enough money to pay taxes on his land," and was careful to convey the impression that he was poor in spite of his twenty farms. At one time he was said to be worth fifty thousand dollars, but land had been a little slow of sale of late, so that he was not worth so much.

A fine farm, known as the Higley place, had fallen into his hands in the usual way the previous year, and he had not been able to find a tenant for it. Poor Higley, after working himself nearly to death on it in the attempt to lift the mortgage, had gone off to Dakota, leaving the farm and his curse to Butler.

This was the farm which Council advised Haskins to apply for; and the next day Council hitched up his team and drove down to see Butler.

"You jest let me do the talkin'," he said. "We'll find him wearin' out his pants on some salt barrel somew'ers; and if he thought you wanted a place he'd sock it to you hot and heavy. You jest keep quiet, I'll fix 'im."

Butler was seated in Ben Ashley's store telling fish yarns when Council sauntered in casually.

"Hello, But; lyin' agin, hey?"

"Hello, Steve! How goes it?"

"Oh, so-so. Too clang much rain these days. I thought it was goin' t freeze up fr good last night. Tight squeak if I get m' ploughin' done. How's farmin' with you these days?"

"Bad. Ploughin' ain't half done."

"It 'ud be a religious idee fr you t' go out an' take a hand y'rself."

"I don't haff to," said Butler, with a wink.

"Got anybody on the Higley place?"

"No. Know of anybody?"

"Waal, no; not eggsackly. I've got a relation back t' Michigan who's ben hot an' cold on the idea o' comin' West fr some time. Might come if he could get a good lay-out. What do you talk on the farm?"

"Well, I d' know. I'll rent it on shares or I'll rent it money rent."

"Waal, how much money, say?"

"Well, say ten per cent, on the price two-fifty."

"Wall, that ain't bad. Wait on 'im till 'e thrashes?"

Haskins listened eagerly to this important question, but Council was coolly eating a dried apple which he had speared out of a barrel with his knife. Butler studied him carefully.

"Well, knocks me out of twenty-five dollars interest."

"My relation'll need all he's got t' git his crops in," said Council, in the same, indifferent way.

"Well, all right; say wait," concluded Butler.

"All right; this is the man. Haskins, this is Mr. Butler no relation to Ben the hardest-working man in Cedar County."

On the way home Haskins said: "I ain't much better off. I'd like that farm; it's a good farm, but it's all run down, an' so 'm I. I could make a good farm of it if I had half a show. But I can't stock it n'r

seed it."

"Waal, now, don't you worry," roared Council in his ear. "We'll pull y' through somehow till next harvest. He's agreed t' hire it ploughed, an' you can earn a hundred dollars ploughin' an' y' c'n git the seed o' me, an' pay me back when y' can."

Haskins was silent with emotion, but at last he said, "I ain't got nothin' t' live on."

"Now, don't you worry 'bout that. You jest make your headquarters at ol' Steve Council's. Mother'll take a pile o' comfort in havin' y'r wife an' children 'round.

Y' see, Jane's married off lately, an' Ike's away a good 'eal, so we'll be darn glad t' have y' stop with us this winter. Nex' spring we'll see if y' can't git a start agin." And he chirruped to the team, which sprang forward with the rumbling, clattering wagon.

"Say, looky here, Council, you can't do this. I never saw " shouted Haskins in his neighbor's ear.

Council moved about uneasily in his seat and stopped his stammering gratitude by saying: "Hold on, now; don't make such a fuss over a little thing. When I see a man down, an' things all on top of 'm, I jest like t' kick 'em off an' help 'm up. That's the kind of religion I got, an' it's about the only kind."

They rode the rest of the way home in silence. And when the red light of the lamp shone out into the darkness of the cold and windy night, and he thought of this refuge for his children and wife, Haskins could have put his arm around the neck of his burly companion and squeezed him like a lover. But he contented himself with saying, "Steve Council, you'll git y'r pay fr this some day."

"Don't want any pay. My religion ain't run on such business principles."

The wind was growing colder, and the ground was covered with a white frost, as they turned into the gate of the Council farm, and the children came rushing out, shouting, "Papa's come!" They hardly looked like the same children who had sat at the table the night before. Their torpidity, under the influence of sunshine and Mother Council, had given way to a sort of spasmodic cheerfulness, as insects in winter revive when laid on the hearth.

Haskins worked like a fiend, and his wife, like the heroic woman that she was, bore also uncomplainingly the most terrible burdens. They rose early and toiled without intermission till the darkness fell on the plain, then tumbled into bed, every bone and muscle aching with fatigue, to rise with the sun next morning to the same round of the same ferocity of labor.

The eldest boy drove a team all through the spring, ploughing and seeding, milked the cows, and did chores innumerable, in most ways taking the place of a man.

An infinitely pathetic but common figure this boy on the American farm, where there is no law against child labor. To see him in his coarse clothing, his huge boots, and his ragged cap, as he staggered with a pail of water from the well, or trudged in the cold and cheerless dawn out into the frosty field behind his team, gave the city-bred visitor a sharp pang of sympathetic pain. Yet Haskins loved his boy, and would have saved him from this if he could, but he could not.

By June the first year the result of such Herculean toil began to show on the farm. The yard was cleaned up and sown to grass, the garden ploughed and planted, and the house mended.

Council had given them four of his cows.

"Take 'em an' run 'em on shares. I don't want 'o milk s' many. Ike's away s' much now, Sat'd'ys an' Sund'ys, I can't stand the bother anyhow."

Other men, seeing the confidence of Council in the newcomer, had sold him tools on time; and as he was really an able farmer, he soon had round him many evidences of his care and thrift. At the advice of Council he had taken the farm for three years, with the privilege of re-renting or buying at the end of the term.

"It's a good bargain, an' y' want 'o nail it," said Council. "If you have any kind ov a crop, you c'n pay y'r debts, an' keep seed an' bread."

The new hope which now sprang up in the heart of Haskins and his wife grew almost as a pain by the time the wide field of wheat began to wave and rustle and swirl in the winds of July. Day after day he would snatch a few moments after supper to go and look at it.

"Have ye seen the wheat t'-day, Nettie?" he asked one night as he rose from supper.

"No, Tim, I ain't had time."

"Well, take time now. Le's go look at it."

She threw an old hat on her head Tommy's hat and looking almost pretty in her thin, sad way, went out with her husband to the hedge.

"Ain't it grand, Nettie? Just look at it."

It was grand. Level, russet here and there, heavy-headed, wide as a lake, and full of multitudinous whispers and gleams of wealth, it stretched away before the gazers like the fabled field of the cloth of gold.

"Oh, I think I hope we'll have a good crop, Tim; and oh, how good the people have been to us!"

"Yes; I don't know where we'd be t'-day if it hadn't teen fr Council and his wife."

"They're the best people in the world," said the little woman, with a great sob of gratitude.

"We'll be in the field on Monday sure," said Haskins, gripping the rail on the fences as if already at the work of the harvest.

The harvest came, bounteous, glorious, but the winds came and blew it into tangles, and the rain matted it here and there close to the ground, increasing the work of gathering it threefold.

Oh, how they toiled in those glorious days! Clothing dripping with sweat, arms aching, filled with briers, fingers raw and bleeding, backs broken with the weight of heavy bundles, Haskins and his man toiled on. Tummy drove the harvester, while his father and a hired man bound on the machine. In this way they cut ten acres every day, and almost every night after supper, when the hand went to bed, Haskins returned to the field shocking the bound grain in the light of the moon. Many a night he worked till his anxious wife came out at ten o'clock to call him in to rest and lunch. At the same time she cooked for the men, took care of the children, washed and ironed, milked the cows at night, made the butter, and sometimes fed the horses and watered them while her

husband kept at the shocking.

No slave in the Roman galleys could have toiled so frightfully and lived, for this man thought himself a free man, and that he was working for his wife and babes.

When he sank into his bed with a deep groan of relief, too tired to change his grimy, dripping clothing, he felt that he was getting nearer and nearer to a home of his own, and pushing the wolf of want a little farther from his door.

There is no despair so deep as the despair of a homeless man or woman. To roam the roads of the country or the streets of the city, to feel there is no rood of ground on which the feet can rest, to halt weary and hungry outside lighted windows and hear laughter and song within, these are the hungers and rebellions that drive men to crime and women to shame.

It was the memory of this homelessness, and the fear of its coming again, that spurred Timothy Haskins and Nettie, his wife, to such ferocious labor during that first year.

"M, yes; 'm, yes; first-rate," said Butler, as his eye took in the neat garden, the pig-pen, and the well-filled barnyard. "You're gitt'n' quite a stock around yeh. Done well, eh?" Haskins was showing Butler around the place. He had not seen it for a year, having spent the year in Washington and Boston with Ashley, his brother-in-law, who had been elected to Congress.

"Yes, I've laid out a good deal of money durin' the last three years. I've paid out three hundred dollars fr fencin'."

"Um h'm! I see, I see," said Butler, while Haskins went on:

"The kitchen there cost two hundred; the barn ain't cost much in money, but I've put a lot o' time on it. I've dug a new well, and I-- "

"Yes, yes, I see. You've done well. Stock worth a thousand dollars," said Butler, picking his teeth with a straw.

"About that," said Haskins, modestly. "We begin to feel's if we was gitt'n' a home fr ourselves; but we've worked hard. I tell you we begin to feel it, Mr. Butler, and we're goin' t' begin to ease up purty soon. We've been kind o' plannin' a trip back t' her folks after the fall ploughin's done."

"Eggs-actly!" said Butler, who was evidently thinking of something else. "I suppose you've kind o' calc'lated on stayin' here three years more?"

"Well, yes. Fact is, I think I c'n buy the farm this fall, if you'll give me a reasonable show."

"Um m! What do you call a reasonable show?"

"Well, say a quarter down and three years' time."

Butler looked at the huge stacks of wheat, which filled the yard, over which the chickens were fluttering and crawling, catching grasshoppers, and out of which the crickets were singing innumerable. He smiled in a peculiar way as he said, "Oh, I won't be hard on yeh. But what did you expect to pay fr the place?"

"Why, about what you offered it for before, two thousand five hundred, or possibly three thousand dollars," he added quickly, as he saw the owner shake his head.

"This farm is worth five thousand and five hundred dollars," said Butler, in a careless and decided voice.

"What!" almost shrieked the astounded Haskins. "What's that? Five thousand? Why, that's double what you offered it for three years ago."

"Of course, and it's worth it. It was all run down then--now it's in good shape. You've laid out fifteen hundred dollars in improvements, according to your own story."

"But you had nothin' t' do about that. It's my work an' my money. "

"You bet it was; but it's my land."

"But what's to pay me for all my-- "

"Ain't you had the use of 'em?" replied Butler, smiling calmly into his face.

Haskins was like a man struck on the head with a sandbag; he couldn't think; he stammered as he tried to say: "But I never'd git the use You'd rob me! More'n that: you agreed you promised that I could buy or rent at the end of three years at-- "

"That's all right. But I didn't say I'd let you carry off the improvements, nor that I'd go on renting the farm at two-fifty. The land is doubled in value, it don't matter how; it don't enter into the question; an' now you can pay me five hundred dollars a year rent, or take it on your own terms at fifty-five hundred, or git out."

He was turning away when Haskins, the sweat pouring from his face, fronted him, saying again:

"But you've done nothing to make it so. You hadn't added a cent. I put it all there myself, expectin' to buy. I worked an' sweat to improve it. I was workin' for myself an' babes-- "

"Well, why didn't you buy when I offered to sell? What y' kickin' about?"

"I'm kickin' about payin' you twice fr my own things, my own fences, my own kitchen, my own garden."

Butler laughed. "You're too green t' eat, young feller. Your improvements! The law will sing another tune."

"But I trusted your word."

"Never trust anybody, my friend. Besides, I didn't promise not to do this thing. Why, man, don't look at me like that. Don't take me for a thief. It's the law. The reg'lar thing. Everybody does it."

"I don't care if they do. It's stealin' jest the same. You take three thousand dollars of my money the work o' my hands and my wife's." He broke down at this point. He was not a strong man mentally. He could face hardship, ceaseless toil, but he could not face the cold and sneering face of Butler.

"But I don't take it," said Butler, coolly "All you've got to do is to go on jest as you've been a-coin', or give me a thousand dollars down, and a mortgage at ten per cent on the rest."

Haskins sat down blindly on a bundle of oats near by, and with staring eyes and drooping head went over the situation. He was under the lion's paw. He felt a horrible numbness in his heart and limbs. He was hid in a mist, and there was no path out.

Butler walked about, looking at the huge stacks of grain, and pulling now and again a few handfuls out, shelling the heads in his hands and blowing the chaff away. He hummed a little tune as he

did so. He had an accommodating air of waiting.

Haskins was in the midst of the terrible toil of the last year. He was walking again in the rain and the mud behind his plough - he felt the dust and dirt of the threshing. The ferocious husking- time, with its cutting wind and biting, clinging snows, lay hard upon him. Then he thought of his wife, how she had cheerfully cooked and baked, without holiday and without rest.

"Well, what do you think of it?" inquired the cool, mocking, insinuating voice of Butler.

"I think you're a thief and a liar!" shouted Haskins, leaping up. "A black-hearted houn'!" Butler's smile maddened him; with a sudden leap he caught a fork in his hands, and whirled it in the air. "You'll never rob another man, damn ye!" he grated through his teeth, a look of pitiless ferocity in his accusing eyes.

Butler shrank and quivered, expecting the blow; stood, held hypnotized by the eyes of the man he had a moment before despised a man transformed into an avenging demon. But in the deadly hush between the lift of the weapon and its fall there came a gush of faint, childish laughter and then across the range of his vision, far away and dim, he saw the sun-bright head of his baby girl, as, with the pretty, tottering run of a two-year-old, she moved across the grass of the dooryard. His hands relaxed: the fork fell to the ground; his head lowered.

"Make out y'r deed an' mor'gage, an' git off'n my land, an' don't ye never cross my line agin; if y' do, I'll kill ye."

Butler backed away from the man in wild haste, and climbing into his buggy with trembling limbs drove off down the road, leaving Haskins seated dumbly on the sunny pile of sheaves, his head sunk into his hands.

THE SPIRIT OF THE LANTERN

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Romances of Old Japan*, by Yei Theodora Ozaki

Some three hundred years ago, in the province of Kai and the town of Aoyagi, there lived a man named Koharu Tomosaburo, of well-known ancestry. His grandfather had been a retainer of Ota Dokan,[1] the founder of Yedo, and had committed suicide when his lord fell in battle.

This brave clansman's grandson was Tomosaburo, who, when this story begins, had been happily married for many years to a woman of the same province and was the proud father of a son some ten years of age.

At this time it happened, one day, that his wife fell suddenly ill and was unable to leave her bed. Physicians were called in but had to acknowledge themselves baffled by the curious symptoms of the patient: to relieve the paroxysms of pain from which she suffered, _Moxa_ was applied and burned in certain spots down her back. But half a month passed by and the anxious household realized that there was no change for the better in the mysterious malady that was consuming her: day by day she seemed to lose ground and waste away.

Tomosaburo was a kind husband and scarcely left her bedside: day and night he tenderly ministered to his stricken wife, and did all in his power to alleviate her condition.

One evening, as he was sitting thus, worn out with the strain of nursing and anxiety, he fell into a doze. Suddenly there came a change in the light of the standing-lantern, it flushed a brilliant red, then flared up into the air to the height of at least three feet, and within the crimson pillar of flame there appeared the figure of a woman.

Tomosaburo gazed in astonishment at the apparition, who thus addressed him:

"Your anxiety concerning your wife's illness is well-known to me, therefore I have come to give you some good advice. The affliction with which she is visited is the punishment for some faults in her character. For this reason she is possessed of a devil. If you will worship me as a god, I will cast out the tormenting demon."

Now Tomosaburo was a brave, strong-minded _samurai_, to whom the sensation of fear was totally unknown.

He glared fiercely at the apparition, and then, half unconsciously, turned for the _samurai's_ only safeguard, his sword, and drew it from its sheath. The sword is regarded as sacred by the Japanese knight and was supposed to possess the occult power assigned to the sign of the cross in mediæval Europe--that of exorcising evil.

The spirit laughed superciliously when she saw his action.

"No motive but the kindest of intentions brought me here to proffer you my assistance in your trouble, but without the least appreciation

of my goodwill you show this enmity towards me. However, your wife's life shall pay the penalty," and with these malicious words the phantom disappeared.

[Illustration: He glared fiercely at the apparition, and then, half unconsciously, turned for the _samurai's_ only safeguard, his sword.]

From that hour the unhappy woman's sufferings increased, and to the distress of all about her, she seemed about to draw her last breath.

Her husband was beside himself with grief. He realized at once what a false move he had made in driving away the friendly spirit in such an uncouth and hostile manner, and, now thoroughly alarmed at his wife's desperate plight, he was willing to comply with any demand, however strange. He thereupon prostrated himself before the family shrine and addressed fervent prayers to the Spirit of the Lantern, humbly imploring her pardon for his thoughtless and discourteous behaviour.

From that very hour the invalid began to mend, and steadily improving day by day, her normal health was soon entirely regained, until it seemed to her as though her long and strange illness had been but an evil dream.

One evening after her recovery, when the husband and wife were sitting together and speaking joyfully of her unexpected and almost miraculous restoration to health, the lantern flared up as before and in the column of brilliant light the form of the spirit again appeared.

"Notwithstanding your unkind reception of me the last time I came, I have driven out the devil and saved your wife's life. In return for this service I have come to ask a favour of you, Tomosaburo San," said the spirit. "I have a daughter who is now of a marriageable age. The reason of my visit is to request you to find a suitable husband for her."

"But I am a human being," remonstrated the perplexed man, "and you are a spirit! We belong to different worlds, and a wide and impassable gulf separates us. How would it be possible for me to do as you wish?"

"It is an easier matter than you imagine," replied the spirit. "All you have to do is to take some blocks of _kiri_-wood [_Paulownia Imperialist_] and to carve out from them several little figures of men; when they are finished I will bestow upon one of them the hand of my daughter."

"If that is all, then it is not so difficult as I thought, and I will

undertake to do as you wish," assented Tomosaburo, and no sooner had the spirit vanished than he opened his tool box and set to work upon the appointed task with such alacrity that in a few days he had fashioned out in miniature several very creditable effigies of the desired bridegroom, and when the wooden dolls were completed he laid them out in a row upon his desk.

The next morning, on awaking, he lost no time in ascertaining what had befallen the quaint little figures, but apparently they had found favour with the spirit, for all had disappeared during the night. He now hoped that the strange and supernatural visitant would trouble them no more, but the next night she again appeared:

"Owing to your kind assistance my daughter's future is settled. As a mark of our gratitude for the trouble you have taken, we earnestly desire the presence of both yourself and your wife at the marriage feast. When the time arrives promise to come without fail."

By this time Tomosaburo was thoroughly wearied of these ghostly visitations and considered it highly obnoxious to be in league with such weird and intangible beings, yet fully aware of their powers of working evil, he dared not offend them. He racked his brains for some way of escape from this uncanny invitation, but before he could frame any reply suitable to the emergency, and while he was hesitating, the spirit vanished.

Long did the perplexed man ponder over the strange situation, but the more he thought the more embarrassed he became: and there seemed no solution of his dilemma.

The next night the spirit again returned.

"As I had the honour to inform you, we have prepared an entertainment at which your presence is desired. All is now in readiness. The wedding ceremony has taken place and the assembled company await your arrival with impatience. Kindly follow me at once!" and the wraith made imperious gestures to Tomosaburo and his wife to accompany her. With a sudden movement she darted from the lantern flame and glided out of the room, now and again looking back with furtive glances to see that they were surely following--and thus they passed, the spirit guiding them, along the passage to the outer porch.

The idea of accepting the spirit's hospitality was highly repugnant to the astonished couple, but remembering the dire consequences of his first refusal to comply with the ghostly visitor's request, Tomosaburo thought it wiser to simulate acquiescence. He was well aware that in

some strange and incomprehensible manner his wife owed her sudden recovery to the spirit's agency, and for this boon he felt it would be both unseemly and ungrateful--and possibly dangerous--to refuse. In great embarrassment, and at a loss for any plausible excuse, he felt half dazed, and as though all capacity for voluntary action was deserting him.

What was Tomosaburo's surprise on reaching the entrance to find stationed there a procession, like the train of some great personage, awaiting him. On their appearance the liveried bearers hastened to bring forward two magnificent palanquins of lacquer and gold, and at the same moment a tall man garbed in ceremonial robes advanced and with a deep obeisance requested them not to hesitate, saying:

"Honoured sir, these _kago_[2] are for your august conveyance--deign to enter so that we may proceed to your destination."

At the same time the members of the procession and the bearers bowed low, and in curious high-pitched voices all repeated the invitation in a chorus:

"Please deign to enter the _kago!_"

Both Tomosaburo and his wife were not only amazed at the splendour of the escort which had been provided for them, but they realized that what was happening to them was most mysterious, and might have unexpected consequences. However, it was too late to draw back now, and all they could do was to fall in with the arrangement with as bold a front as they could muster. They both stepped valiantly into the elaborately decorated _kago_; thereupon the attendants surrounded the palanquins, the bearers raised the shafts shoulder high, and the procession formed in line and set out on its ghostly expedition.

The night was still and very dark. Thick masses of sable cloud obscured the heavens, with no friendly gleams of moon or stars to illumine their unknown path, and peering through the bamboo blinds nothing met Tomosaburo's anxious gaze but the impenetrable gloom of the inky sky.

Seated in the palanquins the adventurous couple were undergoing a strange experience. To their mystified senses it did not seem as if the _kago_ was being borne along over the ground in the ordinary manner, but the sensation was as though they were being swiftly impelled by some mysterious unseen force, which caused them to skim through the air like the flight of birds. After some time had elapsed the sombre blackness of the night somewhat lifted, and they were dimly able to discern the curved outlines of a large mansion which they were now

approaching, and which appeared to be situated in a spacious and thickly wooded park.

The bearers entered the large roofed gate and, crossing an intervening space of garden, carefully lowered their burdens before the main entrance of the house, where a body of servants and retainers were already waiting to welcome the expected guests with assiduous attentions. Tomosaburo and his wife alighted from their conveyances and were ushered into a reception room of great size and splendour, where, as soon as they were seated in the place of honour near the alcove, refreshments were served by a bevy of fair waiting-maids in ceremonial costumes. As soon as they were rested from the fatigues of their journey an usher appeared and bowing profoundly to the bewildered new-comers announced that the marriage feast was about to be celebrated and their presence was requested without delay.

Following this guide they proceeded through the various ante-rooms and along the corridors. The whole interior of the mansion, the sumptuousness of its appointments and the delicate beauty of its finishings, were such as to fill their hearts with wonder and admiration.

The floors of the passages shone like mirrors, so fine was the quality of the satiny woods, and the richly inlaid ceilings showed that no expense or trouble had been spared in the selection of all that was ancient and rare, both in materials and workmanship. Certain of the pillars were formed by the trunks of petrified trees, brought from great distances, and on every side perfect taste and limitless wealth were apparent in every detail of the scheme of decoration.

More and more deeply impressed with his surroundings, Tomosaburo obediently followed in the wake of the ushers. As they neared the stately guest-chamber an eerie and numbing sensation seemed to creep through his veins.

Observing more closely the surrounding figures that flitted to and fro, with a shock of horror he suddenly became aware that their faces were well known to him and of many in that shadowy throng he recognized the features and forms of friends and relatives long since dead. Along the corridors leading to the principal hall numerous attendants were gathered: all their features were familiar to Tomosaburo, but none of them betrayed the slightest sign of recognition. Gradually his dazed brain began to understand that he was visiting in the underworld, that everything about him was unreal--in fact, a dream of the past--and he feebly wondered of what hallucination he could be the victim to be thus abruptly bidden to such an illusory carnival, where all the

wedding guests seemed to be denizens of the _Meido_, that dusky kingdom of departed spirits! But no time was left him for conjecture, for on reaching the ante-room they were immediately ushered into a magnificent hall where all preparations for the feast had been set out, and where the Elysian Strand[3] and the symbols of marriage were all duly arranged according to time-honoured custom.

Here the bridegroom and his bride were seated in state, both attired in elegant robes as befitting the occasion. Tomosaburo, who had acted such a strange and important part in providing the farcical groom for this unheard-of marriage, gazed searchingly at the newly wedded husband, whose mien was quite dignified and imposing, and whose thick dark locks were crowned with a nobleman's coronet. He wondered what part the wooden figures he had carved according to the spirit's behest had taken in the composition of the bridegroom he now saw before him. Strangely, indeed, his features bore a striking resemblance to the little puppets that Tomosaburo had fashioned from the _kiri_-wood some days before.

The nuptial couple were receiving the congratulations of the assembled guests, and no sooner had Tomosaburo and his wife entered the room than the wedding party all came forward in a body to greet them and to offer thanks for their condescension in gracing that happy occasion with their presence. They were ceremoniously conducted to seats in a place of honour, and invited with great cordiality to participate in the evening's entertainment.

Servants then entered bearing all sorts of tempting dainties piled on lacquer trays in the form of large shells; the feast was spread before the whole assemblage; wine flowed in abundance, and by degrees conversation, laughter, and merriment became universal and the banquet-hall echoed with the carousal of the ghostly throng.

Under the influence of the good cheer Tomosaburo's apprehension and alarm of his weird environment gradually wore off, he partook freely of the refreshments, and associated himself more and more with the gaiety and joviality of the evening's revel.

* * * * *

The night wore on and when the hour of midnight struck the banquet was at its height.

In the mirth and glamour of that strange marriage feast Tomosaburo had lost all track of time, when suddenly the clear sound of a cock's crow penetrated his clouded brain and, looking up, the transparency of the _shoji_[4] of the room began to slowly whiten in the grey of dawn.

Like a flash of lightning Tomosaburo and his wife found themselves transported back, safe and sound, into their own room.

On reflection he found his better nature more and more troubled by such an uncanny experience, and he spent much time pondering over the matter, which seemed to require such delicate handling. He determined that at all costs communications must be broken off with the importunate spirit.

A few days passed and Tomosaburo began to cherish the hope that he had seen the last of the Spirit of the Lantern, but his congratulations on escaping her unwelcome attentions proved premature. That very night, no sooner had he laid himself down to rest, than lo! and behold, the lantern shot up in the familiar shaft of light, and there in the lurid glow appeared the spirit, looking more than ever bent on mischief. Tomosaburo lost all patience. Glaring savagely at the unwelcome visitant he seized his wooden pillow^[5] and, determining to rid himself of her persecutions once and for all, he exerted his whole strength and hurled it straight at the intruder. His aim was true, and the missile struck the goblin squarely on the forehead, overturning the lantern and plunging the room into black darkness. "Wa, Wa!" wailed the spirit in a thin haunting cry, that gradually grew fainter and fainter till she finally disappeared like a luminous trail of vanishing blue smoke.

From that very hour Tomosaburo's wife was again stricken with her former malady, and no remedies being of any avail, within two days it took a turn for the worse and she died.

The sorrow-stricken husband bitterly regretted his impetuous action in giving way to that fatal fit of anger and, moreover, in appearing so forgetful of the past favour he had received from the spirit. He therefore prayed earnestly to the offended apparition, apologizing with humble contrition for his cruelty and ingratitude.

But the Spirit of the Lantern had been too deeply outraged to return, and Tomosaburo's repentance for his rash impulse proved all in vain.

These melancholy events caused the unhappy husband to take a strong aversion to the house, which he felt sure must be haunted, and he decided to leave that neighbourhood with as little delay as possible.

As soon as a suitable dwelling was found and the details of his migration arranged, the carriers were summoned to transport his household goods to the new abode, but to the alarm and consternation of every one, when the servants attempted to move the furniture, the whole contents of the house by some unseen power adhered fast to the floor,

and no human power was available to dislodge them.

Then Tomosaburo's little son fell ill and died. Such was the revenge of the Spirit of the Lantern.

[Footnote 1: 1513, date of Ota Dokan's death.]

[Footnote 2: _Kago_ = palanquins.]

[Footnote 3: _Horai Dai_, the Eastern fairyland, where death and sickness never come, and where the fabulous old couple of Takasayo, paragons of conjugal felicity and constancy, live for ever in the shade of the evergreen pines, while storks and green-tailed tortoises, emblems of prosperity and ten thousand years of life, keep them company.]

[Footnote 4: _Shoji_, the sliding screens which takes the place of doors and windows in a Japanese house--the framework is of a fine lattice-work of wood, covered with white paper sufficiently transparent to let in the light.]

[Footnote 5: The old Japanese pillow was a wooden stand, on the top of which was a groove; in this was placed a small roll of cotton-wool covered with silk or _crêpe_, etc.]

THE JACKAL AND THE LION^[1]

AN AFRICAN FOLK-LORE TALE

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Negro Tales*, by Joseph Seamon Cotter

The Jackal and the Lion were hunting in the jungle. "Brother Lion," said the Jackal, "the young elephant we seek is a good distance away. Well, it is not so far away either, but you see it will run around and around and in and out, and that will make the distance long. I see that you have a sore foot, and so long a journey might cost you your life. It would be a pity to lose your great head and pretty voice."

"It would, indeed," said the Lion. "I am glad to find someone who understands my worth."

"You see, Brother Lion," said the Jackal, "if I should get lost or killed the world would not miss me, but you, Brother Lion--you----!"

"Yes, Brother Jackal," broke in the Lion, "my place could not be filled; but do not take my greatness too seriously. You are worth a little, and that little should be saved."

"Brother Lion," continued the Jackal, "I would gladly give my whole self for your pleasure. You lie down here in the shade, keep cool and think great thoughts, while I take your spear and run down and kill the elephant that you have long desired to eat. When I have done so I will return and take you to it!"

"Very good," said the Lion. "You are kind and thoughtful. Take my spear and best wishes and be off. I can almost taste the feast now."

The Jackal took the spear, and in a short time had killed the elephant and covered the body with leaves. It then ran to another road, cut its finger and let the blood drip here and there for a great distance. Then it returned to the Lion and said: "Brother Lion, I almost lost my life in killing the elephant. Just go through yonder forest until you come to the straight road. By the elephant's blood you can trace it to the spot where it fell. As soon as I rest I'll be with you, I charge you now that to taste the meat before I come will mean death to you. This is a new law of the jungle."

The Lion went in search of the bloody path, and the Jackal returned to the elephant and began to eat. Now it happened that the Lion hurt his foot and, while binding it up, saw the Jackal eating and looking around.

When the Lion came up to the Jackal he said: "You little rascal, I have a notion to eat you for deceiving me."

"Be patient, Brother Lion; I am doing you a favor. Unless a Jackal eats of a young elephant first, its meat will kill a Lion. This is a new law of the jungle, and I am still in love with your great head and pretty voice. You remember I gave you a charge to this end."

"Yes," said the Lion, "I remember, and I thank you for saving my head and voice; but since you have tested the meat, what keeps me from eating my fill?"

"Just another new law of the jungle," said the Jackal. "This new law says that such meat must be put upon a high stone tower where the sun's rays may strike it. Then all may eat it unharmed."

"Oh, Brother Jackal," said the Lion, "how can I ever pay you for saving my head and voice?"

"In this way," replied the Jackal. "According to the law, my wife and children must be masons upon the wall, and you and yours must hand up the stones; and you see there are plenty of them about here. Of course, I remain on the ground to direct. I have told my wife and children, and they are coming. You go and bring yours."

"That suits me quite well," said the Lion. "I'll be back with mine in a short while."

When the Lion and his family had returned, the Jackal and his family had eaten half of the elephant and were dancing.

"You little rascal!" roared the Lion, "have you deceived me again?"

"Not a bit of it," replied the Jackal. "See that little bird lying dead there? That is the messenger of the new laws. By accident I killed it. The new law requires that the one who kills such a bird, and his family, must eat half the meat present as a punishment; and such a punishment as it has been! But for this new dance my wife invented we should all be dead. This means that you would be dead, too. The life of the Jackal in such a case goes into the bird. It becomes ten times as powerful as a Lion and kills everyone it meets. See?"

"I do," replied the Lion, "and thanks again for my head and voice. Let me remind you, Brother Jackal, that my wife and family are not likely to die at present from over-eating."

"Let me remind you, Brother Lion, that one more speech like that from you will put life into that bird, and you will never eat another dinner."

"Thanks, Brother Jackal, for your wisdom and kindness. Let's build the tower."

In a short time the tower was erected.

"How are we to get the meat up?" asked the Lion.

"Oh," said the Jackal, "my wife, who invented the dance, has invented a rope to pull the meat up with."

"I am glad to hear that, Brother Jackal," said the Lion, "for my wife, who is rather dull, may learn many things from yours."

"Brother Lion," said the Jackal, "when a Lion passes a compliment like that upon a Jackal's wife he had better roar it far and wide, or he will

be counted a flatterer, and flattery puts life into that little bird."

The Lion roared the compliment until every beast in the jungle heard it. The Jackal's wife and children let down the rope and pulled the meat up.

"Brother Lion, there is one precaution we must take. That little bird lying there must never be allowed to come back to life, and there is but one way to do it."

"Brother Jackal, pray what is that?"

"Pick up that rock lying there by the bird. When my wife has pulled me to the top of the tower, throw it to me. If I catch it, the bird is dead forever. We will then pull you and your family up, and what a feasting there will be!"

"My dear Brother Jackal," roared the Lion, "you are all wisdom. Now you are up, and I am ready with the rock. Shall I throw it?"

"My dear Brother Lion," said the Jackal, "I am so high up I fear I shall not be able to catch it. There is one way to keep me from missing it. Put your wife right under my hands as I hold them out."

"She is there," called the Lion. "Now catch the rock." The Lion threw up the rock. The Jackal withdrew his hands, and it came back, striking the Lion's wife and almost killing her.

"You've killed Ma! you've killed Ma!" cried all the little Lions, and scampered off into the forest.

"That was a terrible mistake, Brother Lion," said the Jackal. "It was all your fault. You didn't ask me whether or not I was ready. That bird is coming to life! I feel it. Unless I can get you up here in five minutes it will be on wing and right after you. Now throw up the rock. That's right. I have it. Good for you. Here, wife, hand this rock and hand it back to me when I ask for it. You understand?"

"Yes, Mrs. Jackal," called the Lion, "hand your husband the rock when he asks for it, for that is indeed a precious rock."

The Jackal let down the rope, telling the Lion to tie it tightly around his body below the forearms. When this was done the Jackal began to pull the Lion up.

"Brother Lion," called the Jackal, "that little bird down there is moving."

"Sister Jackal," cried the Lion, "have you the rock?"

By this time the Jackal's wife was holding the rock with a pair of tongs, for it was very hot.

"That's right," shouted the Lion, "hold that rock carefully."

"That terrible bird!" mourned the Jackal.

"Ha, ha!" said the Jackal's wife, "I'll drop this hot rock into your mouth, and then how you'll kick and claw the air!"

She tried to drop the rock, but the tongs would not open. She then tried to drop both tongs and rock, but could not. The tongs soon began to burn her hands. In trying to throw them from her, she fell from the tower and killed herself.

The Jackal dropped the rope and so freed the Lion. The tower trembled and fell.

The little bird that the Jackal thought dead was the cause of the change. It was the spirit of the jungle and believed in fair play. It sang a sad song while the wife of the Jackal was being buried. It then sang joyously while the Lion and his wife and children, who had come back, ate the rest of the meat.

The Jackal was badly hurt and crippled by falling with the tower, yet he had to wait on the Lion and his family while they were feasting. And ever afterwards the Jackal was an outcast among animals, despised by all because of his evil and deceitful spirit.

FOOTNOTE:

[1] This story was told to me by a native African who was lecturing in this country.